May 17, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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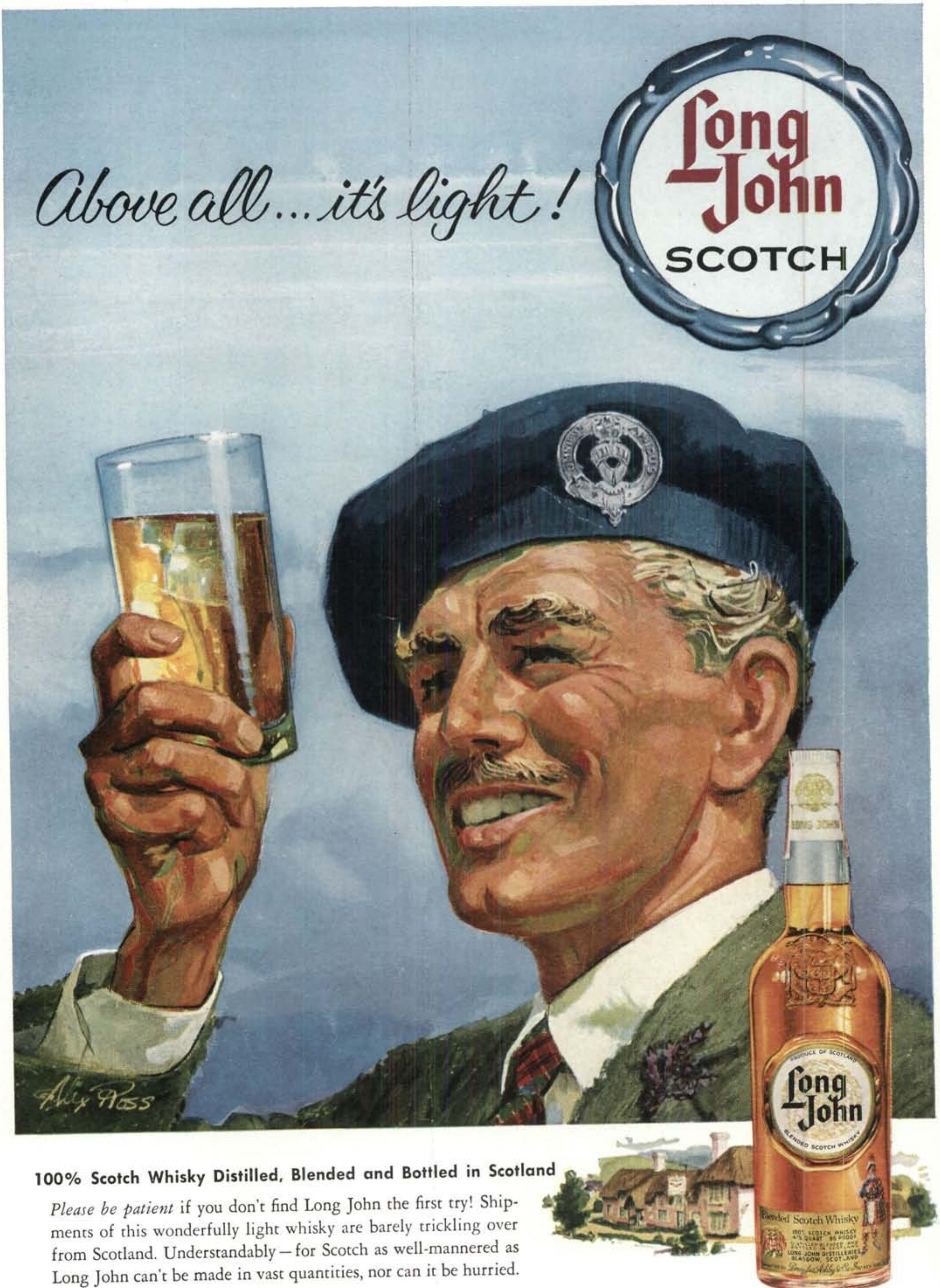
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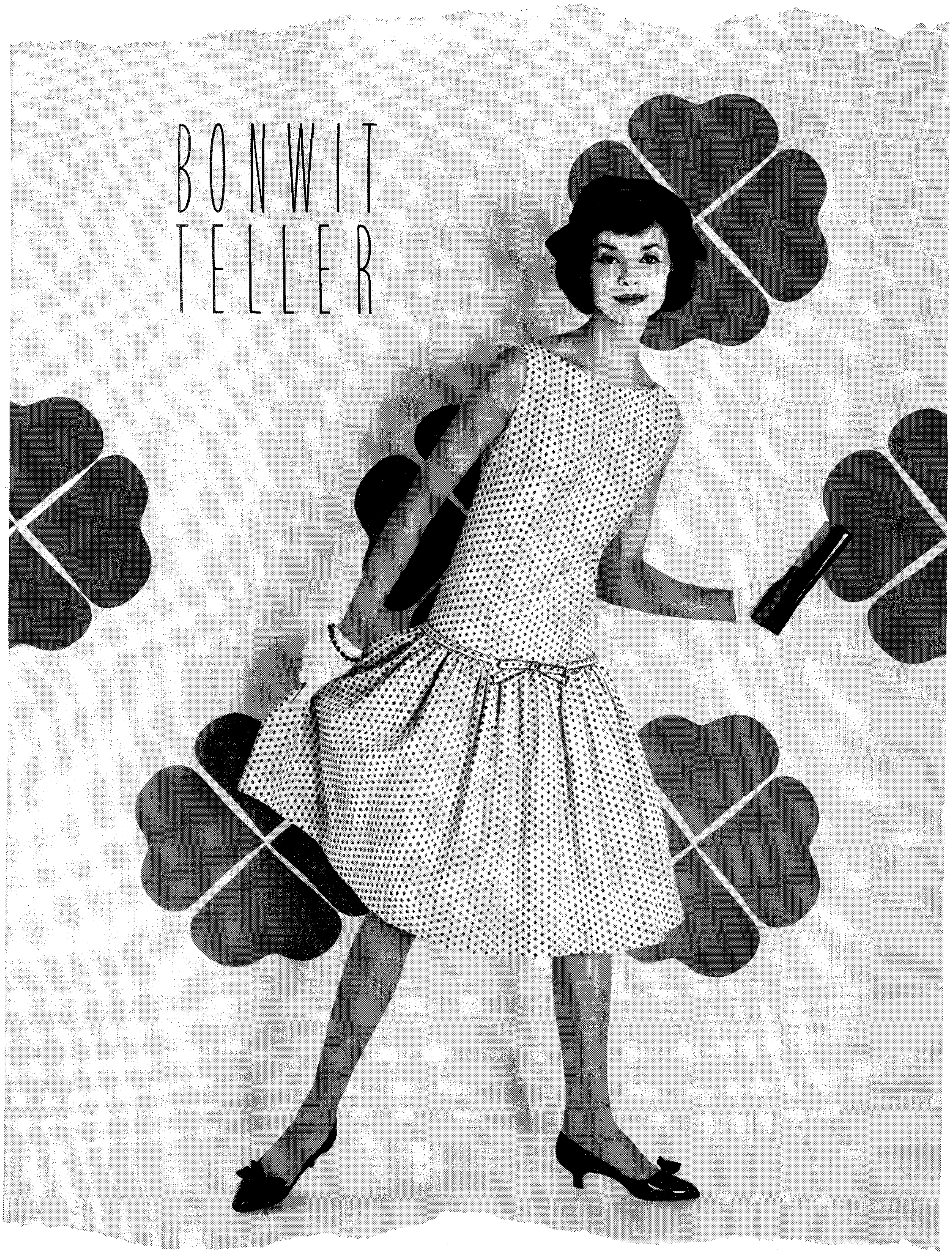

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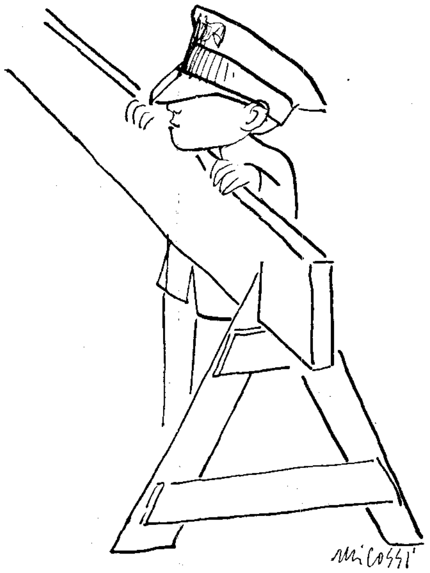
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—A study by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble of the war between the generations. Sombre but plausible and often entertaining, with good performances by June Walker, Chester Morris, Burt Brinckerhoff, Carol Lynley, and Warren Berlinger. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective contributions to the season. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Firstborn—Christopher Fry's play in verse retells the story of Moses and the captive Israelites in a manner that may strike some audiences as a little precious. However, the production is remarkably handsome, and there are distinguished performances by Katharine Cornell, Anthony Quayle, Torin Thatcher, and Mildred Natwick. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

Jane Eyre—Except for that pyromaniac in the west wing, there isn't anything to stir you much in Huntington Hartford's adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel. With Eric Portman, Blanche Yurka, and Jan Brooks. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, and he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are first-rate as the three most important characters in Ketti Frings' fine play, and Arthur Hill and Florence Sundstrom are very satisfactory in supplementary roles. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize, and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle for the best American play of the year. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a lovely part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; on Friday, May 16, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and generally very gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—This Anouilh comedy about a delightful collection of lunatics and lovers is enchanting, and Helen Hayes is really dazzling in one of the leading roles. The cast also includes Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft serve brilliantly as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Visit—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly effective theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are superb as the vengeful lady and her victim, and Peter Brook's direction of the enormous cast is admirable. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, July 5.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Larry Blyden, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Greer Garson is the current Auntie in this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching Harold Arlen songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has something to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—A rearrangement of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" that may lack some of the humor of the original but is still reasonably droll, largely because of the presence of Tony Randall in the central part. Al Morgan and José Ferrer handled the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans supplied the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed. With Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. Denise Darcel will fill in for Miss Lane for a week starting Monday, May 19. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a bit wanting in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, and Carol Lawrence lead a hardworking cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 18.) . . . **li'l abner:** A reproduction of the odd folk-

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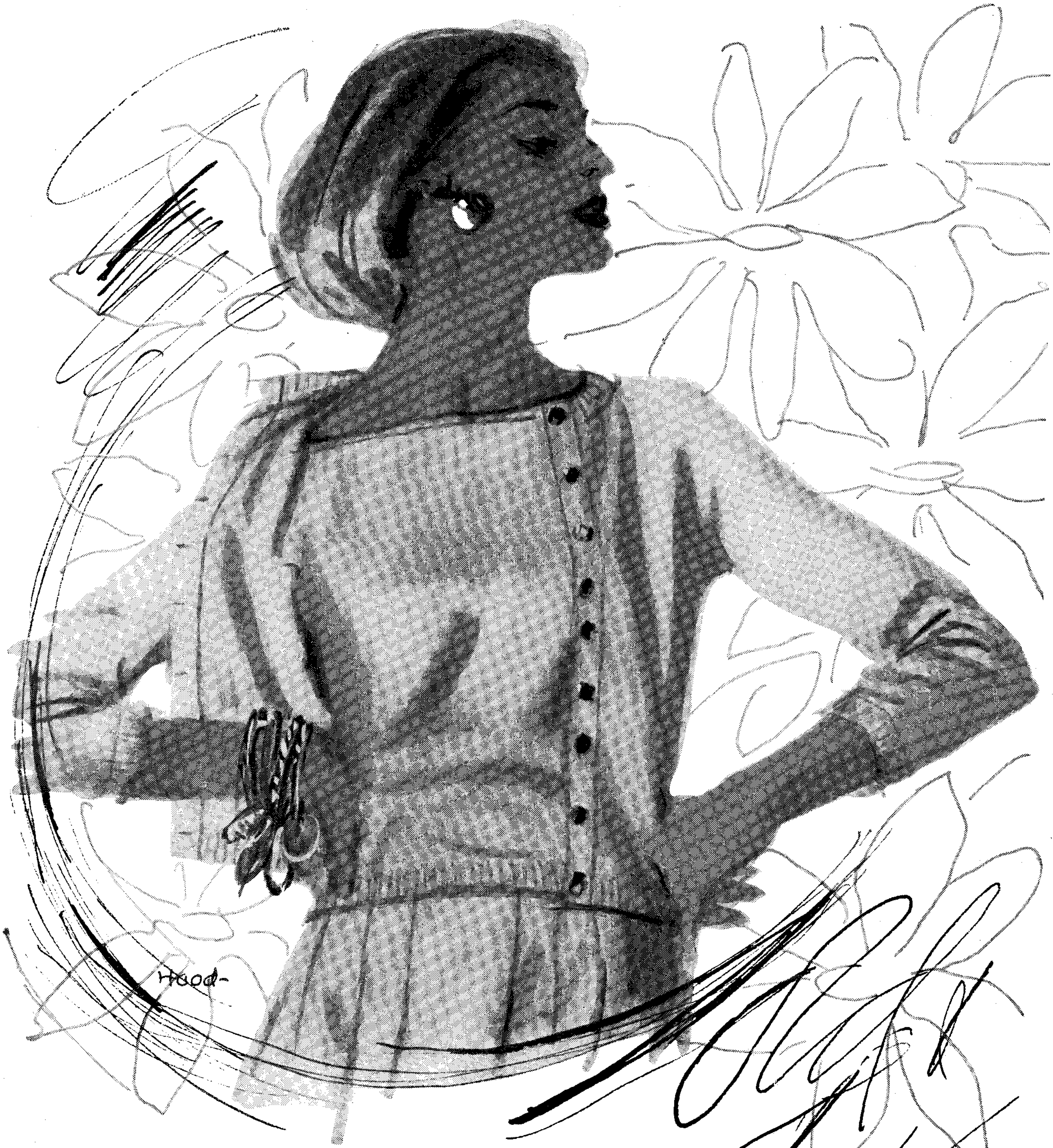

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are the present principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** George Abbott's rearrangement of O'Neill's "Anna Christie." Bob Merrill did the songs, and Thelma Ritter heads the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Federico García Lorca's "Blood Wedding," with Margot Lassner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Aïda." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Circle in the Square—Jack Cannon and Arthur Malet in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cricket Theatre—A new version of Jean Anouilh's comedy "Ardele," with William LeMassena, Gertrude Corey, and David Hooks. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—Shaw's "The Philanderer," with William Landis and Del Tenney. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Martinique Theatre—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Renata Theatre—A revival of Jean Giraudoux's "The Enchanted," adapted by Maurice Valency and with Sushelagh Ree, Gerald Hiken, and Paul Ballantyne. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Sheridan Square Playhouse—Peter Falk and Lelia Barry in a revival of Jacinto Benavente's play "Bonds of Interest." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Tara Theatre—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre 74—Ettore Rella's verse play "Sign of Winter," with Elizabeth Farrar and Jay Barney. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

York Playhouse—Two plays by Tennessee Williams—"Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer"—presented jointly under the title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham and Hortense Alden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

The Broken Date—The Ballet-Théâtre Français in Françoise Sagan's ballet, with Toni Lander, Vladimir Skouratoff, Noëlle Adam, and Adolfo Andrade. Presented by Gilbert Miller, in association with Jules Borkon, for a four-week engagement, starting Tuesday, May 20, and running through Sunday, June 15. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Dance Recital—Pearl Lang and Sophie Maslow and their companies. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, May 18, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Two Short Plays—Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo," with Dolores Mann, Richard Merrell, and Rod Winchell, and an adaptation by Neil McKenzie of Frank O'Connor's short story "Guests of the Nation," with Tom Clancy, Liam Clancy, and Michael Lewis. The last in a series of programs presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, May 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.)

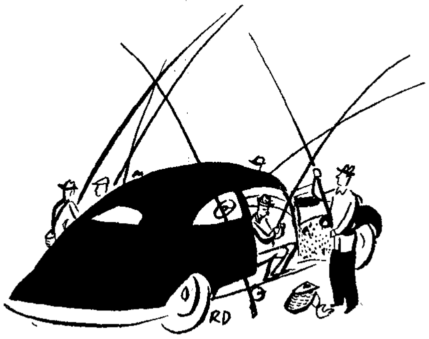
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Demonstrations of the care and feeding of peacocks and peahens, the most perishable of all our feathered friends. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Live and let live is the idea back of the Cotillion Room, where even the brass section of Joseph Ricardel's dance band is on its best behavior. Now and again, the surface is mildly ruffled by a drifting covey of violins and by the voice of Betty Benee, a blonde of the type often thought of as dizzying. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is usually Stanley Worth's.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Celeste Holm, the coolest, tallest, and blondest cucumber in town, plays to the hilt a song, dance, and short story about womankind's favorite dish, mankind. She—and the engraved invitation to the dance issued by Ted Straeter's virtuoso orchestra and Mark Monte's energetic boys—will be available until well into June. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, a show place for the outer woman and a restaurant to please the inner man, offers dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill contains Ray Eberle's orchestra, which ends its stand on Saturday, May 17. On Monday, May 19, Sammy Kaye's band, still shuttling between audience participation (which you can get on television almost any old time) and dance music, will return to action. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—*Sitting pretty, or even sitting in the lap of* luxury, can be practiced in the Maisonette, where one can also dance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. During dinner and supper, Patricia Wilson, the newest of the Maisonette's debs, is being introduced to New York social life. Like all her predecessors, she sings. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's dance orchestra just keeps rolling along.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave., at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which hardly ever has a change in its stately way of life, will have one as of Tuesday, May 20, when the feasting music will stop at nine (not ten) and the prancing music will immediately ensue. The prancing music is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Statler Hilton, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's big dance band is bringing its heat wave, Caribbean style, to an end in the colossal Café Rouge on Saturday, May 17, when the room closes for the season.

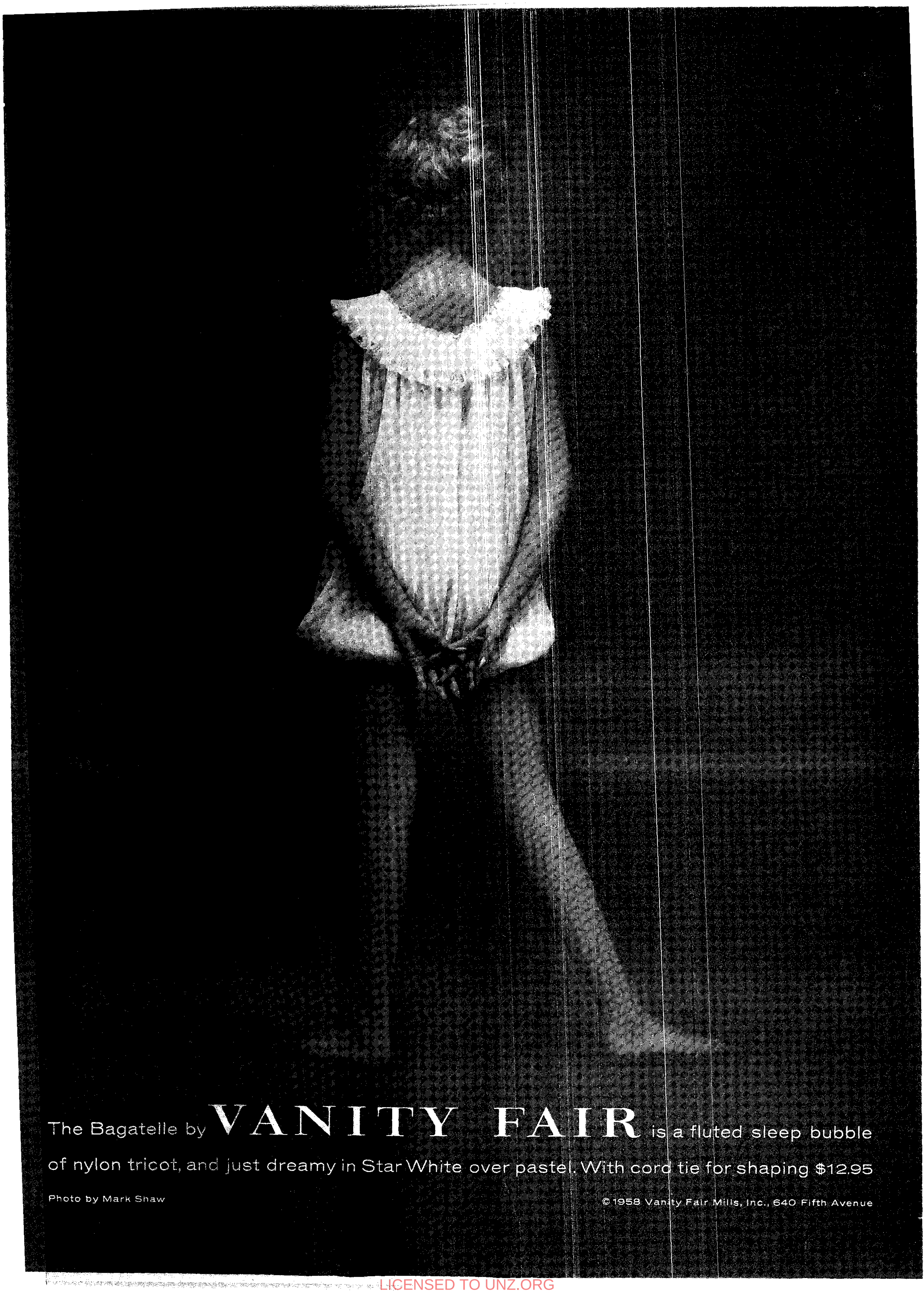
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Maurice Chevalier, for two generations the spiritual leader of the straw-hat circuit, is tossing his favorite headgear and his favorite songs into the ring at ten Mondays through Wednesdays and at dinner and supper Thursdays through Saturdays. It is without question one of the finest rites of spring. The thunder of Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keeps the customers on the move all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On a picturesque island of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the trio of Jozsi Ribari does débutante-speed dance music from eight until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Babai band is the stand-in.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a well-known promontory, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Still, after all these years, a green pasture for the taking of ease, nourishment, and the piano of Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper with tunes that bring back fond memories. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The mixture is varied—fresh-water pearls with their first beaux, lifetime nighthawks out (or in) for the air. The professional part of the roundelay is Al Mello's piano. It starts at eight. Closed Mon-



The Bagatelle by VANITY FAIR is a fluted sleep bubble of nylon tricot, and just dreamy in Star White over pastel. With cord tie for shaping $12.95

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' Louisiana houseparty involves a bar-and-grill, a great deal of piano (both solo flights and teamwork) by the innkeeper and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the house guests, all of whom seem to have known one another since the cradle, and some of whom haven't been long out of it. The first chord is struck at six. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, which deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans, a peer of his particular realm, during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten; the music begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Holiday in Rome, under the guidance of veteran chefs; holiday with strings, under the guidance of Teo Fanidi, whose lilting and circumnavigating violinists go, go, go all evening. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who runs a warm, nostalgic gamut from A (for Albéniz) to Z. His hours are nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence, peaceful old Florence before it was punctuated by backfiring Vespas and Lambrettas, has been reëstablished by Arturo Sacco, for nearly a generation the major-domo of the Blue Angel. Calm, clear piano and violin twine themselves about the décor until after the theatre, when calm, clear tenor and soprano take wing. Closed Mondays.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards having a good, tense, hot-blooded, folksy old time, which leads to plenty of native singing and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Comic-opera life in the Middle Ages, with armor plate, halberds, and round tables, but no knights. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The music—chamber, piano, voice—is always quiet, but always, too, a typical Spanish blend of fire and sorrow. It begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. The décor is Iberian midsummer night's dream. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The most beguiling of the sparrows chirping after ten in this odd little art gallery is the ponytailed, toreador-panted Arlene Corwin, whose childish treble is part of Johnnie LaSalle's quartet. Cecil Young, whose piano is augmented by a bass, sings, too. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way Mittel-europa should be at night—sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint regional artifacts. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. Off and on, there's rambling piano by George Feyer all the way from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. ... **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to.... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.... **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): The most recent improvement installed by Freddie Lamb, entrepreneur emeritus, since he took over the premises is Nancy Andrews, whose bark (halfway between a seal's and a Marine drill sergeant's) gives her roguish songs a fairly deep bite; her sentimental ones are sentimental. Closed Sundays.... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Casanova, the original fun-loving Rover Boy, would have liked this fashionable boudoir. The music—table-to-table violin all evening and heartfelt outbursts of operatic duet around suppertime—is hand in glove with the scenery. Closed Sundays.... **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the decorator's-delight bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and around midnight, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (mostly Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Mondays.

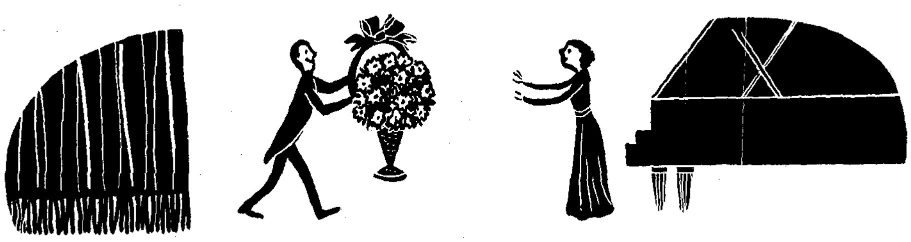
BIG AND BRASSY

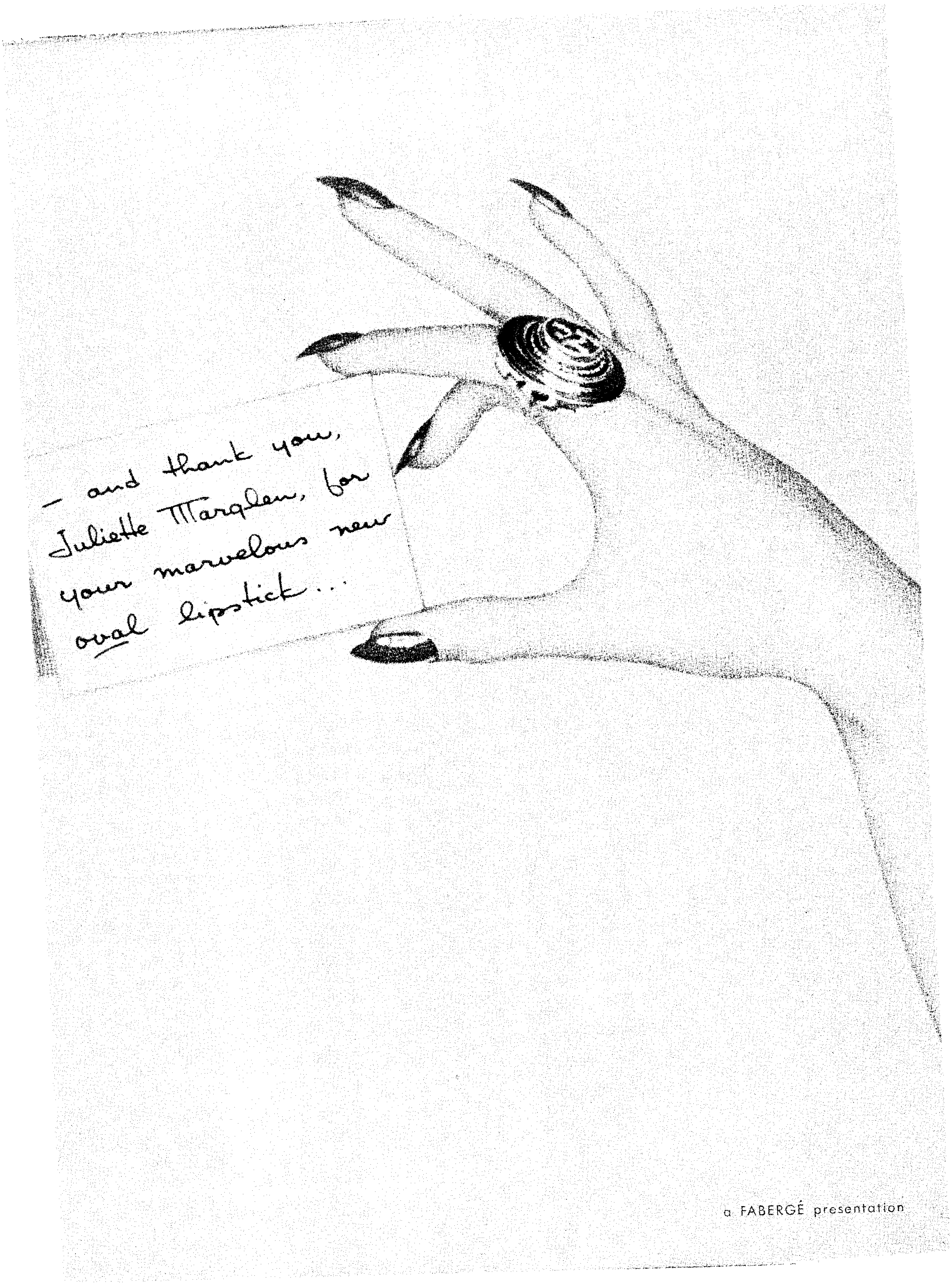
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Mathis, a voice worth preserving, and not just on wax, is the one performer worth listening to—fervent, jazzed-up, sometimes too florid, but nevertheless a voice. Dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Les girls, les girls, les girls, served on the half shell or none at all, and presented in haphazard collaboration with Sallie Blair (songs to watch fires to), the Bernard Brothers (pantomime to guffaw to), jugglers, dancers, flying bird cages, for-real rainstorms, and fevered tempo. Dancing for the guests, too. Miss Blair takes off on Wednesday, May 21; Johnnie Ray, Billy Graham's only rival, arrives next evening.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): One of those once-in-a-blue-moon shows—Miyoshi Umeki, the Japanese child bride of "Sayonara," shelling out Oriental torch songs, American ballads, and Manhattan adlibs with cheery abandon; Shelley Berman, a deep thinker quite capable of keeping his powder and his wit dry no matter how stormy the weather; George Matson, whose mimicry of American womanhood would be libel if it weren't so outrageously funny; and Mae Barnes, a barely portable Vesuvius that spouts words and music, of a sort. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the pulsing background.... ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays, from 2 to 4 A.M., the Lyons trio runs riot.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue is a graphic example of what happens when you don't put big-city children to bed early. The children are Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Jean Arnold, and Gerry Matthews; their bellwether is Ronny Graham, who is just as irresponsible. On Thursday, May 22, Mickey Deems and Jenny Lou Law will replace Mr. Graham and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Miss Hanley. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Nine-thirty and twelve are the starting hours, and Sunday is the day of rest. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The annex of the Downstairs Room, and a promenade where hearts are light and gay. Isobel Robins, a handsome child no taller than a daisy but twice as fresh, sings songs of cajolery; Ralph Strain and Warren Vaughn take turns at the piano, which is dulcet most of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for Phyllis Diller, a girl with many problems and something to say for and against all of them, and Dean Sheldon, an odd fellow (ditties of his own contriving, and a bongo drum) but a diverting one. He is off Sunday; she is off Monday. On Tuesday, May 20, Joey Carter (gag lines) and Suzanne Lake (melodic lines) will replace this pair. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. Sundays, old movies, too; Mondays, amateur talent, too. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): Astern of the Midtown Café lies this little-known port on the seacoast of Bohemia, without any modern inconveniences, such as chromium and microphones. Janice Mars sings with vast simplicity some of the best-put-together words you ever heard, and Baldwin Bergerson, who writes the sort of music that goes with them, assists at the piano. No action Sundays. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Not quite the Casbah, not quite the clubhouse at Roosevelt Raceway, but a very near miss. The item of note is T. C. Jones, who, in Halloween mood, likes to put on his sister's old hats and be, one by one, the reigning ladies of Hollywood. The results are sometimes jovial, sometimes eerie. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Just about the littlest stopover on the little-theatre circuit, and faintly helter-skelter. The revue it houses has, along with some flotsam and jetsam, several moments of pure joy, as well as a singer of sad songs, Fia Karin, who does rather well for herself. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eleven, Fridays and Saturdays at ten and twelve, and Sundays at five-thirty and ten; Mondays are the night before Christmas.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin in a great big debate with Bud Freeman's trio (in which Mousie Alexander is encased) on the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Mr. Condon chips in once in a while with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, a fine, healthy monument to the latter-day manner of singing, is escorted on her airy way by Jimmy Jones on piano and John Poole on drums; the rest of the time, Mose Allison, a graduate of the Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan schools of musical knowledge, plays piano at the head of a trio. The soirée goes on every night but Monday, and there's an additional session from four to seven-thirty on Sundays. The night of Sunday, May 18, something new under Seventh Avenue—Don Freeman painting (and by hand) to jazz. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): How Camelot has changed since King Arthur was a pup! Redone in pine panelling and any number of microphones, it reverberates to the quartet of Joe Bushkin, a real speed boy on the piano, and the trio of Teddy Wilson, whose piano is lively without ever being insistent. Chuck Wayne is, by the way, the Bushkin guitarist. Both groups are away on Sundays, when other musicians take over. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith reliving the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected, unbelievably noisy jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. On Mondays, the evening breeze is shot by house guests. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The power of positive piano-playing is magnificently demonstrated by Mary Lou Williams, first lady of the Land of Oo-bla-dee, and Billy Taylor, a young man who has left his fingerprints, all twenty of them, on the annals of the new music. Each owns a trio. The Williamses stay away on Sundays and the Taylors on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, whose sound is introvert abstract, has the piano in tow from cocktails to nine every night except Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done—and neatly, too—by the voice of Jeri Southern and the dissonant didos of the Horace Silver quintet and the Terry Gibbs quartet. They all bow out on Wednesday, May 21. A day later, the quintets of Chico Hamilton and J. J. Johnson and the quartet of Johnny Smith put into port. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Hearings of the interesting case of Don Shirley, a pianist whose legerdemain is second to none but who can't quite decide between jazz and a trip to the moon on gossamer wings. Both his aides are bassists. Nine-thirty is takeoff time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the headquarters of Billy Maxted's pepper pots. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Vic Dickenson, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The pet sport of the beer-and-pretzels customers is turning time backward in its flight to an era they're too young to remember. Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, should be Jo Jones, Wild Bill Davison, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Willie the Lion Smith, Eddie Barefield, Dick Wellstood, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In case you can't tell who's on first because of the uproar in the stands, the players are the trios of Dorothy Donegan and Stan Freeman. She gives the piano everything she's got, including her elbows and the back of her hand; he approaches the instrument in orthodox style, but with plenty of fight. Sunday nights are set aside for guest shots. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The on-with-the-new musicians who ebb and flow through these portals wait for no man, but it's roughly even money that the sextet of Miles Davis, an eminent leader of the *whither-jazz* contingent, will be on hand through Sunday, May 18, the day Gigi Gryce brings his quintet to town. On Monday, May 19, Eddie Costa's trio arrives. The room is closed Tuesdays, but the players make up their homework by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

reporting at 5 P.M. Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, possibly the inventor of Musical Chairs, is letting unorthodoxy (two cellos) run rampant in his new quintet. The Sunday hours are six to twelve; other nights run later. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the stand are Randy Weston's quintet. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area and, led by Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket, engages in a bit of sideplay, too. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES ALSTON—Paintings (figures and landscapes), drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, May 17. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

JAMES BOYNTON—Non-objective oils by one of the younger Americans represented at the Brussels World's Fair; through Saturday, May 24. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JACOB EPSTEIN—Nineteen bronze portraits; through Saturday, May 17. (James Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by a noted Swiss-Italian artist; through May 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Circus subjects and other paintings; through May 29. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Abstract oils and drawings; through May 31. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)

ETIENNE HAJDU—The first New York showing of sculptures by a leader of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, May 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT KABAK—Neatly patterned abstract paintings, many of them nocturnal in mood; through Saturday, May 24. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

WILLIAM KASSO—Paintings, meticulously done, in a style approaching trompe-l'oeil; through Saturday, May 17. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

PAUL KLEE—A small, well-selected group of his water colors and drawings; through Saturday, May 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRI LAURENS—A minor memorial of works in bronze and other materials by the early Cubist sculptor, who died in 1954; through Saturday, May 17. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—The first thirty tempera paintings, in a projected series of sixty, on the theme "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Saturday, May 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—New paintings, plus some earlier ones, in his first exhibition here since 1953; through Saturday, May 17. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

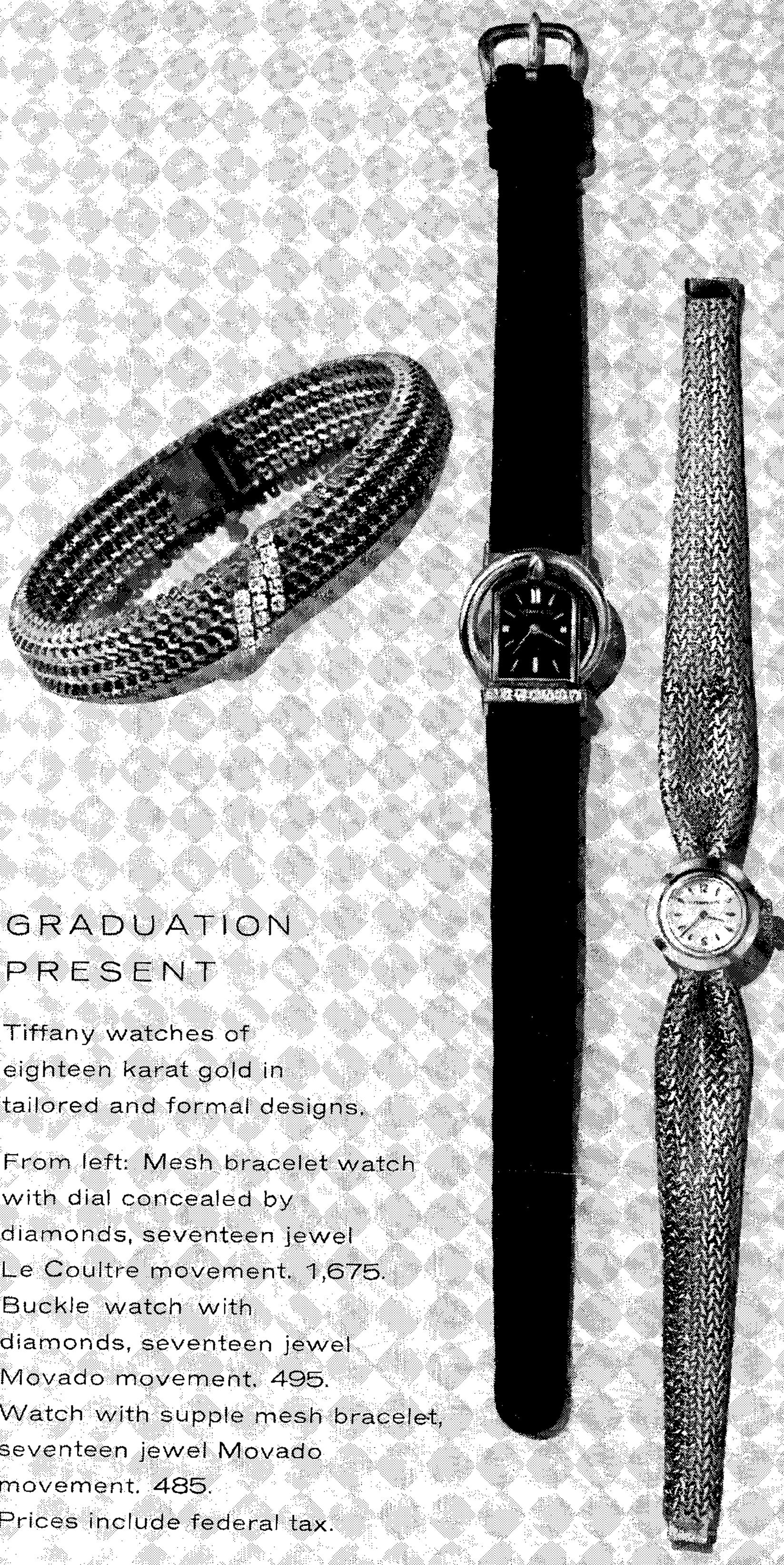
WALTER MEIGS—Abstract oils, through May 29. (Nordness, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

EDWARD MELCARTH—American and Italian scenes, in a showing of his new oils; through Saturday, May 17. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

A. SHELDON PENNOYER—A memorial exhibition of paintings, ranging in subject from American railroads to Spanish castles; through Friday, May 23. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

BERNARD PERLIN—Street crowds and other city scenes, done in soft, shadowy tonalities; through May 31. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his wife, Lucie Valore; and his mother,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Suzanne Valadon. Through June 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Modern Tapestries—Reproductions of paintings by Braque, Picasso, Léger, Miró, Matisse, and Rouault, remarkable for their fidelity to the originals; through Saturday, May 17. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—Their sixty-sixth annual, consisting of oils, water colors, sculptures, graphics, and miniatures; through May 25. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 17, from 1 to 5.)

The Dawn of History: 1500-200 B.C.—An exhibition of some of the earliest sculptures found in the Americas, chiefly in Mexico; through May 31. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Oils by Landes Lewitin, Michael Loew, Esteban Vicente, and Adja Yunkers; through May 31. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: 1865-1925 paintings by (for instance) Winslow Homer, Childe Hassam, and George Bellows; through May 29. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May offering consists of about fifty-five paintings selected by John Koch, Sidney Laufman, and Henry Botkin; through May 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.). . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and collages by a dozen artists, including Will Barnet, Balcomb Greene, and Sue Fuller; through Saturday, May 24. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Works by Nina Winkel, Grete Schuller, and Ilse Erythropel; through Saturday, May 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.). . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Lyonel Feininger, Mark Tobey, and Richard Lippold are three of the painters and sculptors represented in a gallery-group show; through June 7.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Eleven Europeans (including Jean Arp and Giorgio de Chirico) and one American (Jackson Pollock) in a showing of paintings dated 1910-50; through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Drawings by, among others, Harold Altman, Marsden Hartley, Karel Appel, and Picasso; through May 29. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Utrillo, Vlaminck, Archipenko, and other modern masters; through June 6. . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Prints by Robert Conover, Dorothy Hoyt, Matisse, Kandinsky, and others; through Saturday, May 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: French and German artists (Willi Baumeister, Hans Hartung, and Hans Uhlmann, to mention a few) in a showing of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through June 30. . . . **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Four Paris painters—Serpan, Sugai, Dubuffet, and Zao Wou-ki; through May 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

National Serigraph Society—The nineteenth annual international exhibition; through May 29. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 1 to 5.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Tom Clancy; starting Monday, May 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, May 20. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, May 20. . . . **JAMES GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Stanley Murphy; starting Tuesday, May 20. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Franz Kline; starting Monday, May 19. . . . **ROKO**, 925 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Gisella Heinemann and Saul Borisov; starting Thursday, May 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.). . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Carlos Coffeen Serpas and Cesar Zazueta; starting Tuesday, May 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.). . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Lee Gatch; starting Tuesday, May 20.

Note—An exhibition and sale of paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by about two hundred lower East Side artists will continue at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second

Ave. at 10th St., through Sunday, May 18. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and is open daily from 3 to 9. . . . ¶ Another exhibition and sale, of prints by living Japanese artists, plus *haniwa* (funerary clay sculptures) of the third to fifth centuries, will continue in the parish house of St. James' Church, 865 Madison Ave., at 71st St., through Wednesday, May 21. The show is for the benefit of Japanese artists and students, and is open daily from 1 to 6.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling exhibition of prints from the Royal Swedish Library, in Stockholm; through June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of the Cubist artist Juan Gris; through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Modern Art Guest House, 242 E. 52nd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings (ranging from Courbet and Corot to Motherwell and de Kooning), sculptures, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bareiss, of Greenwich; through Sunday, May 18. A benefit sponsored by the Junior Council of the Museum. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; through June 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge by Childe Hassam, Joseph Stella, Lyonel and Andreas Feininger, and others; through July 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island; starting Tuesday, May 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Seventeen recently acquired paintings and sculptures by Leger, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through July 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of the works of Zvi Gali, an Israeli artist. Included are oil and encaustic paintings (Biblical themes, Israeli scenes, and abstractions), ceramics, and tiles. Through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Some sixty oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred items (furniture, textiles, tapestries, silver, ceramics, stained glass, and so forth) by young American designers and craftsmen who have studied abroad on Fulbright awards during the past ten years; through June 1. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of sculptures, textiles, and so on, including some rare and remarkable featherwork. In addition, there are six pieces of pre-Columbian Mexican sculpture from the collection of Eugene Berman. After Sunday, May 18, the Museum will be closed until Wednesday, May 28, when there will be a new exhibition. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

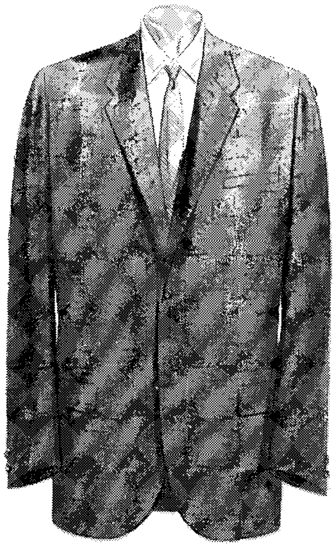
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of more than a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures (by, among others, George Bellows, Stuart Davis, Hans Hofmann, Alexander Calder, and William Zorach) from the private collections of the Friends of the Whitney Museum; through June 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Mannes College of Music—The Mannes College Opera Workshop and Orchestra presenting Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte." Carl Bam-



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BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th Floor
746 Fifth Avenue New York 19 N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

berger is the musical director and Ralph Herbert the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, May 15, at 8:15.)

HUNTER COLLEGE—The Hunter College Opera Association presenting a double bill—Rossini's "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," in English, and Milhaud's "Les Malheurs d'Orphée." Staged by Rose Landver and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, May 22-23, at 8:15. For tickets, call BU 8-7211.)

CHORUSES

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—William Strickland directing, with E. Power Biggs, organ; the Amherst College Chapel Choir and Glee Club; and vocal soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Thursday, May 15, at 8:45. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call CI 7-4199.)

RECITALS

GRACIELA RIVERA—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8:30.)

VAN CLIBURN—Piano, with the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 19, and Monday, May 26, at 8:30.)

PETE SEEGER—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

PAUL ROBESON—Bass, in a program of traditional and folk songs, plus poetry and drama recitations. A second performance of a program given on May 9. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Baltimore. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, May 15, at 2.)

BOXING—Lahouari Godih vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Princeton. Saturday, May 17.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. Saturday, May 17.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Jericho, L.I. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 20-21.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 17.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund. (Purchase. Saturday, May 24.)

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, May 17, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Jersey, Saturday, May 24. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11:15 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sunday, May 18, at 2.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSICAL PLAYS—At the CRICKET THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty." (Second Ave. at 10th St. GR 7-0640. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.) . . . THEATRE EAST: "Clown Face." (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 3:30, and Sunday, May 18, at 3:30.)

RECITAL—Tom Glazer in a program of children's songs, play songs, and folk songs. For the

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benefit of the Gardens Nursery School-Kindergarten. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call AC 2-3904.)

Children's Zoo—Barney the Goose is host again this year, assisted by Petunia the Skunk, George the Crow, Gretchen the Angora Goat, and a flock of newborn kids, ducks, chickens, rabbits, and kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "A Trip to Palomar," visits the famous observatory in California. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

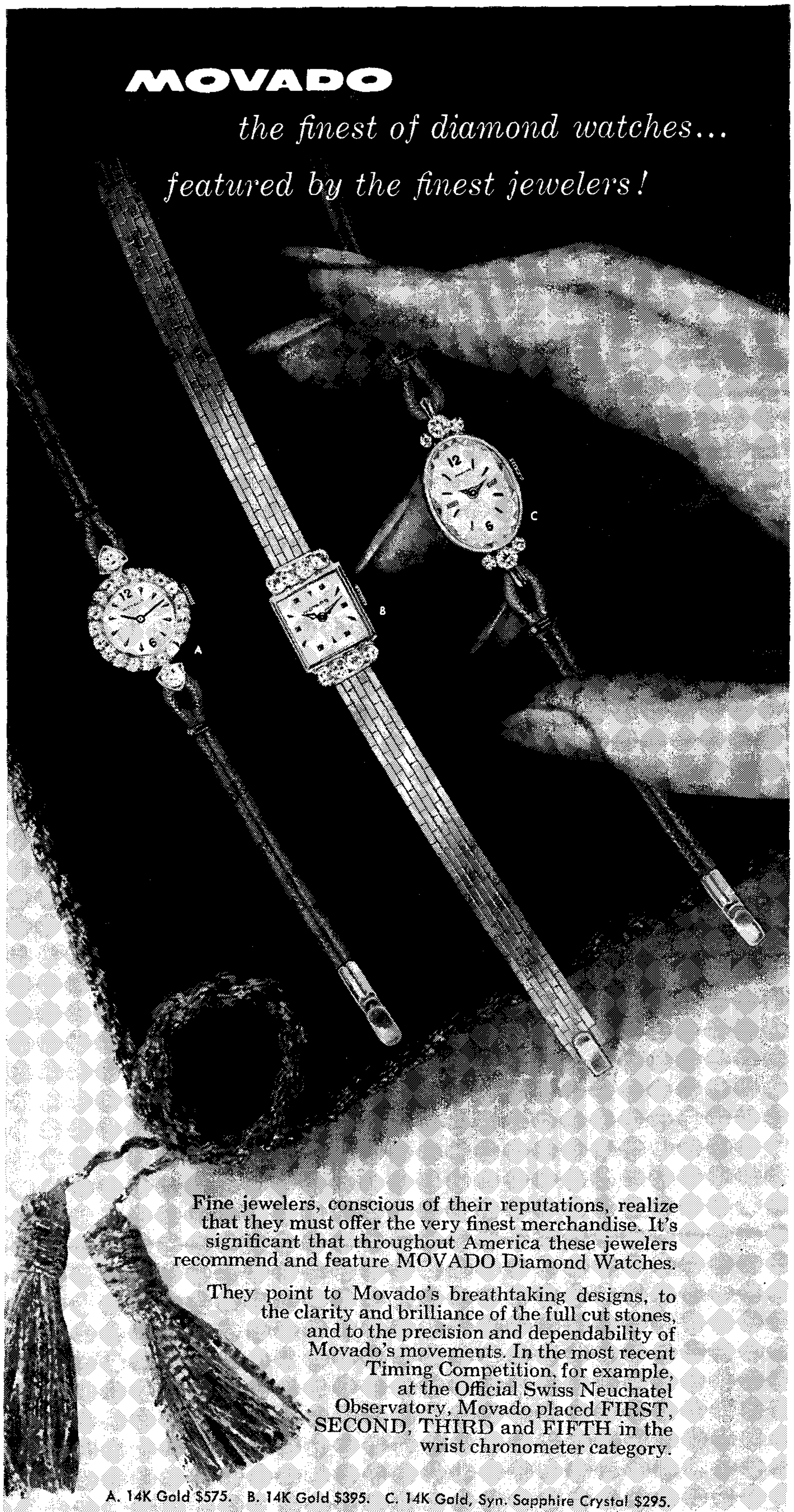
United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until June 9, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Armed Forces Day—Saturday, May 17: Twenty-five thousand representatives of the armed forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 89th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 1:15. . . . ¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the carrier Intrepid at Pier 88, W. 48th St., as well as the heavy cruiser Newport News and the submarine Diablo at Pier 86, W. 46th St., on Saturday, May 17, from 9:30 to 4, and Sunday, May 18, from 12:30 to 4. A number of smaller ships may be visited at the same hours at Pier 26, Beach St.

United States World Trade Fair—More than sixty countries are displaying their native products, among them Waterford glass from Ireland, perfumes from France, hams and cheeses from Holland, and motorcycles and scooters from Italy. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, from 11 to 10.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions, including two leaves from the Spanish Antiphonary; a landscape drawing by Fra Bartolommeo; an indulgence printed by William Caxton; and autograph letters and manuscripts by such authors as Christina Rossetti, Rudyard Kipling, and D. H. Lawrence. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 1:45: Louis XV, Louis XVI, provincial, and other furniture; porcelains; paintings; tapestries; rugs; and bibelots. The property of Mrs. Paul Wertheimer and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 1:45: Americana, journals of the Continental Congress, a group of Colonial newspapers, and other literary material; from several collectors, among them the late Congressman Maury Maverick. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 21, at 1:45: Garden and terrace sculptures and furniture, assembled by Mme. René Guibal. Exhibition starts Friday, May 16.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

H Martin
FINEST MOVIES

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny run-through of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which describes the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris—René Clair's humane and hilarious description of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris—in particular, of a likable loafer and a melancholy artist, and a fugitive whom they befriend. Pierre Brasseur is superb as the loafer, and Georges Brassens and Henri Vidal are effective as the artist and the fugitive, respectively. Dany Carrel also contributes a nice portrayal of a girl for whom the gentlemen all set their caps. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through May 17.)

It Happened in the Park—It happens in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, in five episodes, all of them beguiling and all concerned with Roman love of one kind or another. There is a splendid cast on hand, including Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, Giulia Rubino, and Anna Maria Ferrero. A French picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 15.)

Rouge et Noir—Maybe this isn't the best of all possible interpretations of Stendhal's celebrated novel, but quite a few of the author's ideas about life and love in the post-Napoleonic era in France come through entertainingly. Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi are all captivating in the principal roles. In French. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. Daily at 2 and 8. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Agatha Christie's first-rate play about a young man who is suspected of knocking off an elderly lady has been made into a movie by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. The young man's defense is taken over by a barrister portrayed by Charles Laughton, and while his work in the role is not particularly crisp, he keeps the trial scenes going at a whale of a clip. He has among his supporters Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, John Williams, and Elsa Lanchester. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Battle Stripe (1950)—Marlon Brando as a paraplegic veteran. Formerly called "The Men." (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 15.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 19-20.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 20-21.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 18-19.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 15.)

A Hatful of Rain (1957)—An adaptation of the play about drug addiction. Don Murray and Eva Marie Saint. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 16-17.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 20-21.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 21.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting May 21.)

Twelve O'Clock High (1950)—Air Force problems of the Second World War, with Gregory Peck as top brass. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 18.)

Union Pacific (1939)—A panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting May 21.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Sheepman," Glenn Ford, Shirley MacLaine.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through May 21: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30; no reserved seats.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
From May 15, at 8:30: "Gigi," Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan. (Opening night by invitation only. Thereafter nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
May 15: "Another Time, Another Place," Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan, Glynis Johns.
From May 16: "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens, Rod Steiger.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through May 21 (tentative): "The Bigamist" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 20 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.
From May 21 (tentative): "Children of Paradise" (in French), revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 17 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.
May 18-20 (tentative): "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From May 21 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through May 20: "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster; and "Valerie," Sterling Hayden, Anita Ekberg.
From May 21: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Too Much, Too Soon," Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Uncle Vanya," Franchot Tone, Dolores Dorn-Heft.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 17 (tentative): "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.
May 18-20 (tentative): "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From May 21 (tentative): "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick; and "Full of Life," revival, Judy Holliday, Richard Conte.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 21: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through May 20: "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster; and "Valerie," Sterling Hayden, Anita Ekberg.
From May 21: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through May 20 (tentative): "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver; and "Cast a Dark Shadow," Dirk Bogarde, Margaret Lockwood.
From May 21 (tentative): "Bed of Grass" (in Greek), Anna Brazzou; and "08/15," Joachim Fuchsberger.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 17 (tentative): "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
May 18-20 (tentative): "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From May 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 20: "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster; and "Valerie," Sterling Hayden, Anita Ekberg.
From May 21: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 17: **GATES OF PARIS** (in French); and "The Brave One," revival, Michel Ray, Rodolfo Hoyos.
May 18-19: **A FACE IN THE CROWD,** revival; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
May 20-21: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **THE INFORMER,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 20 (tentative): "Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle; and "Across the Bridge," Rod Steiger.
From May 21: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 20: "Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster; and "Valerie," Sterling Hayden, Anita Ekberg.
From May 21: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli; and "Decision at Sundown," Randolph Scott.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 20: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver; and "Cast a Dark Shadow," Dirk Bogarde, Margaret Lockwood.
From May 21: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Spanish Gardener," Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
May 15: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS,** revival; and **BATTLE STRIPE** (formerly called "The Men"), revival.
May 16-17: **A HATFUL OF RAIN,** revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
May 18: **12 O'CLOCK HIGH,** revival; and "Looking for Danger," Huntz Hall.
May 19-20: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and "The Swan," revival, Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness.
From May 21: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE,** revival; and **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT,** revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through May 21 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mam'zelle Pigalle" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

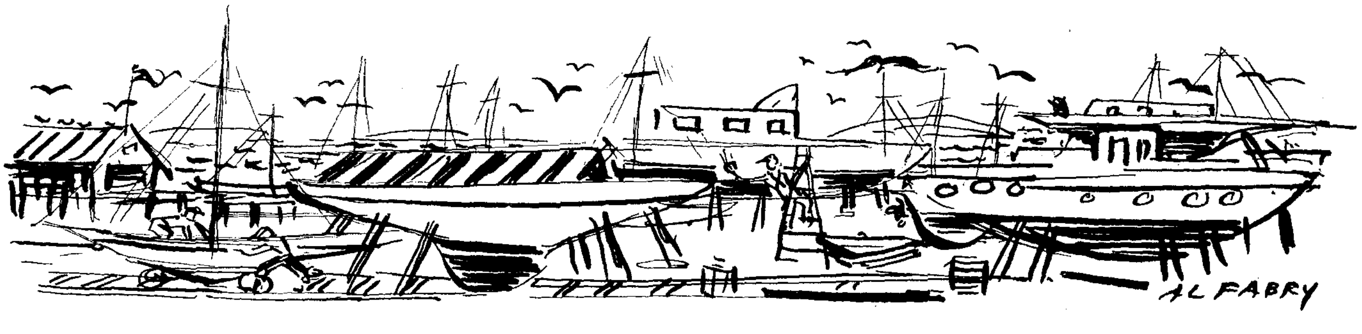
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 15: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "The Last Bridge," an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
From May 16: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Four Bags Full" (in French), Jean Gabin, Bourvil.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: To be announced.

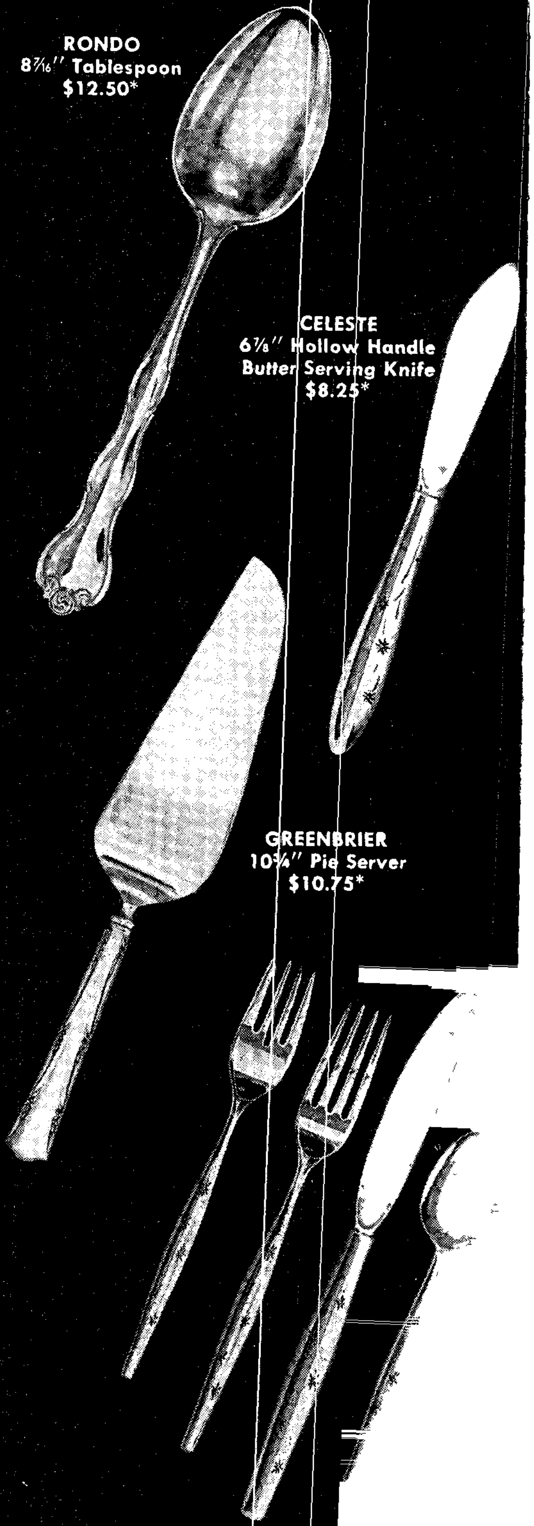
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 20: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.
From May 21: **UNION PACIFIC,** revival; and "Wild Harvest," revival, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through May 16: "Beautiful but Dangerous," Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio Gassman; and "Count Five and Die," Jeffrey Hunter.
May 17-20: "Attila," Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn; and "Gang War," Charles Bronson.
From May 21: "Touch of Evil," Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh; and "The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.



HAMBURGER BRIDAL GOWN FROM BONWIT TELLER



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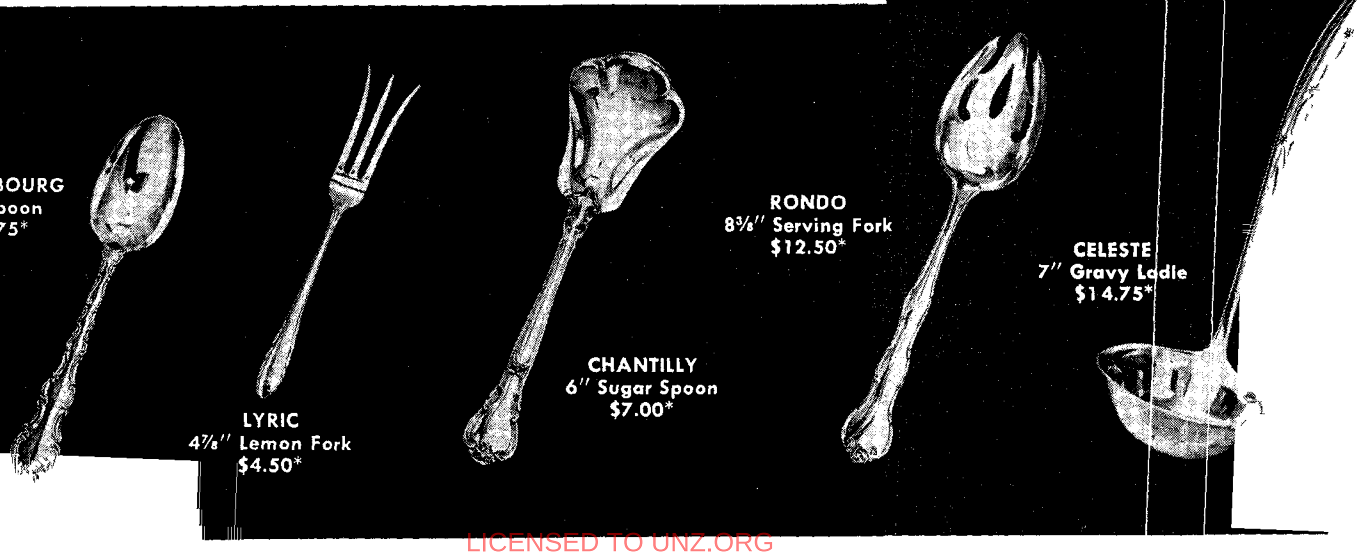

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CHANTILLY
6" Sugar Spoon
$7.00*
RONDO
8 3/8" Serving Fork
$12.50*
CELESTE
7" Gravy Ladle
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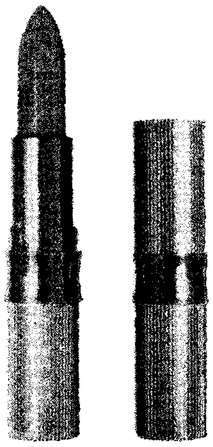

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Royal Lipstick

with Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee

Fabulously rich formula soothes and pampers your lips every minute it's on!

You'll get a delicious little shiver of excitement, the minute you smooth on this startlingly new *kind* of lipstick. Your lips never looked so lush and lovely. Soft and full as a *child's*. Almost good enough to eat!

And day by day, the excitement *grows* . . . your lips *feel* moistened, softened, nourished . . . because of the rich, rare beauty benefits of Royal Jelly! How pretty can a queen *be?* Try DuBarry Royal Lipstick today and see! P.S. *Its stay-on power will astound you!*

Royal Lipstick, in a queen's-ransom of a case, 1.50*.
Click-in refills, in 8 fit-for-a-queen colors, 1.10* each. *PLUS TAX

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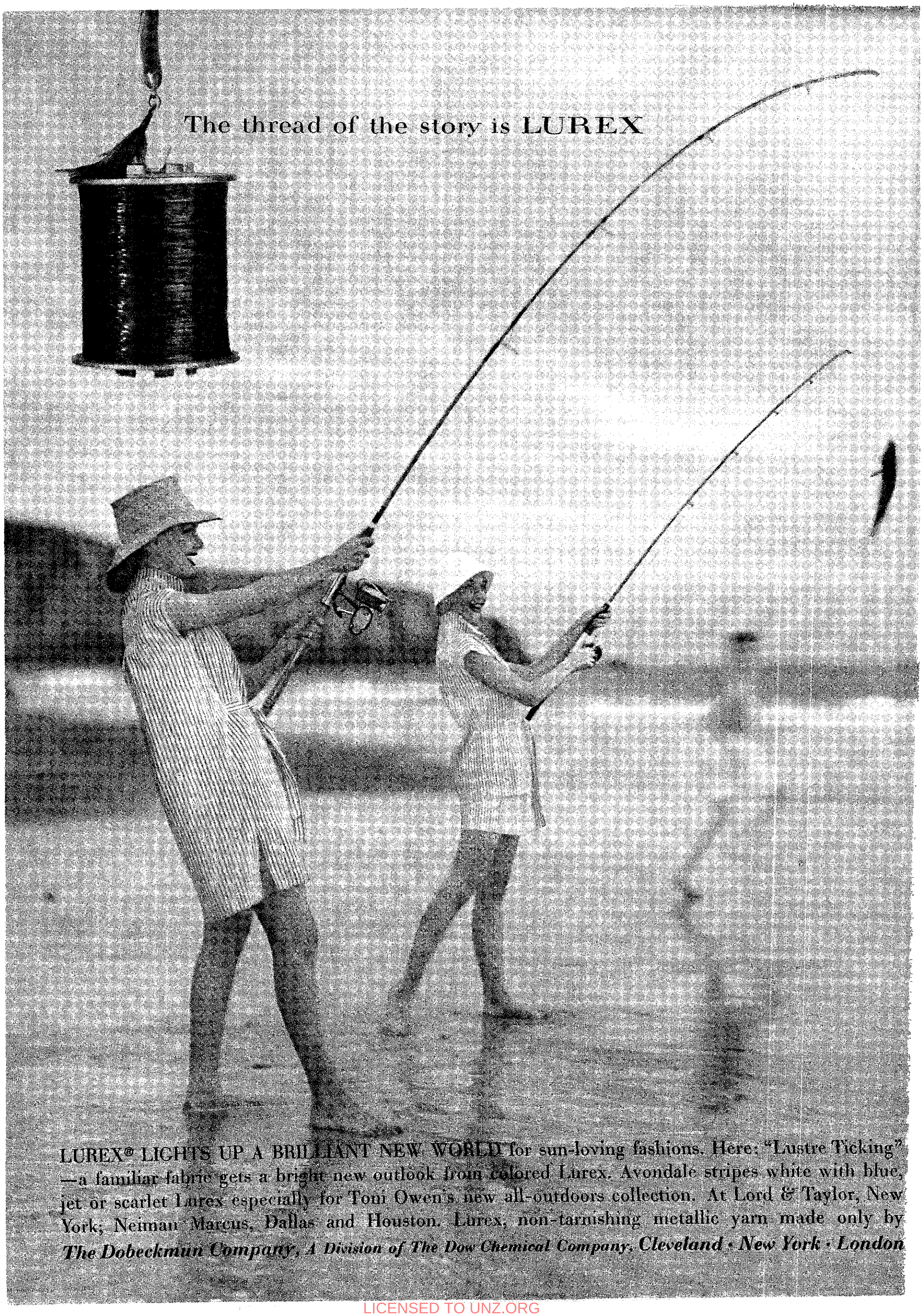
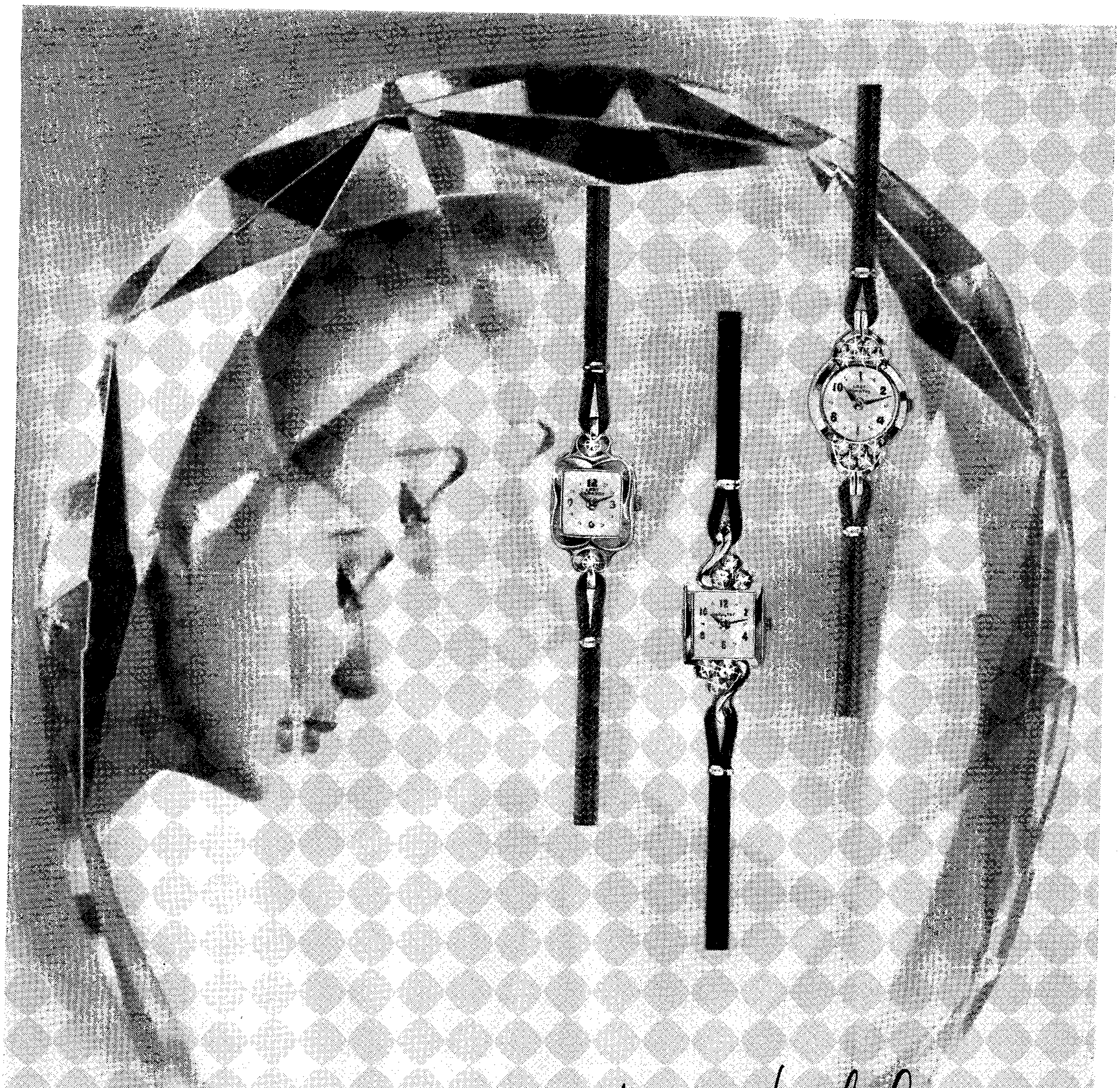


The thread of the story is LUREX

LUREX® LIGHTS UP A BRILLIANT NEW WORLD for sun-loving fashions. Here: "Lustre Ticking" —a familiar fabric gets a bright new outlook from colored Lurex. Avondale stripes white with blue, jet or scarlet Lurex especially for Toni Owen's new all-outdoors collection. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas and Houston. Lurex, non-tarnishing metallic yarn made only by ***The Dobeckmun Company**, A Division of The Dow Chemical Company, **Cleveland · New York · London***

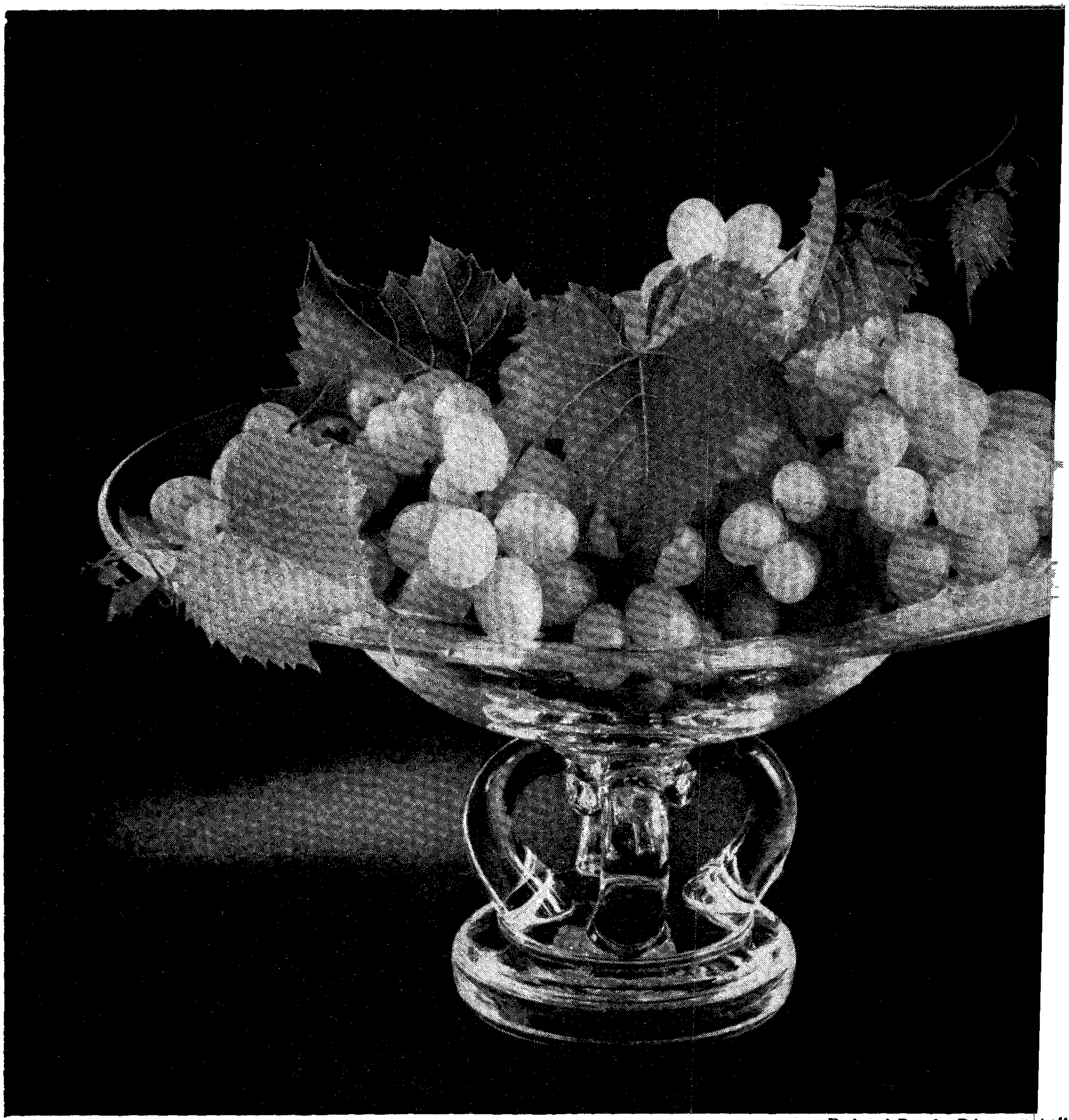


The gift of a Hamilton . . . reward of love

For you there is one woman above all others. You have told her so in a smile, in a glance. One day you will look for a watch that is worthy of her and of your love. It is here among the diamond-set Hamiltons. Exquisite in design and performance, a Hamilton is a watch to endure as your love endures. Yours to select at your Hamilton Jeweler's. (Left to right) Jubilee "CC," $89.50; Kimberly "C," $125; Enchantment "K," $225. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON

the watch fine jewelers recommend more often than any other



Pedestal Bowl • Diameter 10" • $37.50

Crystal Wedding Presents

STEUBEN crystal is rare. And it is valuable. But it is not made for museums alone. It is made to be used—with pride.

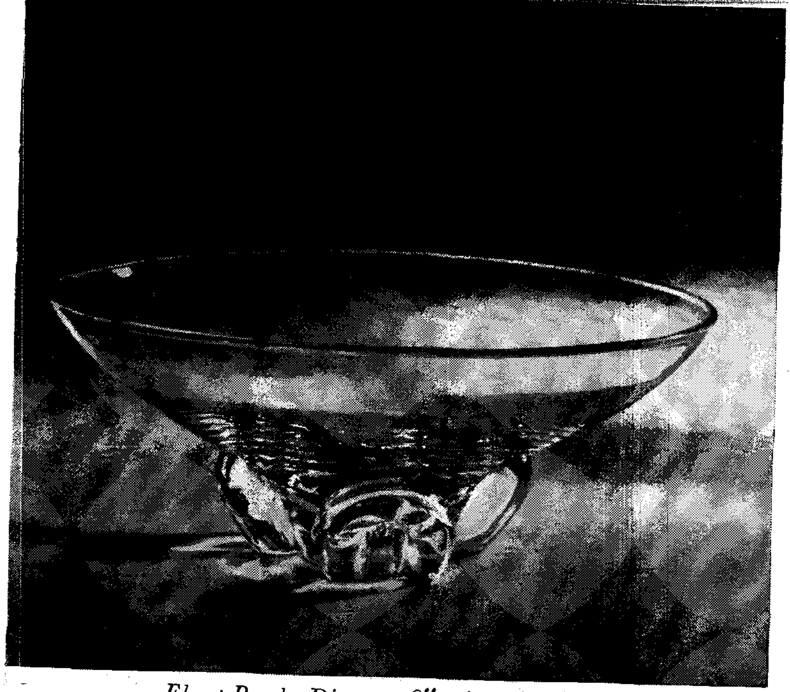
The loveliest of man's handiworks have been created to be used. Many people give Steuben as wedding presents with this thought in mind.

You will be pleased to see how useful most Steuben pieces are. On the opposite page, for example, are glasses, ash-trays, bowls. These are practical objects in a grand tradition.

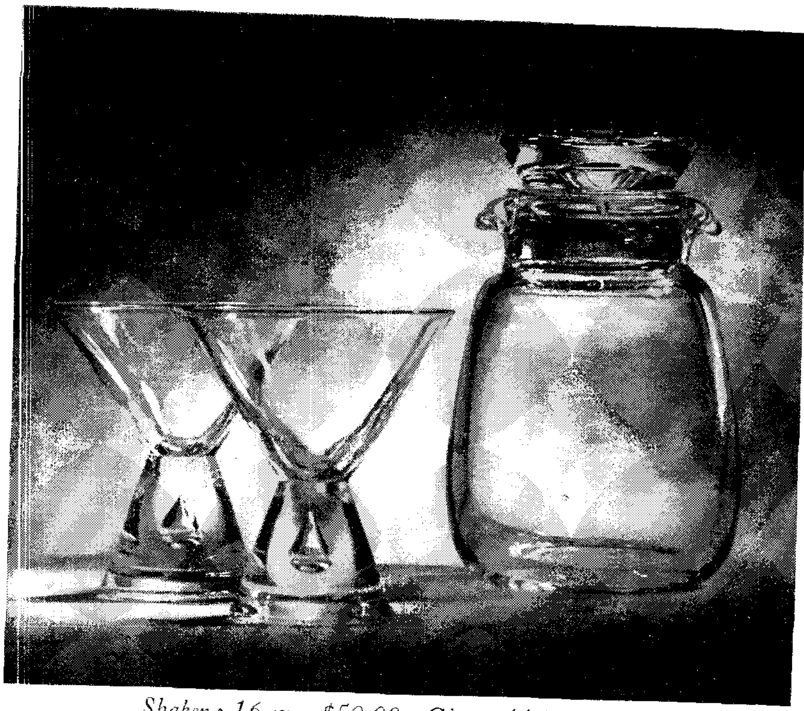
The Steuben spring booklet, showing a selection of representative designs, will be sent to you upon request

STEUBEN GLASS

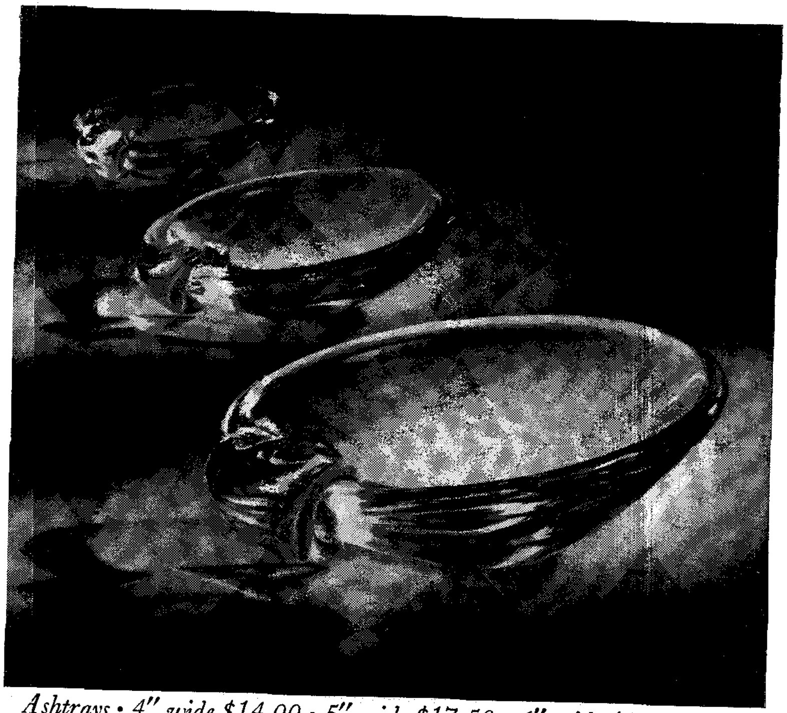
718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N.Y.



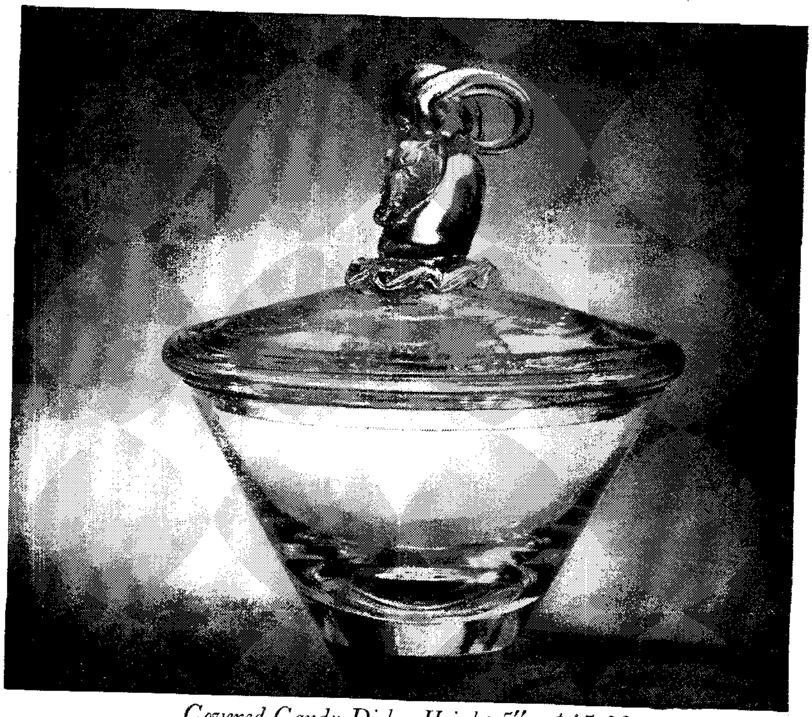
Floret Bowl • Diameter 8″ • $22.50



Shaker • 16 oz. • $50.00 • Glasses $150.00 dozen

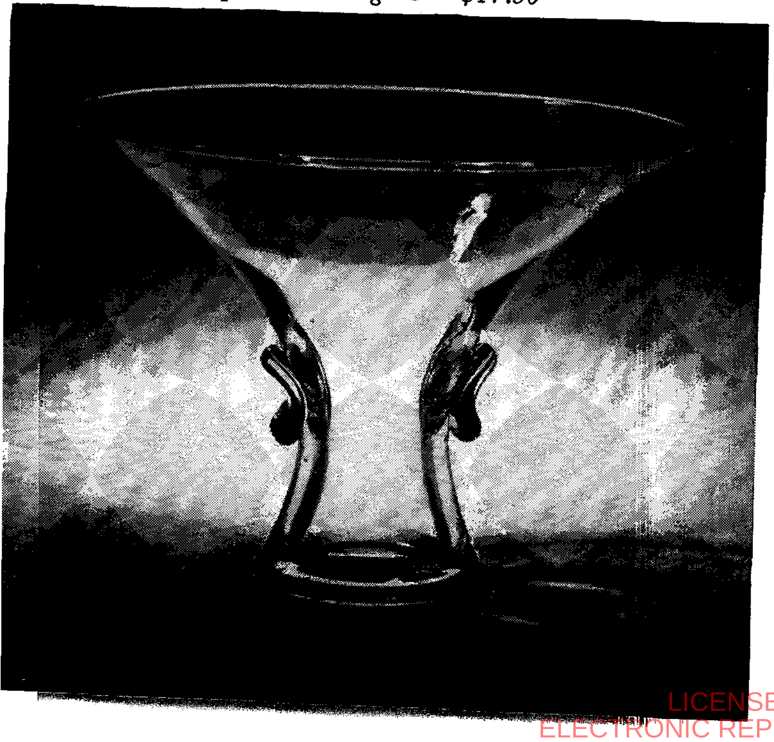


Ashtrays • 4″ wide $14.00 • 5″ wide $17.50 • 6″ wide $26.00

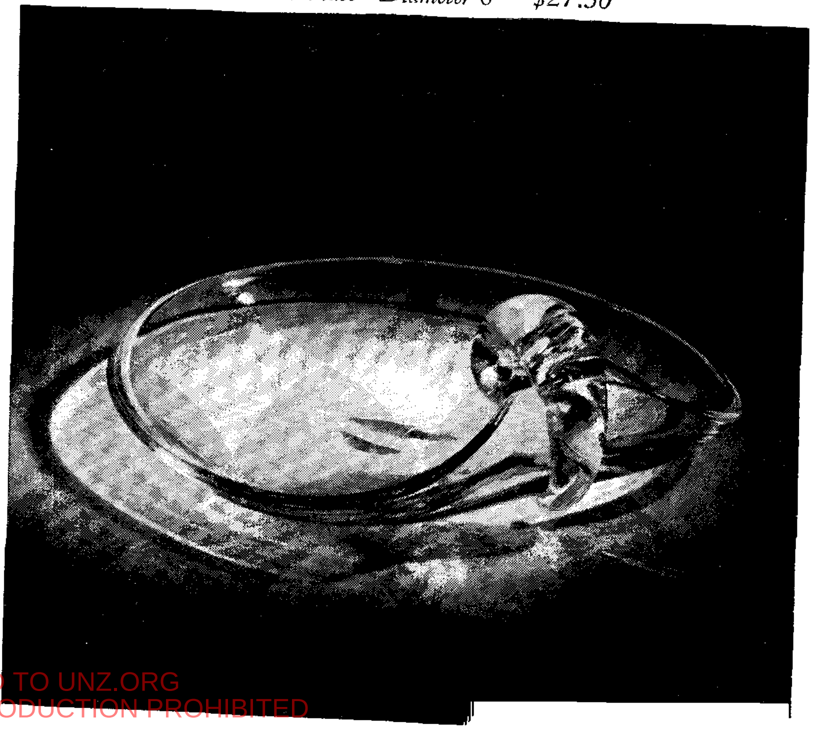


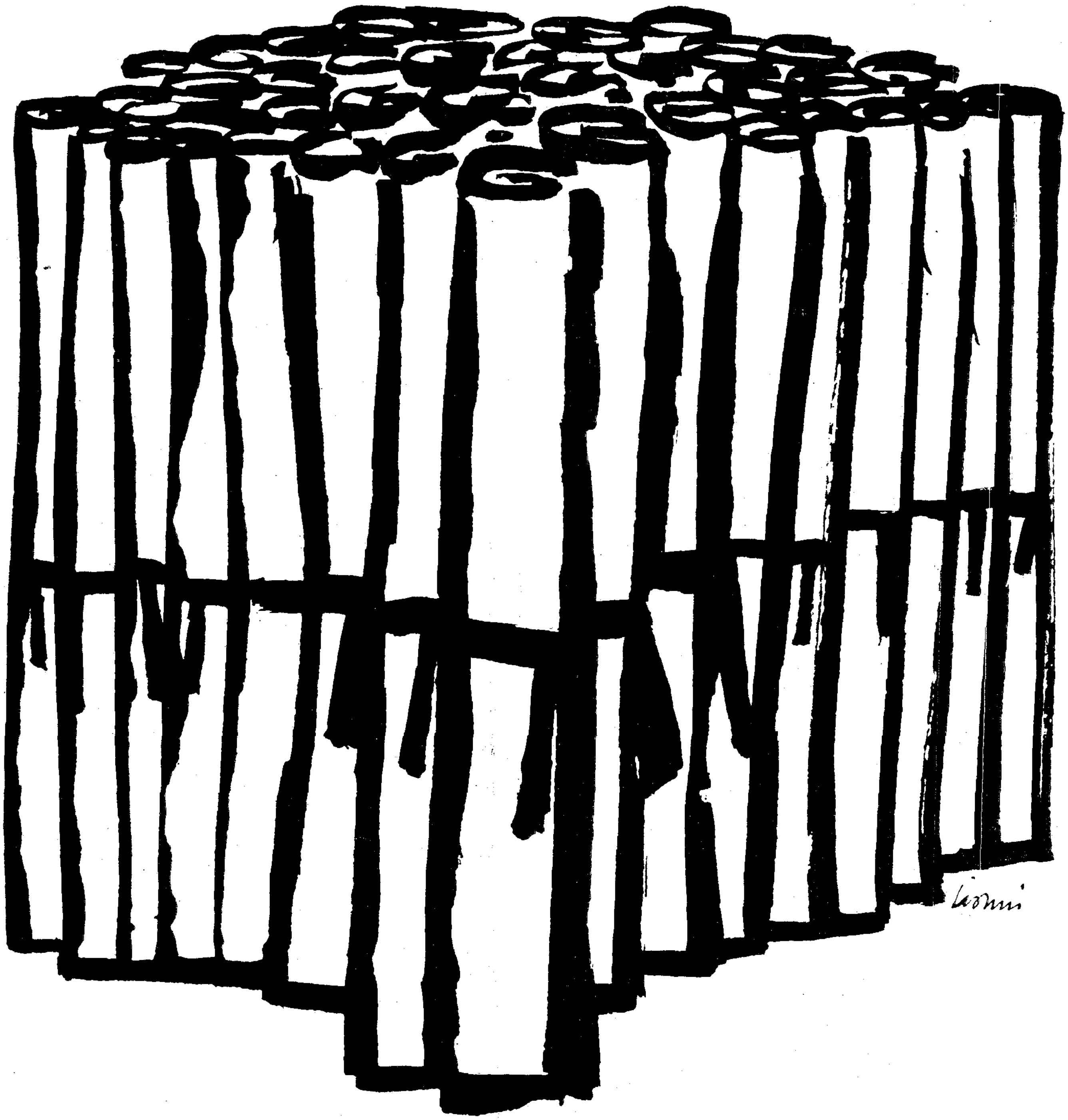
Covered Candy Dish • Height 5″ • $45.00

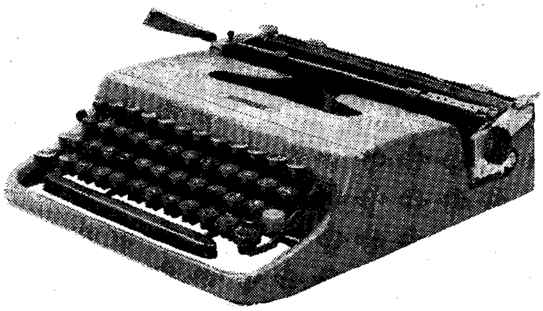
Bouquet Vase • Height 5″ • $17.50



Scroll Plate • Diameter 8″ • $27.50







The gift of an Olivetti makes graduation doubly thrilling. The Olivetti Lettera 22 (shown) is unique among lightweight portables; it provides all the important features, including keyboard-set tabulator, of a standard office-typewriter. $88 plus tax. The Olivetti Studio 44 is unique among larger portables; type on it blindfolded and you're likely to mistake it for a full-size office model. $123 plus tax. For the names of dealers near you, write Olivetti Corporation of America, 375 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

olivetti

MAYFAIR slacks tailored by Corman & Wasserman Inc. in a lightweight blend of 55% "Dacron" polyester fiber and 45% worsted. About $15.95 at Mansure & Prettyman, Wilmington, Del.; Shulman & Co., Norfolk; Frankenberger & Co., Charleston, W. Va.; Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Julius Lewis, Memphis; Clarke's, Tulsa; and other fine stores.

NEATNESS LASTS

Cool, comfortable tropicals of "Dacron" and worsted keep a sharp crease and resist wrinkles.

Spring in the air . . . and to go with your mood, a light, carefree trouser that knows how to keep its crease. You'll find a satisfying assortment of shades, patterns and styles in wrinkle-resistant tropicals of "Dacron"* and worsted. See these cool, comfortable slacks next time you shop.

DACRON
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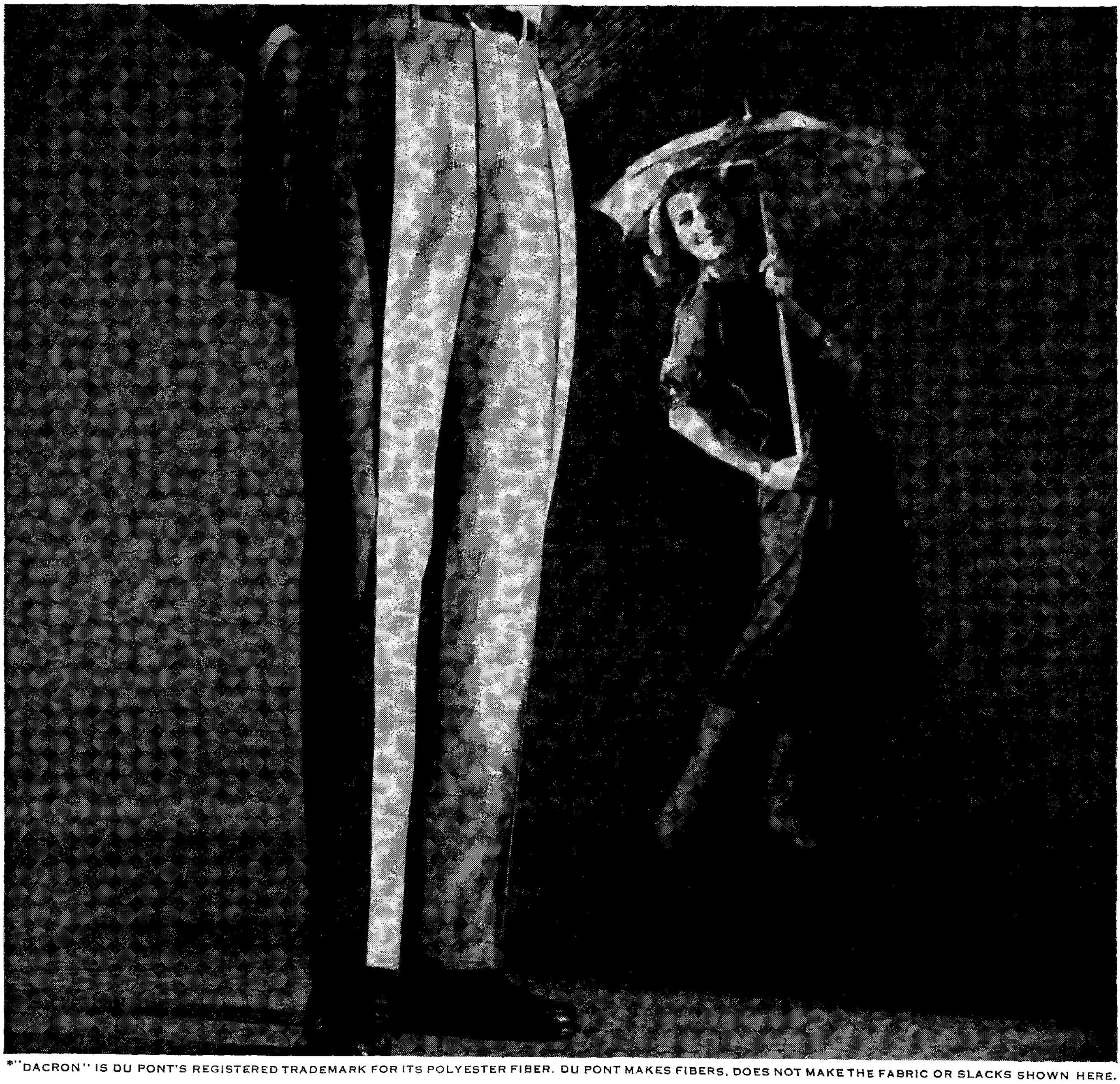
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



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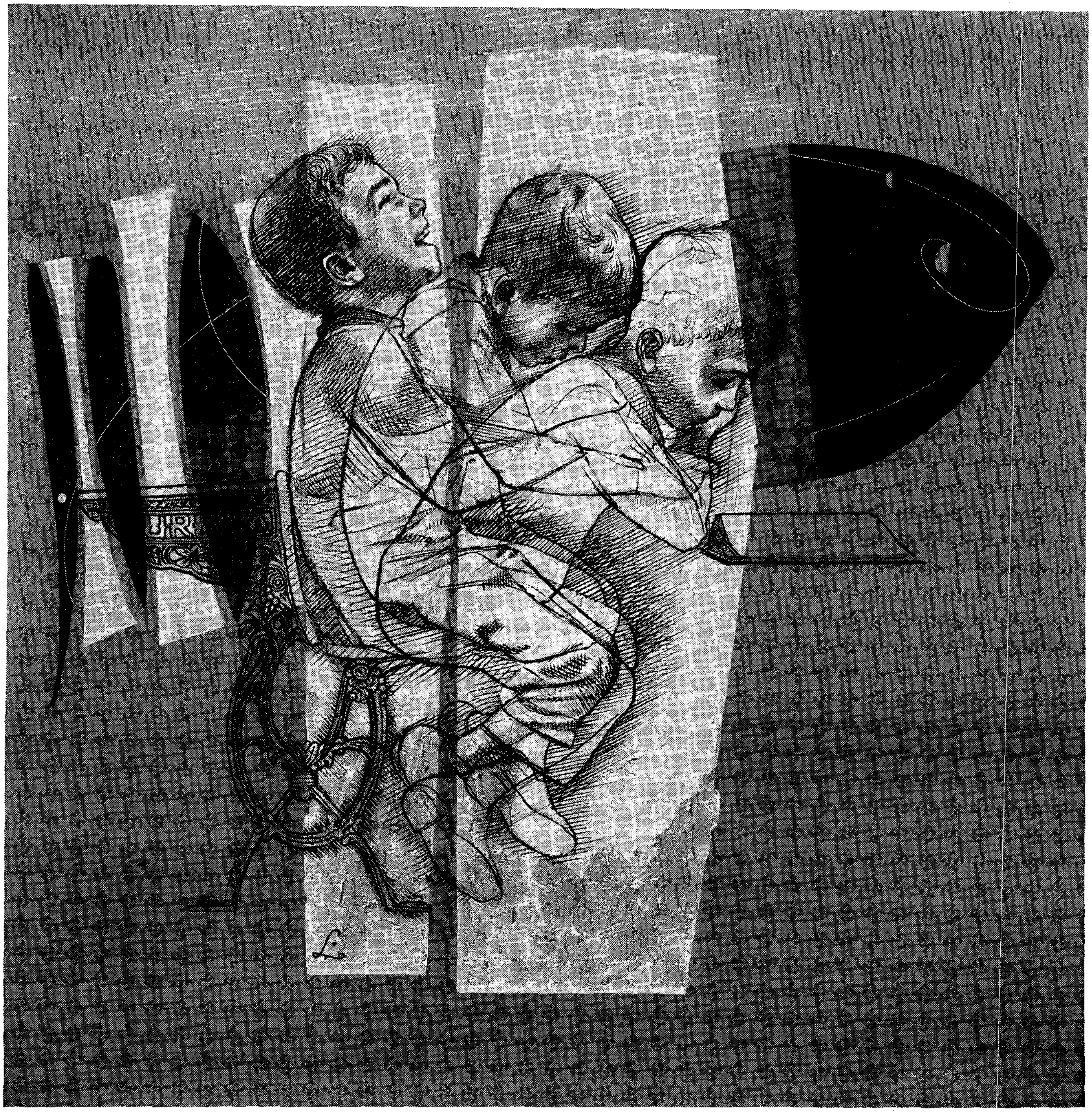

Super fuel to win the space race

As man ventures farther and farther into space, the search is on for new super fuels to lift the bulky equipment of interplanetary travel outside the earth's orbit. But there's one tremendous source of energy we've always had in America. Bacon named it when he said, "Knowledge is power."

Education for everyone, regardless of ability to pay, is an American tradition. Behind the first settlers came the first schoolteachers. And the so-called "Wild West" was studded with one-room schoolhouses. Some of the early textbooks were printed by Rand McNally. Nowadays book manufacturing is one of our biggest jobs. A large share of the books we print and publish are destined for America's schools and colleges. Like the educators whom we serve, we realize the children of today are the greatest natural asset a nation can have tomorrow.

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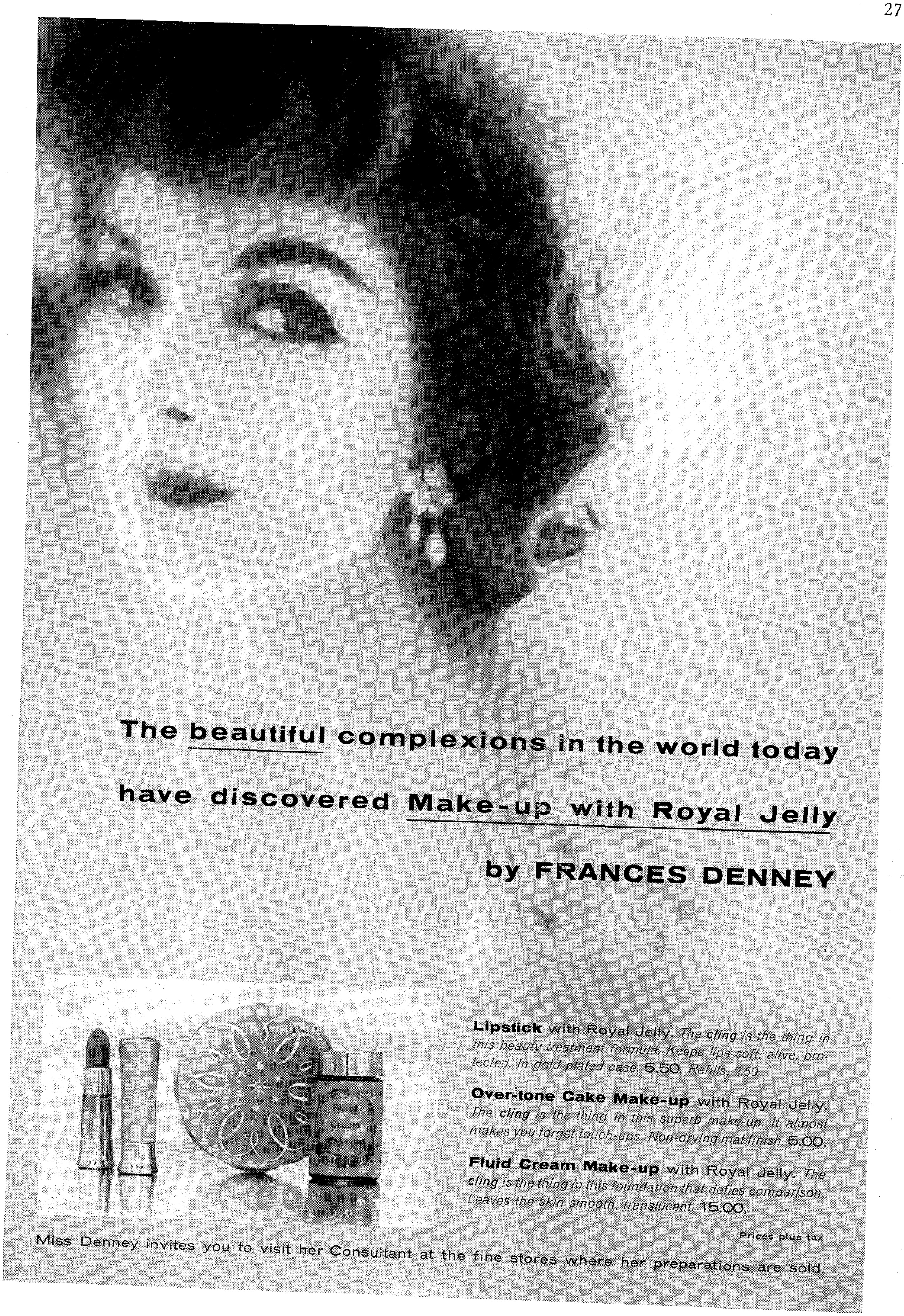

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by FRANCES DENNEY

Lipstick with Royal Jelly. *The **cling** is the thing in this beauty treatment formula. Keeps lips soft, alive, protected. In gold-plated case.* 5.50. *Refills,* 2.50

Over-tone Cake Make-up with Royal Jelly. *The **cling** is the thing in this superb make-up. It almost makes you forget touch-ups. Non-drying mat finish.* 5.00.

Fluid Cream Make-up with Royal Jelly. *The **cling** is the thing in this foundation that defies comparison. Leaves the skin smooth, translucent.* 15.00.

Prices plus tax

Miss Denney invites you to visit her Consultant at the fine stores where her preparations are sold.

You'll find this evident wherever men dress with care. At good clubs, on the golf course, on shipboard, at fine restaurants. And not least of all, at the beaches. For here's the real test of cotton's sterling qualities . . . the relentless sun, the persistent winds. Cotton takes these in its stride, remaining true to its colors, faithful to its original size. Very much in the swim this season is this beach ensemble in fine **Fuller Fabrics** cotton smartly tailored by **Cisco, Inc.**

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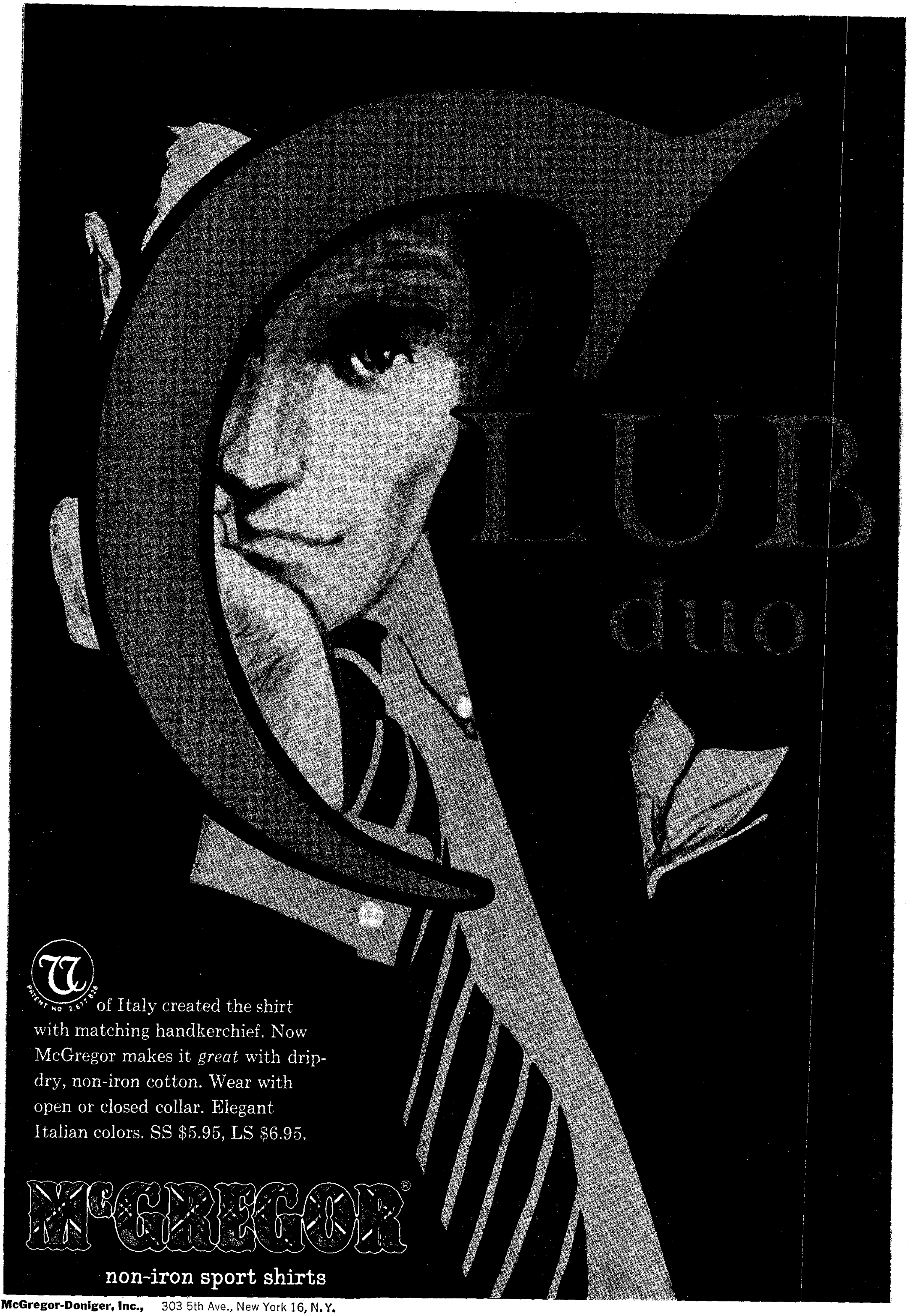

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BACH ON LOCATION

At Zwolle, in Holland, in the 15th-century Gothic church of St. Michael is a splendid, four-manual organ, dating from 1720. It is the last organ built by Arp Schnitger, whose work is considered the culmination of the high baroque era of organ building. It was inevitable that so fine an organ should be visited by E. Power Biggs, who has traveled far and wide in search of the most appropriate instruments for his recordings of the great works for organ. Mr. Biggs' many albums of the music of Bach, Mozart and others, performed on centuries-old instruments—in many cases those the composers themselves once used—are among the most impressive achievements of the recording art. To these he now adds three preludes and fugues of Bach, recorded amid the majestic acoustics of St. Michael's.

BACH AT ZWOLLE: Prelude (Concertato) and Fugue in D Major ("The Great"); Prelude and Fugue in C Minor ("Arnstadt"); and Prelude and Fugue in E-flat Major ("St. Anne")—E. Power Biggs, organist.
KL 5262 $4.98

MR. K.'s ENCORES

"Encore!" is the bracing cry that has roared from the throats of audiences in concert halls, opera houses and theaters for two centuries or more. Unfortunately, in modern times it seldom has any effect whatsoever on the conductor of a symphony orchestra. Unless, of course, the conductor happens to be Andre Kostelanetz. His concerts with the New York Philharmonic, which began in 1954, have enjoyed nothing but standing room and overflow audiences, and invariably arouse the most insistent calls of "encore!" Mr. K., on these occasions, breaks with present custom and responds with courtesy and brilliance. For this recording he has selected some of the most popular of the "encore" pieces played at the end of his Philharmonic concerts.

ENCORE!: Works of Wolf-Ferrari, Bach, Granados, Beethoven, Liadov, Walton and Mourant—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the New York Philharmonic.
CL 1135 $3.98

MUSICAL DOSSIER

This delightful collection offers a surprisingly accurate and complete description of the musical psyche of their chooser—the ubiquitous, multifaceted wit, intellectual and artist: Oscar Levant. He is, we can tell by them, a modern. He is, at times, fiery, at others, deep and tranquil. He knows his dance tempos. He knows the music of the outdoors and remembers the mood of the nursery. These Favorites underscore once more the appeal of the wry, kindly, softly sardonic personality that half hides, half advertises the talent and accomplishments that lie beneath.

LEVANT'S FAVORITES: Falla: Fire Dance; Miller's Dance • **Lecuona:** Malagueña • **Poulenc:** Pastourelle; Mouvements perpetuels • **Albeniz:** Tango in D • **Debussy:** Golliwog's Cakewalk; Maid with the Flaxen Hair; Reflets dans l'eau; La Cathédrale engloutie; Clair de lune; La plus que lente (valse); The Little Shepherd—Oscar Levant, pianist.
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MUSIC'S TOP MAN

Eugene Ormandy occupies what is perhaps music's most enviable position—that of politely coaxing the world's most splendid instrument on to more and more exalted heights. Unlike some of his fellow helmsmen who "specialize," Maestro Ormandy can dive into the orchestral repertoire at any point from Bach to Bartok and achieve the same wonderful results. For which reason we like to keep him as busy as possible, recording as great a variety as possible. His latest recordings are evidence of his amazing versatility, and of his inalienable right to the title of "top man of the top orchestra."

SMETANA: The Moldau • **WEBER:** Invitation to the Dance • **LISZT:** Mephisto Waltz • **BERLIOZ:** Minuet of the Will o' the Wisps; Dance of the Sylphs and Rakoczy March—the Philadelphia Orchestra • Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
ML 5261 $3.98

DELLO JOIO: Variations, Chaconne and Finale • **VINCENT:** Symphony in D—the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
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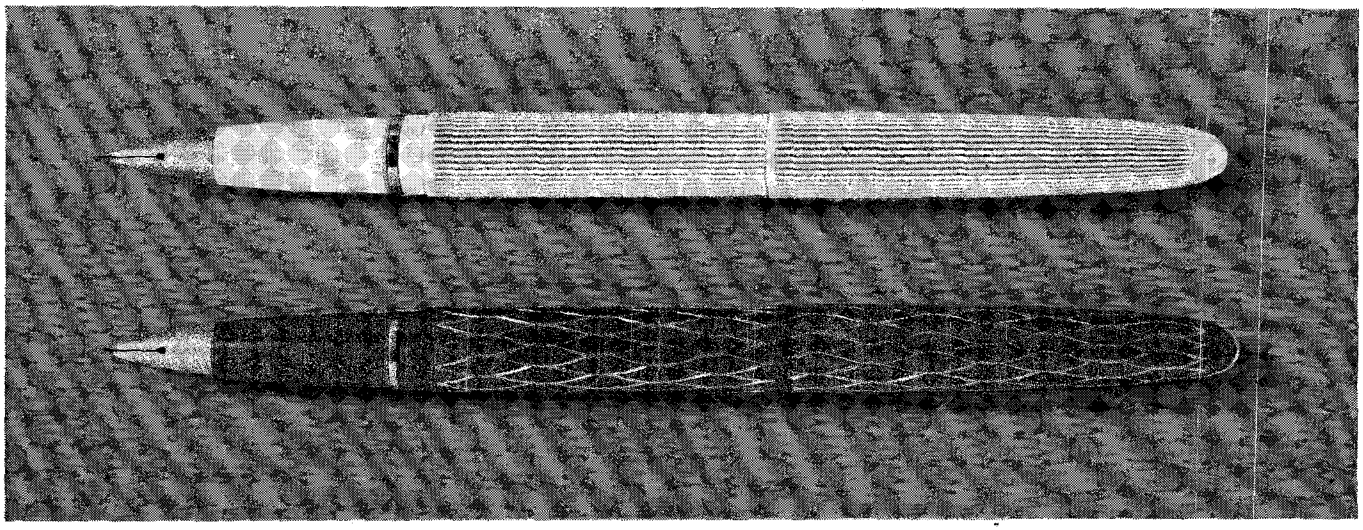
Shown top to bottom: Spun Texture, Corduroy, Tulle, from a great variety of models.



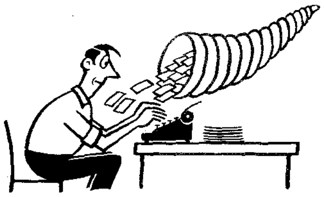
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Business and Commerce Note: The Happiness Bake Shop, near the corner of Third Avenue and Thirty-second Street, is under new management.

TEN years ago, Cyril Connolly, then editor of *Horizon*, sired Filmore Van Rensselaer Crutch, "figment of a powerful daydream." The Crutch of Connolly's fantasy was an American millionaire who, instead of endowing fellowships for fingerling writers, came to the aid of writers already pan-sized but struggling in the economic shallows. Looking for a new kind of foundation to found, Crutch perceives that "never has the young author been better provided for; the mere intimation of a desire to write causes the cornucopia to pour into his lap." But "what guarantee has he [the founder] got that the writer will ever turn out anything?" Crutch, the Connolly conception of a shrewd bird, puts his money on the writer in middle life who has written "at least one good book in the past, is used to working, and could do another" but who, having been caught up, as no young writer can be, in the continuing necessity of earning a living (usually for dependents, too), is preoccupied with the ephemeral labors that pay the rent—articles, book reviews, mystery stories, children's books, radio scripts, college teaching—and is always postponing the major work he is qualified to undertake. Relieved of their anxieties, but better artists for having experienced them, the Crutch Foundation boys and girls make their juniors look juvenile. It was a rueful as well as a skillful piece; the author did not believe that a real-life foundation would ever be as intelligent as that, and shortly after the story of Crutch appeared, *Horizon* perished for want of funds.



Now, a decade later, after less than the normal time lag between individual invention and corporate promulgation, the Ford Foundation has included in its Program in Humanities and the Arts a project for "stimulation of the creativity of individual artists at particular or crucial stages in their careers" by "a varied and flexible series of grants." It is all explained in a restrained brochure printed on paper that feels like money: "Concerning the art of the painter or sculptor, for example"—and of the writer, of course—"a frequent suggestion is to look to the artist who has demonstrated his talent, is in the upper ranges of the 35 to 55-year age bracket, and has reached a point at which some financial risk he cannot personally afford would enable him to test or vary his approach to his medium in a way that might influence his entire development. To meet this sort of need, a normal grant-in-aid, similar to a fellowship stipend, could conceivably prove to be the only mechanism required." The fellow who got up the brochure doesn't write as nimbly as Connolly, but the grants are to be provided—which is the main point.

We think it's probably a good idea, and that it will encourage good writing, and we believe that, in justice, the sponsoring organization should call it the Ford Foundation Program in Humanities and the Arts Project on the Foundation of the Connolly-Crutch Foundation of 1948.

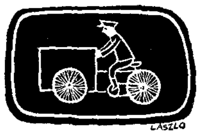
Browsers

"NO human eccentric is more peculiar than the great Indian rhinoceros," Dr. Dillon Ripley, the Yale ornithologist and zoologist, said to us in the East Room of the Century Club the other day. "It is a highly unsocial animal. Two adults are never seen together except during a fight or when mating."

We hadn't interviewed Dr. Ripley for several years, and, thinking that rhinos might make a nice change of pace from rockets, we extracted a pad and a Blackwing Eberhard Faber 602 pencil from our briefcase and lent an attentive ear. "Against club rules to transact business on the premises, if you don't mind," said a man on a neighboring sofa, so, with the Doctor in tow, we left for the Yale Club, where, drawing up a couple of chairs in front of a stock ticker on the second floor, we asked him for a rundown on rhinos.

"I've been interested in them ever since I was scared by one at the Bronx Zoo when I was three," said Dr. Ripley, who is now in his early forties. "They are browsers, and very little is known about the behavior of the larger browsers. Most behavior work on herbivorous mammals has been done on the smaller ones. I feel something should be done about the large ones before it's too late. There's a critical problem in this area. The larger browsers may become extinct before much has been learned about them. The elephant is in a very parlous state—people keep making wine coolers and ashtrays out of its feet—and so is the rhino. The rhino ranges out, damages private property, and gets shot. Put it in a national park, and it breaks down fences, ranges out, and gets shot. I began to study Indian rhinos—*R. unicornis*—in 1949, when the government of Assam asked me to undertake a survey of them. Wonderful, bizarre animals! Extraordinarily interesting browsers! Both males and females live in solitude, each occupying an average territory of be-

tween twenty and fifty acres, and come together, for the purpose of mating, only once every three years or so. The bulls may wander miles in search of romance. The spring months seem to be the closest thing to a mating period, but the mating urges of the male and female don't necessarily coincide, and cruising males sometimes get badly beaten up by the objects of their desire. The rhinos' mating call is a sweet, high whistle, very different from their ordinary grunt or low bellow, but it doesn't always work, and the long-distance trips of these otherwise territorial animals often end in frustration. Very unusual in the animal world, though the mink is sometimes in a similar fix."



Dr. Ripley handed us a paper of his—"Territorial and Sexual Behavior in the Great Indian Rhinoceros, a Speculation," reprinted from *Ecology*—and we handed him a whiskey sour. "Last summer," he said, "in Hluhluwe and Umfolozi, two reserves in Zululand not far from the towns of Hluhluwe and Mtubatuba, I made a brief study of two species of African rhino—the black rhinoceros, *Diceros bicornis bicornis*, and the square-lipped rhinoceros, *Ceratotherium simus simus*. Both appear to mate at almost any time of the year. The black rhinoceros seems more sociable than the Indian, with both parents and their young occasionally living in the same territory, and the square-lipped rhinoceros has an even greater threshold of tolerance for individuals of the same species, forming temporary groups of up to five or six in favorable feeding areas. A complete contrast to *R. unicornis!* However, young square-lipped-rhinoceros bulls are eventually shooed out by their relatives."

We asked how things are in New Haven, where Dr. Ripley teaches ornithology and ecology at the Peabody Museum, and in Litchfield, where he maintains one of the country's choicest waterfowl preserves. "I've just finished a list of the birds of India," the Doctor replied. "Six years' work. Over a thousand pages. It will be published in India and here. Four of my students are working on Ph.D. theses—one on the life history of the common sparrow, which is suspected of being the vector of encephalomyelitis, a variety of sleeping sickness. Last summer, Peter Scott, the founder and director of the Wildfowl Trust in England, presented me with the only pair of Hawaiian geese in this country. Hawaiian geese were almost extinct in the early forties, but he has resuscitated the species by captive-breeding them. From an original three, he has bred thirty-seven—more than exist in the wild state. A puce-colored bird, similar to our Canadian goose, but duller. Small webs between the toes. It has largely given up aquatic life, and lives on lava flows in the high mountains of Hawaii, eating berries. Odd for a goose to eat berries! All thirty-seven of Scott's birds are descended from two sisters and a brother, but despite the inbreeding, the young are very hardy. I'm proud to have received the accolade of this pair of Hawaiian geese. I hope to breed them. It's exactly the way the American buffalo was rescued, you know. Species threatened with extinction don't have to be resuscitated *in situ;* the late William T. Hornaday revived the buffalo right here in the Bronx Zoo. Now there's a hunting season on buffalo in some of the Western states.

"Scott and I exchange birds," Dr. Ripley continued as we both headed for the street floor. "He has become one of the great television personalities in England, with a regular nature program on B.B.C. Ten million listeners. Terrific rating. Couldn't happen here, where everything is baseball and soap operas. I don't know *why* it couldn't happen here, but I regret it."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Under the heading "Coming Events" on a bulletin board outside the New York Center, on West Forty-sixth Street, we recently saw the entry "Stereophonic Meditation."

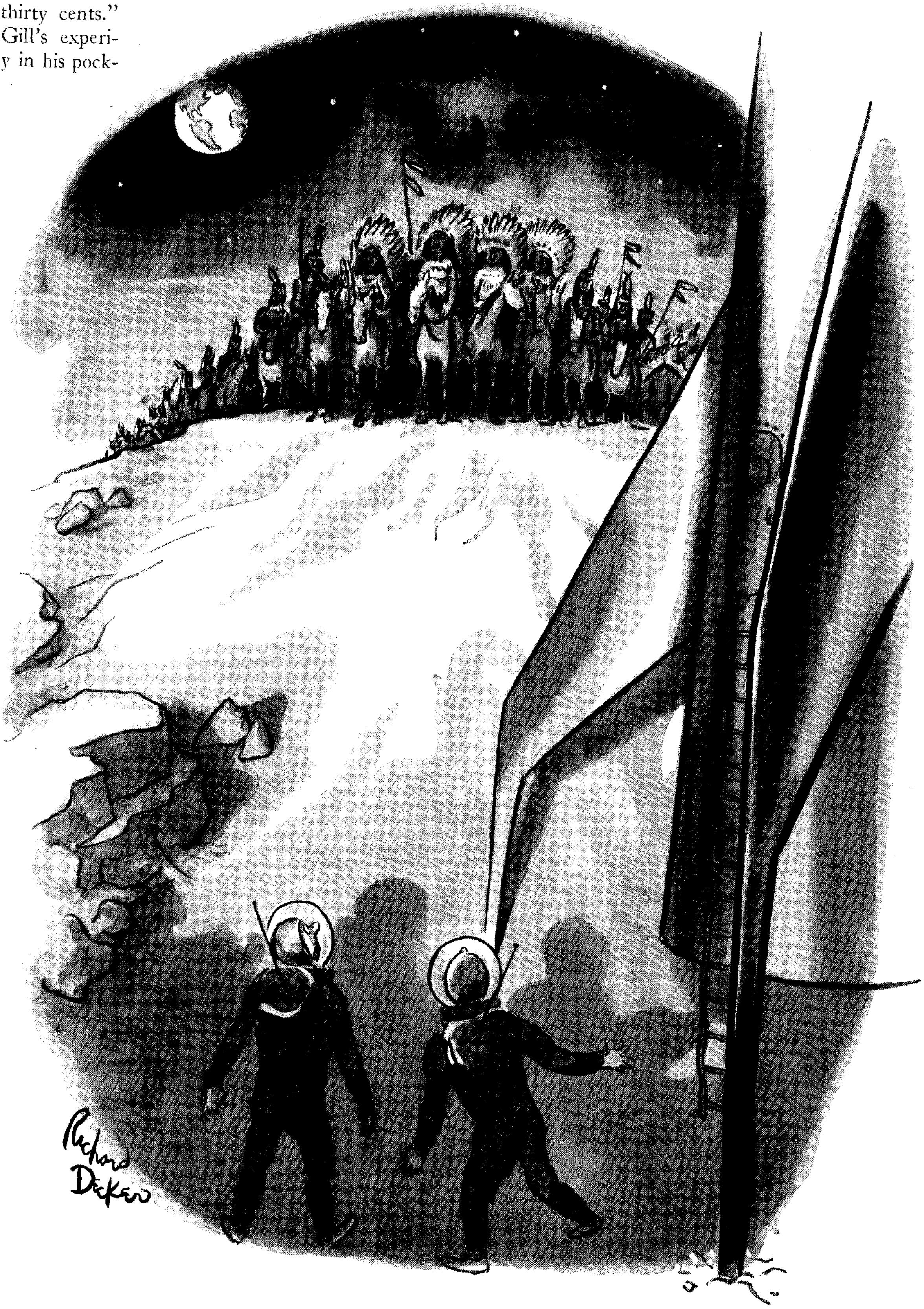
A Nickel a Glass

KNOWING little about economics, and having no theory about how to end the recession, we admire people who do have theories on this subject, and especially the brave souls who dare to act on them. One such brave soul is Lewis T. Gill, a former pharmacist and lawyer, who owns Larry's Bar & Grill, over on Eighth Avenue between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets, and is out to lick the recession practically single-handed. Mr. Gill's simple weapon is a return to nickel beer, which, except during a few months immediately after repeal, has been almost unobtainable hereabouts since prohibition went into effect, back in 1920. (The accepted local price of draught beer is fifteen cents for a seven-ounce glass, with some bars charging ten.) Mr. Gill's extraordinary leap back into the past has enchanted beer drinkers—on the whole, not an easy group to enchant—and spread confusion among his fellow tavern owners. Should they copy Gill or shouldn't they? Will he go broke in the course of his peculiar fiscal experiment or will he inadvertently reap a fortune? *Is* nickel beer the key to the whole inflation-deflation puzzle?

To get answers to some of these questions, we stopped in at Larry's Bar & Grill one afternoon last week and had a talk with the great experimenter. We timed our visit for three o'clock, assuming there'd be a lull in business at that hour, but we were wrong; gentlemen of leisure were standing three and four deep from one end of the fifty-foot bar to the other, and it took us several minutes to work our way into the front rank and sample our first glass of nickel beer. No sooner had it touched our lips than a plump, rosy-cheeked man on our right asked us whether we'd agree with him that nickel beer actually tastes better than fifteen-cent beer. An amateur of arts and letters on our left answered for us that it certainly does. "I work a couple of blocks from here, but live in Brooklyn," he said. "Passed here last week and saw a sign out front advertising nickel beer. Had two or three glasses, called some friends of mine in a Brooklyn bar, and gave them the good news. They didn't believe me, so I told them I'd pay the taxi fare over and back if it wasn't true. Over they come, like the wind! A Saturday night, and we stayed till three and it only cost me two bucks. I'll tell you what the owner of this bar is. He's a living saint."

Having finished our drink, we sought out the proprietor, a cheerful, eloquent, heavyset man in his early fifties, who was able to tell us the exact moment at which he had been inspired to try selling nickel beer. "The President has been urging us to fight the recession by buying more, and I was admiring one of the new cars, and I thought, If it was a thousand dollars cheaper, I'd buy it. Then the whole idea of high prices started to irritate me, and when I get irritated I do something. As I saw it, the problem was to develop buying proclivity, so why not develop it with beer?" Mr. Gill had experimented with ten-cent beer a short while before, without much effect on business, so he decided to go all the way back to a nickel. "People said I was crazy," he told us, "but look at that crowd at the bar! The secret of profits is volume—always has been, always will be. Our business has gone up fifteen hundred per cent in the past two weeks. I used to sell about a keg of beer a day. Cost me just over fourteen dollars and, at fifteen cents a glass, gave me a profit of about twenty-seven dollars. Now I make about two dollars' profit on a keg, but I sell sixteen kegs a day. That's a profit of thirty-two dollars a day. Not that we're getting rich on draught beer alone. I've cut prices on bottled beer and whiskey, and I'm even selling food cheaper—cheese or salami sandwiches for ten cents apiece, combination sandwiches for fifteen. A fellow can have a lunch of a couple of sandwiches and a couple of beers, and the whole thing'll cost him thirty cents."

The success of Mr. Gill's experiment puts money not only in his pocket but in pockets all over town. Ten men have been added to the staff of Larry's Bar & Grill, including a bouncer, officially known as a floor manager. The new patrons attracted to the bar—one man heard of it in Athens, Georgia, and now makes it his regular home away from home—have increased the prosperity of the entire neighborhood. Restaurants and stores are doing more business; a barbershop across the street has taken on two extra barbers. "It keeps snowballing," Gill said. "*I* don't know where it'll stop. Pensioners and other people with low fixed incomes—people I hadn't seen here for years and had thought were dead—have been turning up by the dozen. They're calling me the best friend they ever had. It's as if I'd brought back their youth." Another agreeable consequence of the new-found prosperity of Larry's Bar & Grill is a decline in TV viewers. "I'm sick to death of television," Gill said. "It's been killing off the tradition of bar conversation. Now it seems my customers are so happy about their nickel beer they don't give a hoot for TV. They come to drink and talk, like in the old days. At this rate, the next thing you know I'll be able to throw out the jukebox. Happy day! And all on the strength of me getting irritated enough to take a chance on nickel beer!"

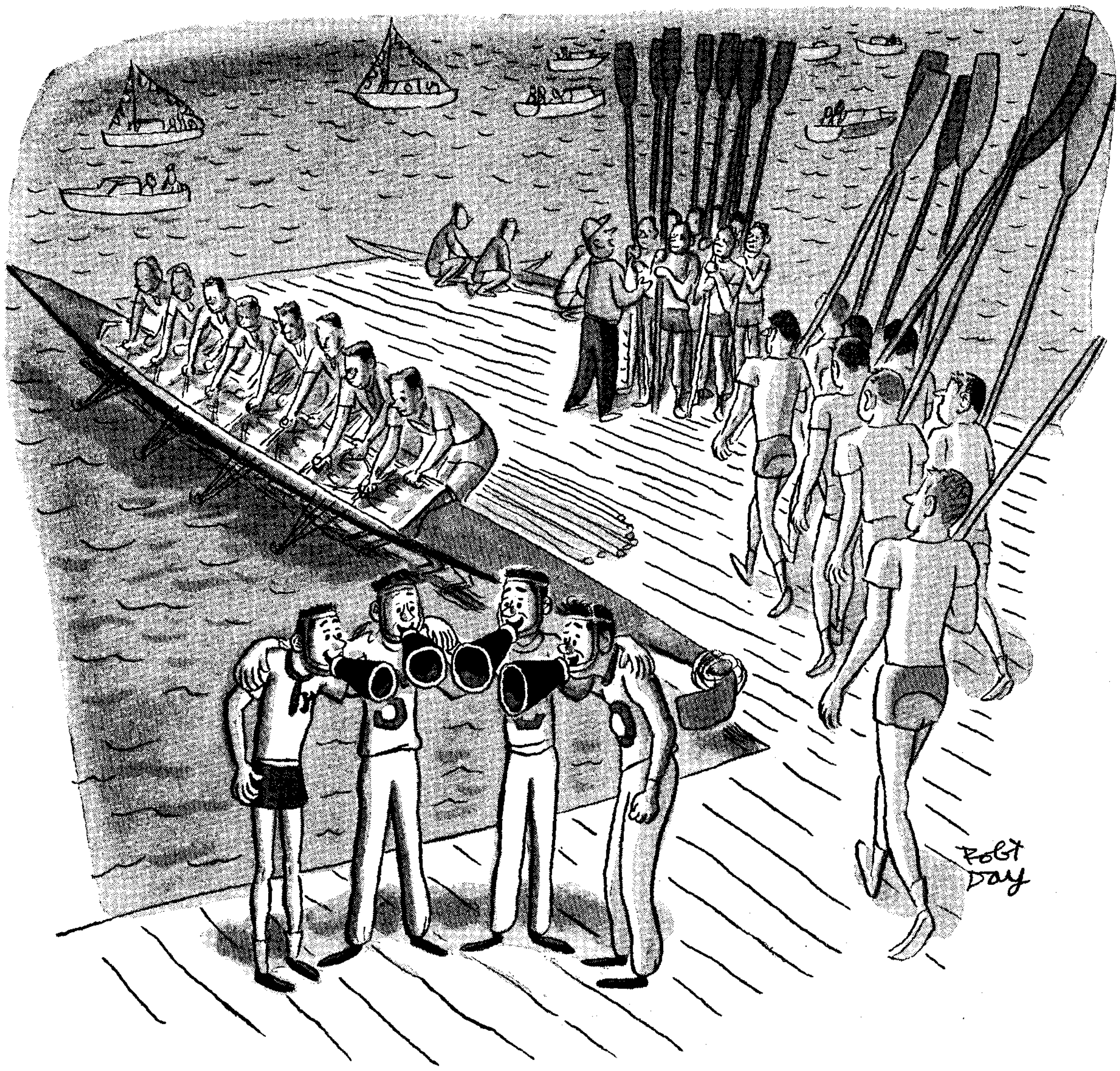


Biography

THE best essay on George Washington that we have received in the mail this year came from a United States Army service school in Berlin, and was written by a student whose first name is Carolyn. It follows, in full:

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was born in 1732 in Virginia. He was brave, honest, kind, and cheerful. He chopped down a cherry tree. He led the Revolutionary War. He went to school from 8 to 16. Some people called him the "Father of His Country" or "The Father of Freedom." He was Presi-



"We were sa-ailing along
On Moonlight Ba-a-ay."

• •

dent for two terms. He was married twice but slept in many beds.

Cheerful Centenarian

WE raised our senectitudinal sights the other day and called on the oldest man listed in *Who's Who*—the Reverend Dr. Arthur Judson Brown, one hundred and one, and secretary emeritus of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, who lives in an apartment at Park Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street with his daughter Eleanor. Is Dr. Brown, who was born on December 3, 1856, also the oldest incumbent of the *Social Register* and the Manhattan telephone book? Whether he is or not, he's a remarkably jaunty and hep centenarian, with a vigorous voice and a spruce white close-clipped beard and mustache. When his daughter ushered us in, he was filled with wrath at the D.A.R. "Look at this!" he said, waving a clipping from the morning's *Times*. "The D.A.R. has just passed a resolution urging Congress to withdraw the United States from the United Nations and to withdraw the United Nations from the United States. Deplorable! I'm an ardent advocate of the U.N. I admit that it has its defects and limitations, but these are inevitable in any organization representing so many races and interests. It is not reasonable to insist that such an organization should function satisfactorily. It took the thirteen American colonies, composed, in the main, of the same peoples, belonging to the same religious institutions, a long time to form a responsible government. It's not a question of whether to seek a better organization than the U.N. but of whether to accept it or have nothing at all. We must live with other peoples or cease to live. The thing the U.N. stands for—peace through arbitration of international disputes—has been advocated for more than forty years by the Church Peace Union, which Andrew Carnegie endowed with two million dollars in 1914. I attended the dinner, at his house, at which it was born, and I have been on the executive committee since the start, on the finance committee since 1930, and treasurer since 1936. I'm the only survivor of the original twenty-nine men—Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews—he chose to undertake the administration. Later, for the promotion of international friendship, the Union mobilized representatives of all the other major religions—Moslems, Hindus, and Buddhists. After all, they outnumber Christians, and you can't have world peace without their coöperation. We've supported the U.N. since it got started."

We asked Dr. Brown how *he* got started, and he said, "I've never investigated my ancestry. I was afraid of finding family skeletons. I know that my great-grandfather John Brown came to New York from England around 1770 and moved to Nova Scotia to avoid fighting his fatherland in the Revolution, and that my father, who was born in Nova Scotia, married a cousin of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, who wrote 'Lorna Doone.' My parents moved to Holliston, Massachusetts, where I was born, and later to West Brookfield. Father was a volunteer in the Civil War and was killed in 1864, when I was seven. Mother moved to a married sister's in Neenah, Wisconsin, with my younger brother, Elliott, and me. He became a Presbyterian minister and lived to be eighty-one. Three of my uncles were ministers and two of my aunts married missionaries. I began to study for the ministry when I was eighteen, at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana; we were in straitened circumstances, and I helped work my way through by mowing lawns, weeding gardens, picking apples, tending fires, and shovelling snow. I took Greek, Latin, history, sociology, and political economy, and on my vacations I had a wonderful time exploring the caves of southern Indiana and Kentucky. A classmate and I once took a six-hundred-and-fifty-mile tramp to Kentucky."

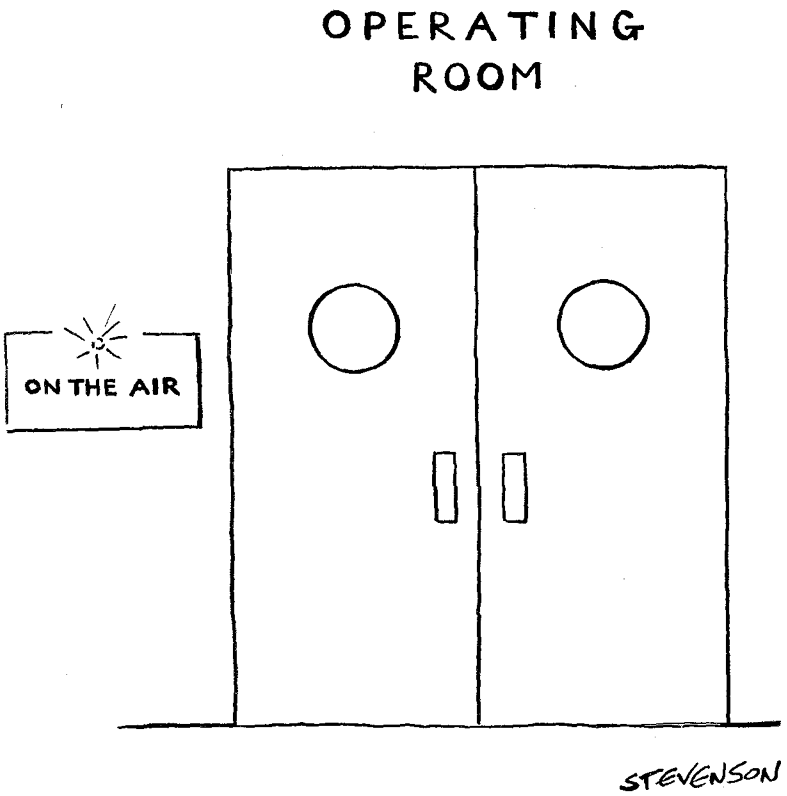
Dr. Brown received his Bachelor's degree in 1880, and following three years at Lane Theological Seminary, in Cincinnati, where he was chapel organist and did some outside preaching, at five dollars a sermon, he married a childhood sweetheart and got a thousand-dollar-a-year job as pastor of a church in Ripon, Wisconsin. "The community was overchurched, and after a year I was glad to receive a call from a church in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago," he said. "Three or four years later, I moved to a church in Portland, Oregon, where I remained for seven happy years, and then, in 1895, I became administrative secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in New York. We moved our five children, including two-year-old twins with the whooping cough, to East Orange, and later we moved to Montclair and, in 1914, to New York. This position, in which I was active for thirty-four years, involved administrative and platform rather than pulpit and pastoral duties, in a worldwide organization made up of twenty-six hundred missionaries and native workers in sixteen countries in Asia, Africa, and Central and South America. We handled an investment in land, buildings, and equipment—churches, schools, dispensaries, hospitals, orphanages, asylums, printing presses—of over sixty million dollars, and an annual budget of more than a million. Today, it's close to ten million. There were difficult problems in foreign exchange. The purchase and shipping of tons of supplies. The investment of an average of over a hundred legacies a year."

In 1901, Dr. Brown parked his children with relatives and, accompanied by his wife, set out for the Orient. They spent a year and a half in Japan, Korea, China, Russia, the Philippines, Siam, India, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. "Elephant rides in the jungle," he said. "Porterborne chairs between two swaying bamboo poles in Korea. Chinese litters borne by two mules with divergent ideas. Cockroaches. Red ants. Bedbugs. But a wonderful spirit! Everywhere doors were open, people cordial. In 1909, we again visited China, Japan, and Korea, for nine months. Over a period of years, I lectured, often on Asia, at scores of conferences here and abroad, and had talks with everyone from Theodore Roosevelt and the Emperor of Korea to Buddhist monks in Siam. My reports and addresses have been published in seventeen books, most of which are in a state of coma. Some are in public libraries, but I have discreetly refrained from inquiring how many are ever called for."

"After his retirement, Father spent five years writing 'One Hundred Years of Presbyterian Missions,' " said Dr. Brown's daughter, one of the twins, who has been keeping house for him since 1941, when the late Mrs. Brown lost her health. "He's been an elector of the Hall of Fame for forty-three years. On his hundredth birthday, a dinner was given in his honor, and he got congratulatory letters from all over. He reads everything—with a magnifying glass—from Toynbee to Zane Grey, and he eats everything. We play Scrabble at teatime, and take walks together in the Park. He gets around by himself, in a taxi; he pronounced the benediction at a farewell Freedom House lunch for the Reverend George Barry Ford at the Roosevelt Hotel last month, and on Saturdays he generally goes to the supper meetings of Chi Alpha, a club of clergymen."

"I am that person most heartily disliked by politicians, an independent with a Republican background," Dr. Brown said as we rose to leave. "I usually vote a split ticket. I voted for Wilson. I think China should be admitted to the United Nations. There will be no peace in this world as long as its most populous nation, backed by Russia and India, is kept out. But I'm an incorrigible optimist. I think the religious situation is troubled in many respects, but better than it was a century ago. This is a troubled world, but there is a lot of good in it, and the good is increasing. There's a lot of evil, but there always was."

He showed us to the elevator and gave us a firm, optimistic handshake.



The Cool Azaleas

HERE'S a story about a bride and a gardener. The young lady, who lives near Morristown, set the date of her wedding for early May, thinking that her mother's garden, which is famous for its display of azaleas, would be at its peak along about then and would make a fine place for the wedding reception. Well, as the occasion approached, it became obvious that the azaleas were a week or so ahead of schedule, and the girl was warned by her mother's gardener that they might well lose the last of their matchless blossoms by her wedding day. What to do, what to do? Luckily, the gardener was a resourceful fellow. With the distracted girl's blessing, he drove into town, bought several hundred pounds of dry ice, and secreted chunks of it here and there in the soil at the foot of the azaleas. Nobody can say for sure that the dry ice was what did the trick, but the blooms hung on precisely as planned, and on the wedding day everyone said that the garden, like the bride, had never looked prettier.

SATURDAY LUNCH WITH THE BROWNINGS

Madge Browning lay, stiffly curled, in bed. Her back was turned to her husband, but she knew he was awake. The gritty London sun already poured through the thin curtains, and down in the garden the children were shouting. She could distinctly hear the grating of the metal swing, the thud of a rubber ball on the stone paving. If only once, she thought, we needn't be waked at seven. The thought lay tranquil in her mind, and, drifting down, slowly left her, to join the rest of her extraordinary waking thoughts—the forgotten sediment of every day.

"Are you going to get up?" she asked, not turning.

"Hell, it's Saturday." William flung his arm across her, pinning her down.

"I don't see what difference it makes," she said. Because he stayed at home all the time—a writer, a man lacking the mystery of someone who comes and goes—she could never see why he cared so much about Saturday. Her previous husband had left the house five mornings a week at eight and come home five evenings a week at seven. On Saturdays he had worn different clothes. William wore the same sort of clothes all the time. His life was without punctuation, a steady repetition of the same thing.

"What's so special about Saturday?" she asked, tugging the bedclothes away from him.

"You know I can't work with the children about the place."

"I don't see why you have to work on Saturday. Other men don't."

"You spend money," he said, "whatever day of the week it is."

"All right. I'm sorry. Perhaps you'd like me to take them out for the day. We could sit in the park, I suppose."

"Don't be silly." His hand moved heavily to her thigh. They lay in silence, both listening to the children, the distant clatter of breakfast being prepared in the kitchen.

"What's the plan?" he asked at last.

"What plan?" She was being deliberately stupid. He meant, she knew, what had she arranged for the children today, this compulsory holiday; what had she provided for their entertainment, what meals and expeditions, as his security from disturbance.

"Well, what's happening?"

At last she turned to look at him. He was thirty-seven, two years younger than she, but in bed he looked older, the thin hair straggling over his forehead, the face heavy and loose, like an old man's. In the eight years of their marriage, forced to support two stepchildren and one child of his own, he had become successful and careless. His fingernails were dirty and he hadn't shaved for two days.

"Bessie's going to a party this afternoon," she said.

"That's good." Bessie was his own child, his darling. He had a great affection for good-humored, untidy, sexy women with undistinguished names. His daughter was everything he loved. The possibility of her being unhappy tormented him. The idea of her being happy, admired, invited out to tea in her pink net and coral necklace was a personal compliment. He found it hard to realize that Madge played any real part in her life.

"I wish they'd ask Rachel, too," Madge said. "It's so bad for her to be left out."

"Why should they ask Rachel?"

"Well, she knows the Bernsteins just as well as Bessie does. Perhaps I'll phone. I'm sure they wouldn't mind."

"I don't see why Rachel should have to do everything Bessie does. She's got her own friends." He flung back the bedclothes and was stamping, with long, hairy, bare legs, about the bedroom. "Rachel's two years older than Bessie. They've got to lead their own lives."

"Yes," Madge said. "All right."

Saturday had begun, the day of the children. She lay uncovered, exposed, her arms limp by her sides, her head turned sidewise on the pillow, her eyes closed.

"Well," he asked, "aren't you going to get up?"

"Yes. Yes, in a minute."

"Rachel can go next door and watch television," he said, pausing and looking down at her.

"I know."

"Melissa can take her to the park."

"Perhaps."

"Well, then, aren't you going to get up?"

The day had already been picked up, aimed, and thrown toward evening; it soared from the firm ground of sleep, a world on its own.

Madge never went down to breakfast. She refused, out of a strong feeling of self-preservation, to acknowledge its existence. William's temper was unreliable in the early morning, and particularly on Saturdays, with Rachel and Bessie lolling about in a holocaust of corn flakes and burnt toast, the German maid reading letters from home while the coffee boiled dry, and the neighboring children, small, ugly and savage, standing in a row outside the French windows watching him eat, a curiosity they observed once a week, swarming over the low walls, dressed for holiday in feathers, jeans, and their mothers' broken jewelry.

This morning, there were five of them. The day was going to be warm, and the windows were open onto the tiny garden, which was already littered with tricycles and dolls, an empty bottle, and two saucepans. The five neighbors stood motionless, listening to William eating his bacon. He had already told them three times to go away.

"Move," he insisted mildly. "Go away. Off with you."

They glanced at each other, then back to him, their eyes steady, impassive.

"Tell them to go away," he said to Rachel. "They're your friends."

"They aren't," she said coldly. "They're Bessie's."

"They aren't," Bessie retorted.

"I don't care whose friends they are. Just tell them to go away."

"Actually, they aren't anybody's friends," Rachel said. She bent again over her book of Bible stories, absently cramming her mouth with toast, her thin shoulders hunched.

"You're not supposed to read at meals," Bessie said. "Is she?"

"I've told you to tell them to go away," William snapped at Rachel. He had known her all her life; as a small baby, she had gone with Madge and him on their honeymoon. She had cried the whole time. He had never forgiven her. She bit her nails, and still, at the age of nine, was afraid of the dark; she was skinny and spiteful and clever, with a great burden of love inside her, a heart too passionate and heavy for her flimsy little body. Her lank, whitish hair was held back by a pink plastic slide and her small, pale eyes moved busily over the story of Abraham. She didn't answer.

William leaned over and took hold of the book. Her hands tightened. They both pulled at it vigorously.

"Will you do as you're told?"

"Stop it! Stop it!"

"Give me that book."

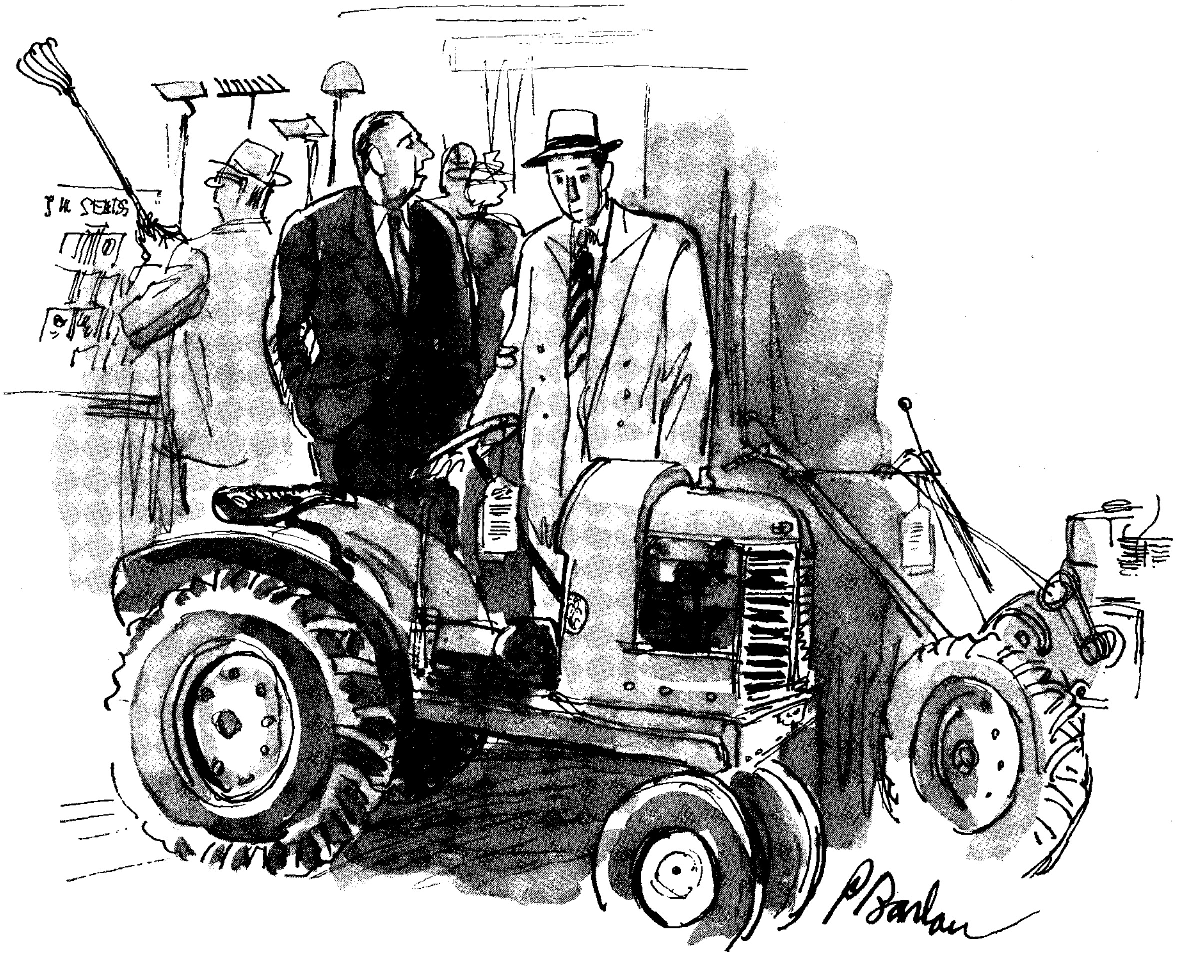
The five neighbors watched, impartial. Bessie slowly spread another piece of toast. The book ripped in half, and Rachel, in an agony of grief, was pounding the floor.

"It was a library book!" she howled. "You beast, you beast, you beast!"

"Perhaps it will teach you to do as you're told." In his dressing gown and bare feet, brandishing a crumpled picture of Moses in the bulrushes, he felt foolish and unhappy. Why did his days have to begin like this? What had he done to deserve it? What the hell was it all for? He looked down at the hysterical child, rocking her half of the book as though it were dead, performing, in miniature, all the extravagant gestures of tragedy.

"Oh, shut up," he said wearily. "I'll buy you another book."

He left her howling in the wreckage, watched dispassionately by Bessie and the neighbors, and climbed slowly upstairs.



"How much acreage are you saddled with?"

HIS wife was getting dressed. On Saturdays, she, like the children, wore different clothes. Today, for some reason, she was putting on a kind of haymaking costume—jeans and a checked shirt—and had tied her hair back with a bow.

"Well," she said. "What was all the noise?"

"What noise?" In need of comfort, he came behind her and put his arms around her, leaning heavily against her.

"Rachel was screaming."

"Rachel's always screaming."

She hardened, moving away from him. He lumbered after her, persistent.

"Kiss?"

"Oh, William, for heaven's sake."

"All right. I'm sorry."

She began stripping the bed. She always turned the mattress on Saturdays.

"Why don't you go and work in Melissa's room?" she asked, heaving at blankets. "You wouldn't hear them there."

"I don't want to work in Melissa's room."

"All right, then, don't."

"I ought to have an office."

"You say that every Saturday. Every single Saturday. Why don't you get one?"

He took the other side of the mattress and helped her to turn it. She began making the bed again, patting and smoothing and tucking like a hospital nurse.

"Buzz, buzz," he said. "Busy little bee. I think I'll go back to bed."

"Now," she said. "Don't start."

"I'm not starting." He searched round for something to attack her with. "I suppose Melissa's not up yet?"

"I don't expect so."

"Why don't you make her get up?"

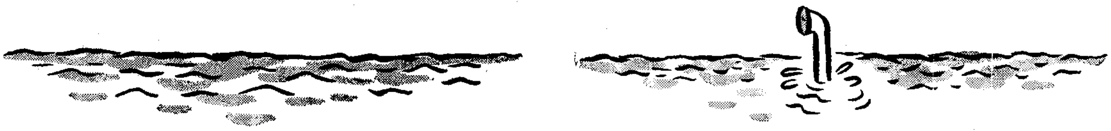
"Yes, darling."

"Why should she stay in bed, just because it's Saturday? Why doesn't she get up and help a bit?"

"As it happens," Melissa said, from the doorway, "I'm up." She stepped over the pile of blankets and walked, with a recently perfected swivelling motion, to the long mirror at the other end of the room. There, faced with her own remarkable image (she was nearly sixteen), she turned and twisted, picking off a few pieces of fluff, patting the shining ponytail of hair, baring her teeth, pulling her belt one hole tighter. Then, apparently satisfied, she rotated back across the room, stepped over the blankets, and went away.

William looked sharply at his wife. She was smiling toward the empty doorway; the smile turned toward him, including him in love. He tried to find some response in himself, but it wouldn't come. He left her and went to his study and sat down at his desk and looked straight in front of him, at nothing. In the garden, immediately below his window, Rachel and Bessie and the five neighbors were squirting each other with the garden hose. Each time they screamed, he flinched.

BY lunchtime, after buying Rachel a new book and having a couple of stiff whiskeys in the pub, William felt better. If we can get through lunch, Madge thought, we shall be all right. She beamed at him encouragingly as he picked up the carving knife and fork. It was at times like this, when they were all together and relatively peaceful, that she almost felt they might



make a success of it. She had given William roots, set him at the head of a family table, given him something to work for; she had given her own children a home and a father. The picture was as clear, as static and lifeless, as a Victorian print of domestic bliss. It was her ideal, doggedly worked for. That, she told herself—the strong, wise, loving father—is William; those devoted, secure, happy children are ours; that beautiful, gentle, capable mother might, with a stretch of the imagination, be me. This is Saturday Lunch with the Brownings.

"Bessie," she said softly, "sit straight. And do stop sucking your knife."

"Well," William said, beaming round over the hot mutton. "This is all very pleasant."

"You say that every Saturday," Melissa said, with a sigh. "By the way, I'm not dieting." She reached over and helped herself to another potato.

"I don't want any cauliflower," Rachel said in a whining voice.

"You must have some." William slapped a large spoonful on her plate. "Makes your hair curl."

"It doesn't, and I hate it."

"Eat it up!" he said.

"The Phillipses rang," Madge said desperately, "and asked us for a drink on Thursday. Melissa, pass Daddy the salt."

"Good." He settled in his chair. "What time has Bessie to be at the Bernsteins'?"

"About three."

"Why can't I go?" Rachel demanded, hitting her cauliflower with her fork. "It's not fair."

"Because you haven't been asked," William said. "And for heaven's sake stop messing about with that cauliflower."

"Well, really!" Melissa muttered.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Why doesn't Melissa take her to the park?" William suggested blandly.

"Because I've got to do my homework," Melissa said.

"You can do your homework tomorrow."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going out tomorrow, if you must know."

William looked across the table at his wife. "Why is Melissa in such a bad temper?" he asked.

Madge tried to send him an urgent, soundless message across the table. Please, she implored him, please stop it. He looked at her blankly, waiting for an answer to his question.

"You could go next door and watch television," she pleaded. "Couldn't you, Rachel?"

"You're always telling me it's bad to watch television. You just want to get rid of me, that's all." The child was overwhelmed by this thought, at last put into words; her face darkened, her mouth sagged, and she began, loudly, to cry.

"Oh, God," William said. "The child's impossible."

"She's not!" Melissa flared. "She's perfectly reasonable! Just because you pick on her *all* the time."

"Be quiet!" Madge didn't realize she had shouted until the sound, harsh and violent, slapped across the room. The children stared at her. After a moment's silence, they began eating again, warily.

"Well," William said, when it had sunk in, "there's no need to shout."

"I'm not shouting," Madge said quietly, trembling. "Melissa, will you clear away the plates?"

The danger seemed to be past. It had been, at least, no worse than most Saturday lunches. They all relaxed. Bessie knelt on her stool and put her elbows on the table. Melissa turned sidewise in her chair, her back to William, crossing her elegant legs. William lit a cigarette. Madge divided a bowl of cherries with scrupulous fairness among the three children.

"I love cherries," Rachel said gratefully.

"Well, don't spit the stones out onto your plate," William said.

"Where shall I spit them, then?"

"Into your hand."

"Bessie's spitting hers out onto her plate," Melissa said distantly.

"Then she mustn't." Tenderly, he leaned forward and hung two clusters of cherries over Bessie's ears.

She smiled, blushing with pleasure. "Look, Rachel. Do they look pretty?"

Rachel nodded, and eagerly hung cherries over her own ears. The two children shook their heads and bobbed about, stretching their faces and rolling up their eyes.

"Haw, haw, haw," said Rachel, in a plummy, Lady Bountiful voice. "And how are you this morning, Miss Browning?"

"Oh, I'm very well, thank you," Bessie said, pushing out her stomach and jerking from side to side on her stool. "See you later, alligator."

"See you in a little while, crocodile."

"Oh, eat them up, for heaven's sake," William said wearily.

Rachel, beside herself, screwed up her face and stuck a cluster of cherries between her nose and upper lip. "See you later, alligator," she mumbled. Bessie doubled up with laughter. Melissa and her mother sat with patient, distant looks, waiting for the exhibition to be over; weakly, they even smiled. William turned his back on Rachel, grinding his cigarette into the empty cherry bowl. A man can't even hang cherries on his own daughter's ears without hell being let loose, he thought. Never able to do anything simple, eat a straightforward meal, work, play with my own child, without that skinny little bitch ruining it all.

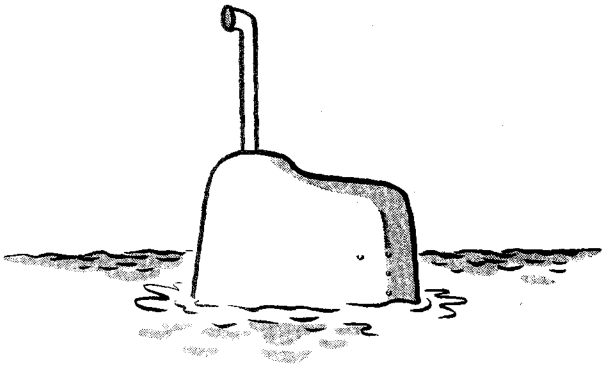
"My God!" he shouted. "Eat up those bloody cherries and behave yourself. Melissa, why the hell don't you start washing up?"

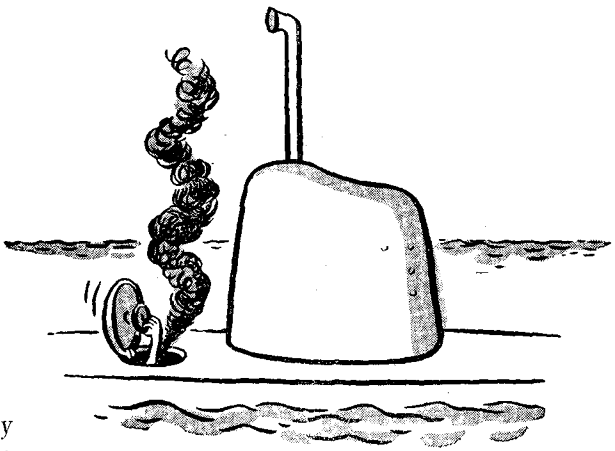
Melissa got up and very quickly, very quietly began clearing the table. Bessie climbed on William's knee and locked her arms round his neck. Reluctantly, like a girl giving back borrowed jewels, Rachel took the cherries off her ears and laid them reverently on her plate.

"Can I finish them in the garden?" she asked.

"No," William said. "You can't." He pulled Bessie closer to him, burrowing his face into her hot, haystack hair.

MADGE, as was her habit after Saturday lunch, went upstairs alone to the sitting room. She never argued with William in front of the children.





It was part of the picture. She raged inside herself, and trembled, and often wept. But she had created him as Melissa's and Rachel's father, and he must therefore be beyond reproach. There must be no disloyalty. She sat on the low window sill and looked down at the garden. Melissa came out and shook the tablecloth in the sun. She could not even tell Melissa about her anxieties, because Melissa must be secure, must feel her parents united, must be happy. Her love for Melissa, older and stronger than any other love, was not part of the picture; it could suffer change and movement, and was the only thing, perhaps, in her life that would remain with her till her death. Nevertheless, she kept distant from her, afraid of factions, unfairness, any kind of turbulence.

William is a good writer, she thought. It's funny he doesn't understand things. She leaned against the low balustrade outside the window, listening to the subdued clatter of washing up. Sunlight glinted on the tin and chromium of abandoned toys on the lawn, and three sparrows were pecking among the crumbs shaken off the tablecloth. The neighbors seemed to be already asleep, their gardens deserted.

Rachel ran outside, holding her hands together. Quick, neat as a little rat, she folded herself up in a corner of the wall, in the shadow. She opened her hands and a bunch of cherries fell into her lap. She began to eat them, quickly, tearing off the stalks with her teeth and spitting out the stones, her eyes on the dining-room window.

After a few minutes, Bessie came out and sat on the swing.

"Daddy said you weren't to eat your cherries in the garden," she said in a friendly way. "Rachel's eating her cherries in the garden!" she called to her father.

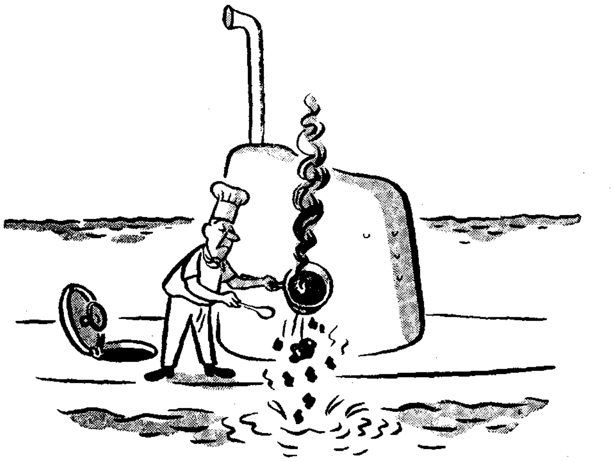
William came out of the house and walked across the lawn. He walked slowly, unaware that he was being watched by his wife. Rachel did not move, pressed back against the wall. He took hold of her wrist and pulled her to her feet. Automatically, she began to cry—loud, ugly wails. It's right, Madge thought remotely, he did tell her not to eat her cherries in the garden. They walked back across the lawn and into the dining room, the man dragging the little girl by the wrist. Bessie began to swing higher, the metal frame shaking.

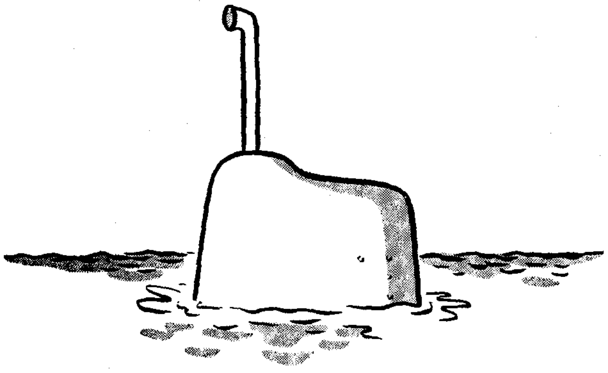
For another moment, there was silence. Perhaps it will be all right, Madge told herself weakly. A cat prowled along the wall, and in a house far along the street someone turned the radio on—a thin whine of music. Then there was a crash, a splintering of china.

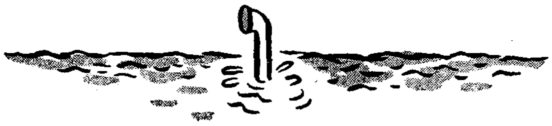
"Stop it!" Melissa was screaming. "Stop it! Stop it!"

He's hurting Melissa, Madge thought. At one moment, she thought this, standing in the sun, with the cat just turning the corner by the laburnum tree. At the next, she was already downstairs, fighting with teeth and nails, kicking, shaking the unresisting, heavy body, hammering his head against the table, sobbing, shouting "You hit my children! You hit my children!" and all the time, remote and cool in the back of her mind, the certainty that this was the end, death—that after this there could be nothing.

Bessie watched from the window. She did not understand until it was over. Then, without moving, she began to cry. Rachel had been crying all the time. Now she stopped,







DAVID LANGDON

edging back toward Melissa. The two adults stood in the center of the room, dishevelled, breathing quickly and loudly, their eyes riveted to each other. The small sound of Bessie's crying meant nothing to them. They were, for the first time in their life together, alone.

"You hit my children." She repeated the statement again and again. "You hit Melissa. Get out."

"You think I *won't* get out?" His face was gray, and bloated with anger. "You think I'd stay with you and these delinquent little bitches of yours? Get their father to keep them. Go on, go and find him! Tell him to keep the lot of you on his five pounds a week. I'm taking Bessie and I'm getting out. I'm taking Bessie."

He grabbed the child's hand and pulled her out of the room. The sound of her crying increased, becoming desperate as he dragged her up the stairs. Melissa had disappeared. Rachel and her mother looked at each other across the wrecked dining room, the overturned table, the spilled and dying flowers.

"Can I go to the party, then?" Rachel asked. "Instead of her?"

GIRANDOLE

In the dark at first, we see things in their sleep,
like seeds locked up in pods, cocoons, and burs,
each with its sphinx's face persuading us,
"Our looks are black, but we're really beauties. Wait
and see." And we do till, one day, some dove of a dawn
comes in on a pink wing, singing "Wake up!"

Then there's a stir—an unfolding, unfurling, undoing
of knots, shaking off of shells, as infants outgrow
their eggs, the roe spills over in silver, and out
of each buried bean a green head butts itself free,
and the rose goes, or the snail, on its way, unrolling
its roundest corolla. Oh, the view opens up to our eye!

And see what baroque embellishments ensue
as throngs of things take shape and place in space:
the fantail vine hung with the golden horde
of its hundred gourds, and, bright in its broken shell,
a pomegranate's swarm of garnets; moonshine,
pine-tree waves, and skies all mackerel scallops.

Once a fortunate friction ignites the fuse—presto!
Chrysalids burst into blue, the firework-flowers
go up in sparks, the fountain towers, and the story's told.
Breaking through clouds, the sun leaps forth and we see
for ourselves: the blackbird's gold, and the world—what a sight!—
is a girandole, a ring of things—all lights.

—Dorothy Donnelly

• •

UPSTAIRS in the high, hot bedrooms, William was packing. He did not for a moment let go of Bessie's hand but pulled her rapidly from place to place, in and out of the bathroom, her bedroom, his own room. She ran and stumbled behind him, blind with crying.

"Which is your favorite dress? You can take it. Which is it?"

"I don't know!"

One-handed, he pulled a couple of dresses off their hangers, hurried her back to his bedroom, bundled them into the suitcase.

"Not another minute," he said. "You don't stay one minute with them. You'll live with me. I'll look after you. Stop crying. Which is your toothbrush?"

"I don't know!"

"Stop crying. What are you crying for?"

"I want to go to the party!" She was shaking convulsively, her few teeth chattering. "I want to—"

"There'll be plenty of parties. Blow your nose."

"But I want—"

She saw her mother come into the room. Her mother looked tall and cold, like a ghost. She wrenched away from her father and flung herself at her mother.

"Go and wash your face," Madge said. "Then you can put on your party frock. It's almost time."

"She isn't going to the party," William said.

"She is my child," Madge said, her voice flat and tired. "She is going to wash her face and brush her hair and put on her dress and go to the party."

He stared hopelessly at Bessie. "Don't you want to come with me?" he asked. "Just you and me? No Melissa and Rachel. Just us?"

"I want to go to the party."

He sat down heavily on the bed, covering his face with his hands. He heard his wife and daughter go away, closing the door quietly behind them. After a little while, he lay back on the bed, curled up next to the gaping suitcase, sighed deeply, and fell asleep.

HE slept for four hours. When he woke up, the house was silent. He heaved himself up, washed his face in cold water, brushed his hair. Then, still yawning a little, he unpacked the suitcase and pushed it under the wardrobe.

In the next room, Rachel and Bessie, bathed and in their pajamas, were both sitting in Rachel's bed, cutting out paper dolls. They looked up calmly as he came in.

Chock full o' Nuts
tf

"Hello," he said.

"Hello. Look what we got at the party."

"Very nice. Was it a good party?"

"Quite. Rachel came, too."

"Jolly good." He yawned, feeling his skin creep. "Where's Mummy?"

"Downstairs."

"Well, good night, then. Sleep well."

Melissa's door, on the next landing, was open. She was hunched over her desk, surrounded by textbooks. The radio was on, and the room was tidy, smelling strongly of furniture polish.

"Hello," he said. "How's it all going."

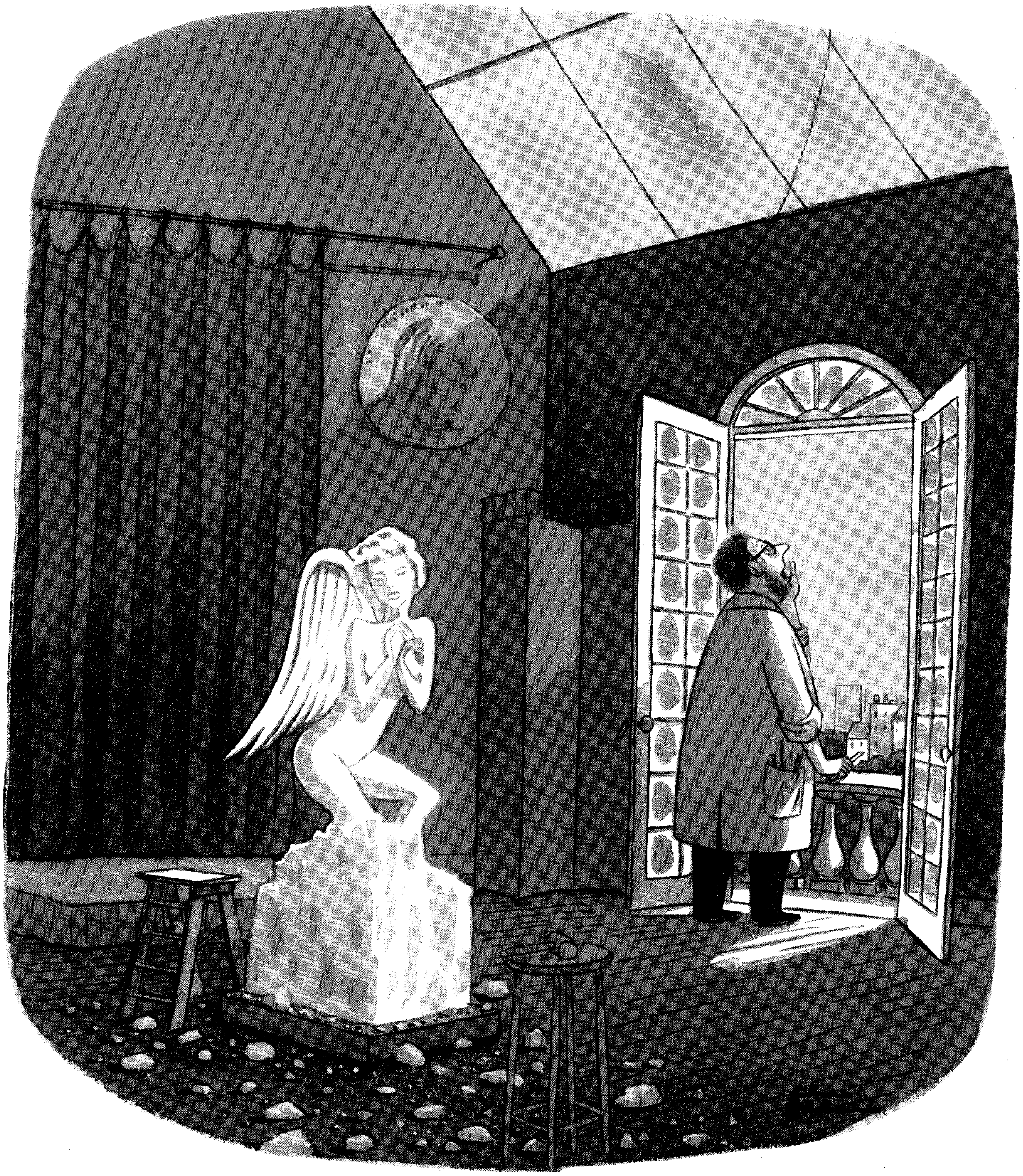
She looked up, biting the end of her pen. "Oh, it's you."

He picked up a film magazine from the bed and flipped through the pages. "I'm sorry about all that business this morning," he said. "Forget it."

"Oh, that's all right." She dipped her pen and opened a book—busy, efficient. "I suppose you don't know anything about the Gulf Stream?"

"Nothing at all."

He wandered out of the room and down the stairs. The sitting-room door was shut. He opened it cautiously. Madge was sitting on the window seat.



"Same time next Monday then, Miss Grant?"

• •

She was sewing. She had changed her clothes.

"Hello," he said.

She didn't answer.

"I've been asleep," he said.

She bit off the thread, put the needle in the pincushion, folded the skirt she had been mending, and laid it to one side.

"Funny thing," he said. "I went out like a light. How do you feel?"

She had clasped her hands, and he saw the nails whiten as she pressed her fingers together.

"What's happening?" he asked. "What's the plan?"

She turned her head away sharply. He sat down on the other end of the window seat.

"I've made it up with Rachel and Melissa," he said. "I suppose it's going to take a good deal longer with you." A huge boredom at the prospect filled him, weighted him down. He could hardly move his lips to speak. "Well," he said, "I suppose we can just sit here."

With a great effort, he lifted his hand and let it fall on her knee. As though movement might break her to pieces, she sat rigid, staring out over darkening gardens. —Penelope Mortimer

STAR LAKE

SOMETIMES I wish things so intensely they happen. But the circumstances through which they come about, the ways chosen to let me have what I want, are invariably quite different from those I had in mind. It's as if Fate cared only about the end, not the means.

Something of this sort happened to me one summer when I worked in the Canadian North. The job—a regular student's job, which my professor of zoology had kindly found for me—was to go around with a man in the Forestry Service looking for budworms. These are minute insects that enter the buds of trees and destroy them, and stunt the growth of the tree itself. They are worse than forest fires for the spruce and balsam woods of that region. My boss—a tall, thin, quiet man—and I would clip a few small branches in different places, collect them, and take the bundle to the laboratory, a log cabin by a large lake in the backwoods. My boss would examine any budworms he found under a microscope to see if they had parasites. The parasites were potentially our allies. My boss thought that if he could find a suitable parasite, he would be able to check the budworm infestation by sending the parasite to a culture station down south, where they would let it multiply by the million and then scatter these millions over the forest by airplane. The budworms would be killed, and the trees would be all green again. The trouble was that the parasites themselves were diseased. What we needed was a healthy parasite. Our search for it took us over vast stretches of forest in a country laced by rivers and lakes.

The backwoods were like an ocean—one didn't venture too far in them alone without a feeling of awe. There was a sense of danger lurking in their darkness, and in their silence, which the infrequent sound of birds made deeper still. Walking in the woods, one was constantly aware of those who had lost their way. One thought of the stories about them and the advice that one was continually given: "If you get lost, listen for the sound of a motorboat on the lake."

Sometimes we would be away from the laboratory for just a few hours, sometimes for a few days, and once we went away for two weeks. My boss had his wife with him, and during the shorter trips she remained at the laboratory, but if the trip took longer than one day she came along with us. The short trips were to places within walking distance of the log cabin; the longer ones were usually to some far corner of the lake, and we would go there in a small outboard motorboat.

Navigation was difficult because of the many inlets, bays, islands, and straits. The lake was called Star Lake, because of its shape, but it was much more complicated than the conventional figure of a star, and from the sky it must have looked more like a blue octopus. We always took a map and a compass along.

When we reached our destination, we would pull the boat up on the shore, start clipping branches, and then, toward evening, cook our meal over a fire. When night came, we would pitch a tent, take our sleeping bags out of the boat, and go to sleep. I had a small sleeping bag, and my boss had a huge, wide one, specially made for two, and he and his wife slept in it.

He was a nice guy, my boss. Whenever I made a mistake, he would pass over it. Once, I made a miscount of the budworms, and he went so far as to say, "Good, it shows you are not a calculating machine." It was a fine attitude, I thought. He could imitate the songs of birds and also translate them into English. He claimed one bird said, "Sweet, sweet, sweet . . . Canada, Canada, Canada." Once, we were in the middle of the lake and he saw a loon flying a long way up. He made a loon call, and it swooped down till it wasn't more than a few feet from us.

"What did you say to him?" his wife asked when she had recovered her breath.

"I said, 'Come on down,' " my boss said, smiling at her.

But that wasn't the end of it. The loon, having got up again, made a cry.

"What did *he* say?" she asked.

"He said, 'I thought you were a loon.' "

Later, she told me the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation had paid him a good round sum just to imitate a loon in a play they broadcast.

She must have been about twenty-six, he was thirty, and I was eighteen, given to wild dreams, very apt to fall in love at first sight.

My boss's wife was pretty, with light chestnut hair parted on the side. Sometimes she washed her hair in the lake, and then for a long time she combed it in the sun. She never wore blue jeans but was always in thin, silky dresses, and

Williamsburg
P.D.

brought with her an air of refinement. When she stood on the wharf and the wind blew her skirt, pressing it against her on one side and making it flutter on the other, she looked all right. When they were out of the log cabin, I would sometimes steal into their bedroom and reach my hand out and touch her clothes. So pretty, sophisticated, and city-bred my boss's wife was, I wondered how she could stand living in the backwoods with us all that time. But I guess she loved him. And he loved her. They made a nice couple. Sometimes at night I used to hear them laughing together. The laughing would fade into whispers, the whispers fade into silence. Then, in vain efforts to improve my position, I would give scissorlike kicks to my sleeping bag, but my position was that of a bachelor, and a single bed is a bachelor's lot. I had only her image. It kept me awake, it put me to sleep.

I thought I loved her. I thought I loved her far more than he did. I never revealed it, of course, and perhaps she never knew that I loved her, unless I gave myself away by looking too far the other way when we met or by going a little too eagerly on errands for her. She'd make a gesture as if she wanted some object. "Get you something?" I'd say. She would tell me what it was, and I would rush for it. Once her husband laughed about it, I know.

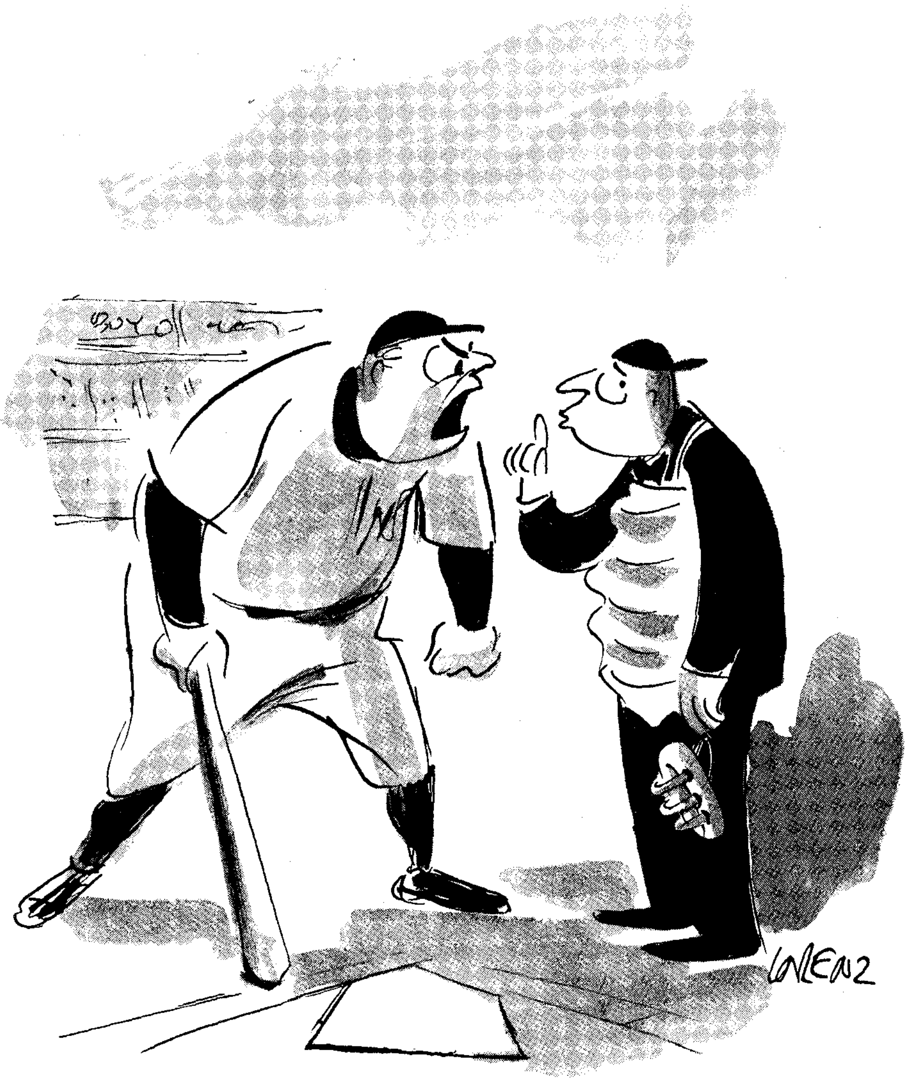
I remember entertaining strange thoughts. I wondered what it would be like if he should suddenly leave us alone. At night, before going to sleep, I mused on the possibilities. Once, I imagined a telegram arriving and the telegram said he was urgently needed in Ottawa for a couple of days. I pictured him entrusting his wife to my care. In my mind he was in Ottawa already; already a letter from him was coming to tell her he would have to postpone his return for a while. It was silly, of course, because if any wire of the kind had come, she would have gone with him, but it provided wonderful entertainment, nevertheless—especially the first time I thought it. From too much thinking about it, the idea lost some of its freshness, and I knew that it would soon have no more reality. But then, unexpectedly, a new thought would come to my mind and make the entertainment vivid again.

In these thoughts I never wished him any harm. I never imagined anything unpleasant happening to him. I liked him, as I have already said. All I wanted in the first act of my imaginary play was a nice motive for being left alone with her in the second. Once the second act had begun, I was over the hump, I was happy; it was like having climbed to the Garden of Eden, where I could indulge in love and sleep and all comfort. As for the third act—the inevitable return of her husband—it usually wasn't attempted; the author, who was at once spectator and actor, relied on the second act to put him to sleep and spare him the burden of a solution.

WELL, so much for desire and the fancy. Now here's how reality saw it.

One day my boss thought it would be a good idea to go and look for that healthy parasite at the north end of the lake. This was about thirty miles away in a straight line but at least double that distance the way we would have to go. Since he planned to stay there several days, his wife came along. We set off, our little motorboat loaded with supplies, tent, and equipment. We arrived late in the evening. No sooner had we got there than it began raining hard. We set up the tent and then tried lighting a fire, but it was so difficult we gave it up. I got some small pieces of wood and put them under the tent to dry. We had a cold supper. After supper, she made hot chocolate over an alcohol burner. Then we laid out our sleeping bags and got into them. I could hear the rain making music on the taut canvas of the tent. I thought how cozy it must be in their sleeping bag, and more intensely than ever I wished.

The next morning it was still raining. The wind was blowing hard and the lake had become rough. We couldn't do any work, and we stayed inside the tent. Toward evening, she said she wasn't feeling well. We made supper, but she only ate a few spoonfuls of soup. Two or three times during the night, I heard his worried voice asking her how she was feeling. In the morning, she wasn't any better. She didn't get up. It was still raining. He hoped that hot tea, aspirin, and rest would cure her, but in the afternoon she had a chill. Though we covered her with all the warm things we had, my sleeping bag included, she continued to shiver. Her eyes were shin-



"Sh-h-h! Everyone's staring."

• •

ing. Now and then her teeth chattered, and she lay with her arms and legs folded tight. Anyone could see she had a high fever. She said it was nothing, but my boss was worried. He paced around the tent restlessly.

"I'll have to go and get a doctor," he said.

"I'll go," I said.

"No, you don't know the way round the lake; it's so complicated."

"Sure I do," I said.

"No, I can't risk it."

"Why don't we all go back in the boat?" I said.

"It's too rough for her; she'd get all wet."

"We'll wrap the tent round her."

"She gets seasick," he said. "And it's too rough; the boat might capsize. It's not so bad if one of us drowns, but we don't want the three of us to sink."

"Let me go," I insisted.

"No, the lake is too complicated, I told you. You've never been here before, while this is my third trip. With this mist it's hard to make out where you are. Soon it will be dark. And then you are not as good a swimmer as I am. I'll go now," he continued, "and come back with the doctor."

I didn't think it was that risky, but he was so determined I could only abide by his wishes.

"Take good care of her," he said as I shoved the boat off.

"Don't worry," I said.

The waves were high and tossed the boat up and down wildly. At one point the propeller was out of the water and it beat the air with a tearing noise; then it dipped again, and he was off in deep water.

He waved goodbye, and I saw him disappear in the mist. For some time after that, I could hear the noise of the engine becoming fainter and fainter. Then I could only hear the wind and the rain.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

She sighed.

I was able to light a fire, and I made her some tea. With infinite care I held the cup for her while she sipped. She tried to smile at me, but I could see it wasn't easy. She said she had a splitting headache. I thought of meningitis. She coughed a little. I thought of pneumonia. And there I was, alone in the wide forest with a seriously sick woman.

"Take your sleeping bag," she said after I had had supper.

"No, I don't need it. I'll sit up by the fire."

"Do take it," she said.

104 BOULEVARD SAINT-GERMAIN

(For a British Traveller in Paris)

In a basement just off Saint-Michel
there are windows that look onto the street,
revealing to those at the gooseneck lamps below
disembodied pairs of moving feet.

Stand back as you pass some afternoon,
observe the rows of sullen boys
assembling surgical instruments and yawning,
sequestered from idleness and the city's noise.

Stand long enough in your rush from the Louvre
to Notre Dame and you will find
that the lit faces lift at last and return your gaze,
squinting at your shadow, as though half blind.

Then comes the moment, not recorded
in any of the travel books,
that opposes your trim suit and your camera
to their open collars, dark eyes, and grave looks.

You will think of zoos, or aquariums,
or of hothouse plants behind squares of glass,
but it will be you, surely, who are on display
in that exchange of glances before you pass.

Go on to the next sight, whatever it is,
for at five o'clock they will come forth
to the permanent freedom of embraces and laughter
that you long for but deny, in your chaste North.

—Kenneth Pitchford

• •

I could hear her teeth chattering; she was having another chill.

"No, no," I said. "You are cold even with it."

She didn't answer. I put my sweater over her. I loved her so much that if it would have been of any help I'd have taken my cotton shirt off and put that over her, too. I loved her so I would do anything for her, even die.

The chill would wear off, and then after a time she would be taken by another, and she would curl up, trying to make herself smaller.

"All these covers and I'm still cold," she said. "I don't understand."

She had a sweet, very feminine voice that affected me deeply. I went out and tried to stir the fire. After a while, in spite of the rain, I had it going pretty well. I went near the water's edge and picked up some flat stones. I heated them by the fire; then I set them around her. She said they helped, but I found they got cold very soon. It was hard finding wood that was even relatively dry. Two days of rain had made nearly everything soggy, and I was tired out. I couldn't keep the fire going. Finally I gave up and went to sit in a corner of the tent. Soon I began to feel cold myself. I even started shivering, but I was all right, I wasn't sick. She moaned, and I thought she had delirium. Suddenly she sat up and looked at me with frightened eyes. "I think I'm going to die," she said.

"Of course you aren't going to die!" I said cheerfully, rushing over to her and taking hold of her hands. "Lie down," I added, pulling the covers over her shoulders.

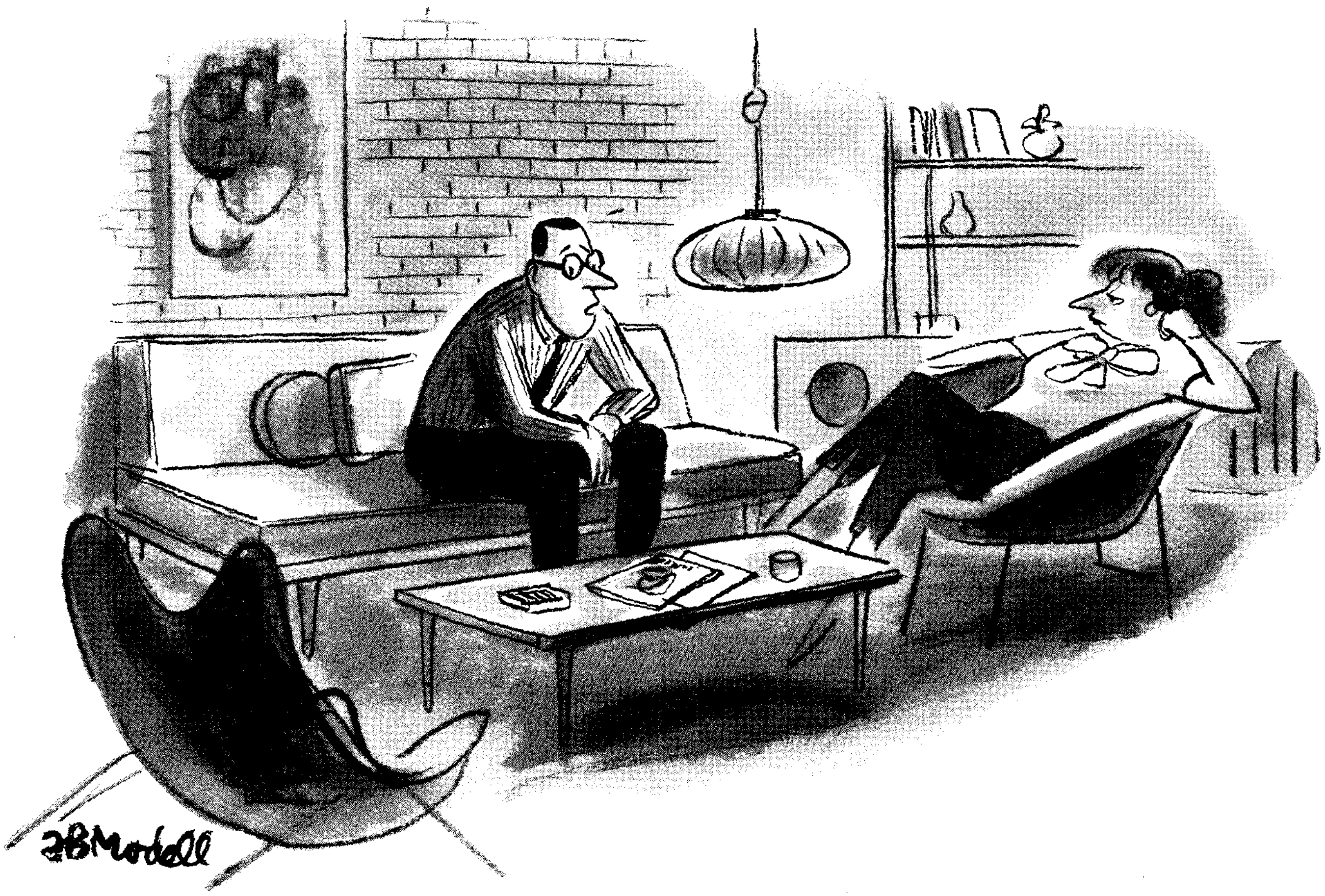
"Do you think he'll make it? I think he'll never make it. He's going to get drowned in the lake."

"No one's going to get drowned," I said.

At that moment it thundered. The weather wasn't collaborating.

"We are all going to die," she said as a new fit of trembling came over her.

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'll make you another cup of hot tea."



"I thought when we got all this modern stuff it would do something for our lives. But it hasn't."

• •

"The fire's out," she said, sitting up again.

She was trembling, and there she was, uncovered, exposed to the humid, cold air.

"Get in there," I said. "Get in there or you'll catch more cold."

Her face looked terror-stricken. The hurricane lamp made it more so. She grasped my arms. "You get in here, too," she said.

I knew it was the most sensible thing I could do.

"All right," I said, with no other thought than that of keeping her warm.

I took my shoes off and slipped into the double sleeping bag with her.

"Hug me tight," she said.

I did.

"Tighter."

I hugged her as tight as I could. For a while she continued shivering; then she stopped. I slowly released her. I sensed that the heat of my body had done something to her. She felt relaxed and soft again, whereas before she was stiff and hard.

"Ah, I feel better now," she said.

"I am glad, I am glad."

"You are very warm."

"Yes," I said.

I knew I was warm. It wasn't the first time I had been used as a heater. When I was a child, I would slip into my mother's bed from my cot to warm it up for her. When she came up to her room, she would transfer me back to the cot.

I felt her slowly relaxing into sleep. I could feel her breath on my eyelids. I could hear her breathing quietly and regularly. I could sense that the fever was down. I thought I had cured her. I felt intensely pleased. Now that she was warm, I wondered if I should leave her. "No, she might feel cold again," I said to myself, and I stayed. I remember kissing her very lightly on her shoulder and her hair while she slept. One moment I thought she was going to wake up. Her fingers curved round my hand. Perhaps she thought it was her husband's. She sighed faintly. Then I, too, fell asleep.

I awoke early in the morning. She was still sleeping. I got up and made some coffee; then I kept some water hot for when she woke up. She slept for another two hours. Sitting near her, I watched her. I think I must have watched an hour without moving. I never got tired of the sight of her. Then I saw her waking. Her first words were "I feel a lot better."

I poured her a cup of steaming-hot coffee. Then I made her some toast. An hour later, I heard the noise of the motorboat, and I went down to the water to meet the doctor and my boss.

AT the end of the summer, when my job was over, they took me by car to the station. As the train was about to leave, my boss said something to his wife, and then he whispered in my ear, "I know something about you you don't think I know."

"What?" I asked, mystified.

"You slept in my sleeping bag; my wife told me."

"I—"

"It's all right; you don't have to explain," he said, winking. "I know all about it. Thank you for keeping her warm."

He had his arm round her shoulder and they were both smiling. We shook hands. Then they wished me goodbye. As the train started moving, they waved; they were laughing, but I was blushing, and even a bit disappointed, and it took a great effort for me to smile.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

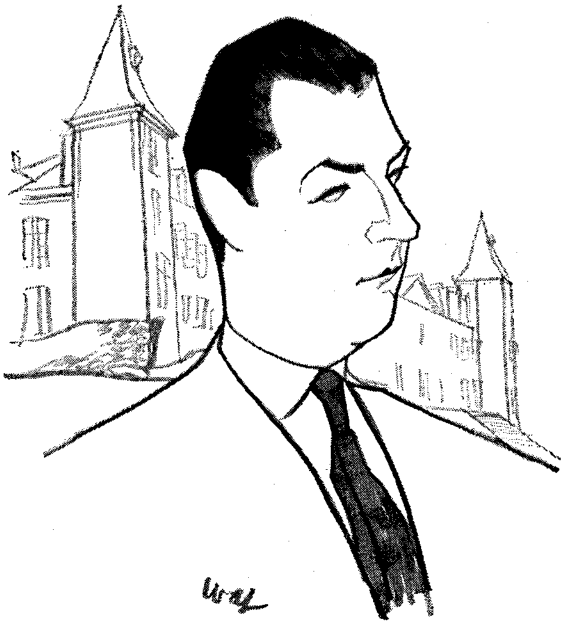
•

FOUND: YOUNG MALE COW. OWNER identify, pay for feed and this ad.—*Adv. in the Durham (N.C.) Herald.*

Shouldn't be hard to identify.

PROFILES

A DREAMER OF WINE—I



Alexis Lichine

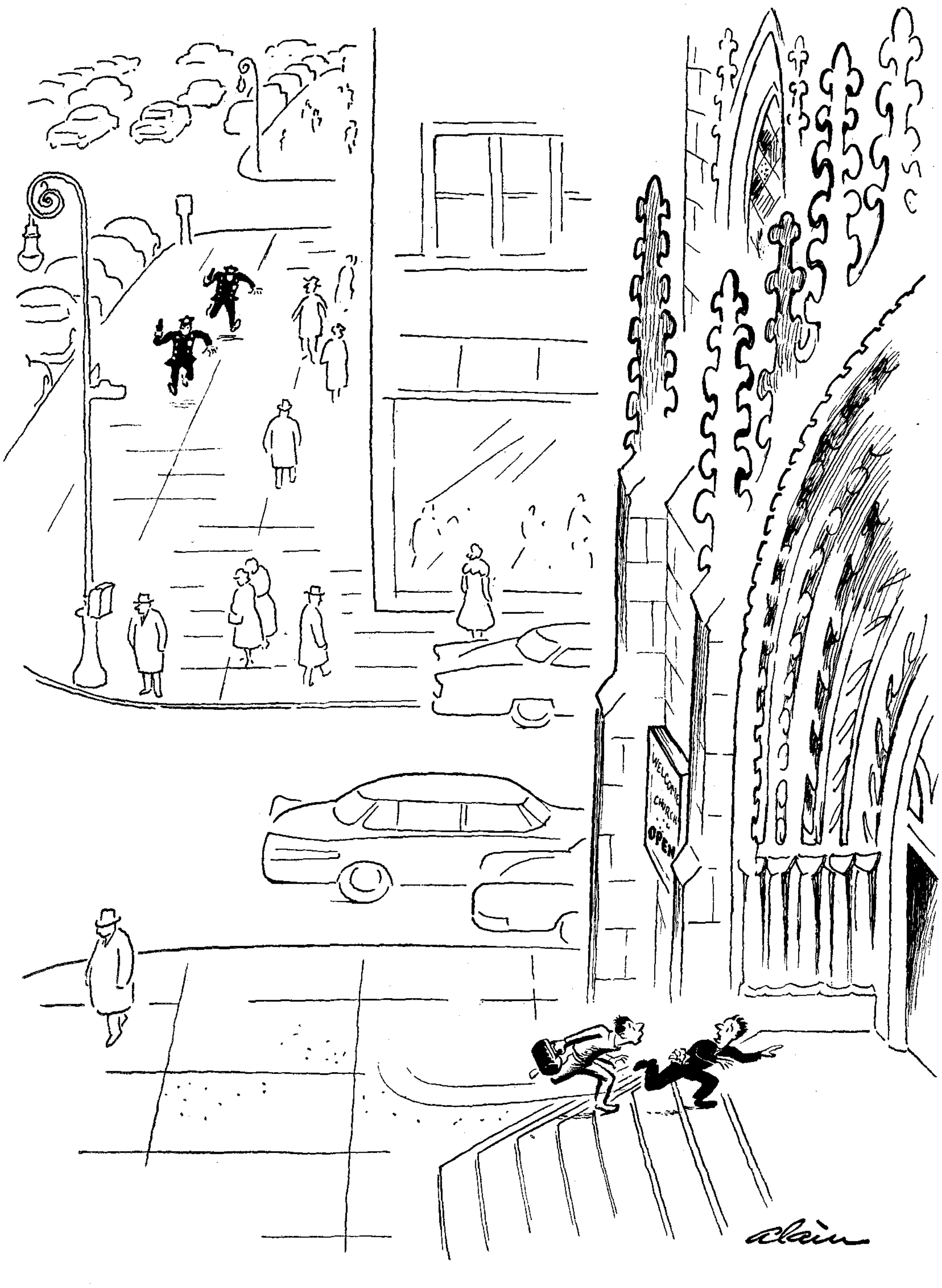
AT forty-four, Alexis Lichine, the slow-sipping, fast-talking head of the three-year-old firm of Alexis Lichine & Co., constitutes a kind of one-man band in the wine industry, and, as such, he draws more attention than many of the conventional ensembles he competes with. From his company's offices, in Margaux, France, and from his personal American headquarters, in Long Island City, he operates almost simultaneously in the roles of vintner, buyer, exporter, importer, and salesman, meanwhile keeping up a drumfire on both sides of the Atlantic aimed at changing the ways both of Frenchmen, who produce good wine but who are not, in his view, very clever when it comes to selling it, and of Americans, brought up in the tradition of beer, cocktails, and highballs. As a vintner, he heads a group of investors who together own some of the most desirable wine-producing acreage in France; as a buyer, he roams the vineyards of Bordeaux (where the biggest and best of them are called châteaux), of Burgundy (where the large ones are called *domaines*), and of Germany's Moselle and Rhine districts, sampling other vintners' wines and selecting the choicest with such discernment that the Waldorf-Astoria, "21," the Pump Room, in Chicago, and Antoine's, in New Orleans, among other clients, rely heavily on his judgment in stocking their cellars; as an exporter, seated at his desk in Margaux, he ships nearly half a million bottles of wine a year to this country, each with the legend "Selected by Alexis Lichine" printed on its label; as an importer, seated at his desk in Long Island City—a lone wolf now, working independently of the firm that bears his name—he buys great quantities of wine, including a good deal of the wine he has exported; and as a salesman, he persuades New York State wholesalers to buy the wine he has imported, and although rigid licensing restrictions elsewhere deny him the right to exercise to the full his distinctively suave version of the hard sell, he manages, by dealing with licensed importers in other states, to have his wares sold through much of the country. And—what is far more important from the public's viewpoint—he ranges all over the United States extolling, in educational pep talks before any likely gathering that will listen to him, the virtues of wine as a household beverage.

Dynamic yet restrained, elegant yet casual, Lichine is well equipped to handle these varied and sprawling responsibilities. A Moscow-born, Paris-reared naturalized American—tall and slender, with smooth brown hair and a longish face dominated by a patrician nose and alert green-brown eyes—he is informal in manner, speech, and attitude, and is as much at ease with French barrelmakers and vineyard laborers as with the handful of eminent Americans who, because they like him personally and respect him as a judge of wine, have taken a financial flyer in his vineyard holdings. And he is no less well equipped for the task he has set himself as a viticultural Billy Graham, possessing, as he does, three principal attributes of an effective crusader: a versatile voice that can be as soothing as a hotel manager's or as booming as a stump speaker's; a fanatical belief in his cause and its ultimate victory; and a willingness to hear the other fellow out. The jargon affected by some of America's self-appointed high priests of wine drinking, who have made an intricate cult out of what Lichine regards as a simple pleasure, leaves him cold. "The serving of wines has been the subject of more ridiculous ritual and meaningless hokum than anything I can think of," he told an audience in Chicago last fall, during one of his transcontinental tours. "The proper way to serve wine is the way that gives the most enjoyment. Drink the wines you find you like best. Trust your own palate, and don't listen to what anybody else tells you you ought to like." In the day-to-day conduct of his business, however, Lichine does not bear down harshly on the cultists; indeed, as a realist, he is inclined to be quite tolerant of them, since their efforts undeniably increase the consumption of wine. Although cultism, with its esoteric elegancies, may be pointed to by some scoffers as evidence that wine drinking in this country is only a passing fad, Lichine tends to look on the cultists as allies, helping the fad to take root and spread to all parts of the United States, which he sees as a region inhabited by "a hundred million potential Lichine customers, awaiting conversion to drinking wine with their meals instead of coffee."

Because a four-minute summer hailstorm can cost him a harvest and a fortune, Lichine is, in a sense, a gambler, and, like many gamblers, he is outwardly calm and relaxed, displaying few signs that he is actually intensely high-strung. After dealing in wine for twenty-five years, he suffers from the perhaps occupational disorders of insomnia and gout, and when he is travelling, as he almost incessantly is, he takes along enough pills to stock a corner drugstore. Occasionally—when, say, he is contemplating the possibility that a large quantity of wine he has bought may not mature properly—the tension pent up inside him becomes irrepressible, and he lets off steam by breaking into a few bars of Russian song. He often forgets faces and places, but he never forgets wines; he can recall exactly what wines were served at a certain dinner party he attended in Connecticut three years ago, though for the life of him he can't remember the name of his hostess, what she looked like, or even what town she lived in. He talks, thinks, and drinks wine all day and he dreams wine when he finally falls asleep at night. A great deal of the time, he also tastes wine, and his mastery of this art accounts in large measure for the reputation on which he has built his international career, although being by nature a shrewd businessman hasn't hurt it any, either.

FOR a professional like Lichine, winetasting is an exacting form of labor; operating in a strongly competitive field in which a man is only as good as his taste buds, he knows that he has to be right nearly all the time if he is to remain solvent. On a buying expedition, visiting one vineyard after another to sample the contents of its cellar, Lichine has no rules or precedents or definable standards to guide him; his wide experience helps, to be sure, but many men could devote a lifetime to tasting without achieving anything like the sharpness and accuracy of his perceptions, which seem to be largely a matter of instinct. "I can tell almost instantly whether a wine is true—that is, whether it was *really* grown in the soil it was supposedly grown in—or whether it is dishonest," he once explained to an acquaintance who was accompanying him on a buying tour. "But there's a lot more to tasting than that. When you taste a raw, green wine with the idea of buying it at an advantageous price, holding it until it ages, and selling it later on at a substantially higher price, you've got to ask yourself, 'How will this taste four or seven or ten years from now?' Answering that can be just as difficult as going into a maternity ward and picking out the baby who's going to be the biggest success in life. Believe me, tasting is an exhausting business, and after a week of it I drink nothing but beer for a couple of days." In the United States, Lichine's drinking habits are adaptable, but only up to a point; on stopovers in his travels where no wine is available, he uncomplainingly falls back on beer, and even downs a cocktail now and then, but he resolutely refuses to drink water, sharing, he claims, the atavistic French belief that it will cause frogs to grow in the stomach. While tasting wine, Lichine's basic system of classification is simple in the extreme; as he sips, he mentally chalks up each wine as "white" (good), "black" (bad), or "gray" (in between). A gray wine poses the most problems. He will taste it, go on to the other wines offered him, and then return to it and taste it again; if he is still uncertain, he is likely to conclude that there must be something wrong with it, and reject it. A black wine, of course, he rejects at once. When he comes across a wine he considers white, he savors it happily and with a slight feeling of surprise, never dulled by repetition, as if marvelling at one of nature's wonders for which man must render thanks to God.

Before a tasting session, Lichine customarily tones up his palate by sipping a glass of a minor wine—a trick of the trade known as "*se faire la bouche.*" Although he prefers to do his tasting between ten in the morning and noon—after breakfast is forgotten and before he has started to think of lunch—he has been known, under pressure of circumstances, to put in a fifteen-hour day at the task, during which he might taste as many as two hundred wines. (When he is finished at last, he is able not only to recall and compare the characteristics of all of them but—even more astonishing, perhaps—to enjoy a glass of wine with his dinner.) Confronted by as many entries as that, he finds it relatively easy to reduce the number of eligible candi-



"I haven't been inside a church in years."

dates to around thirty; having done so, he may feel that there are quite a few near duplicates among the survivors and that, in any case, he must weed out enough of them to leave only the best five. Now he begins, in his words, "to taste in depth." His normally ebullient manner becomes subdued and his whole expression changes. As he waits, a stemmed glass in his hand, for the pouring of the next wine, his eyes have a remote, abstracted look, his forehead is furrowed, his lips are slightly parted, and the skin over his cheekbones is stretched taut. Holding the glass by the stem, he lifts it toward the light to examine the color and clarity of the wine, and, if it is rich enough to have any, its "tears"—droplets that form around the inside of the rim as the surface alcohol evaporates. After that, he inhales the aroma of the wine. Then he takes a sip, whirls it around with his tongue, and, having finally swallowed it, analyzes the aftertaste, meanwhile staring moodily at what is left in the glass, as if challenging the wine to speak up in its own behalf. At length, he silently arrives at a verdict, and moves on to the next wine.

While Lichine is a comparative newcomer to the French wine country, his ability as a taster is already legendary there. Typical of the sort of thing his reputation rests on is an episode that occurred one day in 1953, when, with his habitual directness, he told a grower in the Burgundy village of Pernand-Vergelesses that the Corton-Charlemagne wines in the man's cellar were "not good enough to bear the endorsement of Alexis Lichine on their label." The grower, a supporter of the French thesis that only a native Frenchman knows wines, was highly incensed, and challenged Lichine then and there to distinguish among the contents of seven barrels, all from the grower's own vineyard and all of the same vintage. The difference between such wines is often barely perceptible and may hinge on no more than a faulty barrel stave or a fractional discrepancy in the amount of sulphur that has been added, to kill certain injurious bacteria. Lichine was on the spot, but he knew he had to go through with the test. Failure to pass it would be bad, of course, but backing down would be worse; in either case, he would jeopardize his standing in Burgundy, where people talk a lot about such things. So, after sampling the wine in one after another of the seven barrels, he turned his back while the grower filled seven glasses. When all was ready, he sipped a little wine from each glass and then speedily and unerringly identified the barrel it had been drawn from. Overwhelmed, the man gave him the accolade on both cheeks, and the best wines the vineyard produces have been set aside for Lichine ever since. Lichine's stature among the growers in Burgundy is now such that many of them discourage him from tasting the wine in some of their barrels, saying, "M. Lichine, that is not for you." It is the greatest compliment they can pay.

Connoisseurs are forever engaging in the pastime of "guessing" wines—their year and their place of origin—which is an exclusive form of entertainment, as appealing to wine experts as scaling a peak in the Himalayas is to mountain climbers. Lichine has guessed a good many wines, for both pleasure and profit, and he has been known to make mistakes, since it is easy to be deceived by a wine that, for instance, has been prematurely bottled, or has freakishly failed to run true to type, or is too young to possess the identifying characteristics that appear with age. But he has also come through with some memorable demonstrations of guessing, among them one he put on in Bordeaux a couple of years ago at a dinner of local winegrowers. Given an unlabelled bottle of wine to guess, he was told only that it

"Remember, Son, if there's anything you want to lay on the table—schoolwise, friendswise, anything—you can always try it on for size with me."

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an entirely new concept of face powder which gives a natural luminosity to the wearer by reflecting light rays instead of absorbing them.

"Lumium" is the new chemical product of our research laboratories which enters into the mixing of this amazing face powder and which gives the complexion a new, more intense glow designed to make you look younger and more beautiful.

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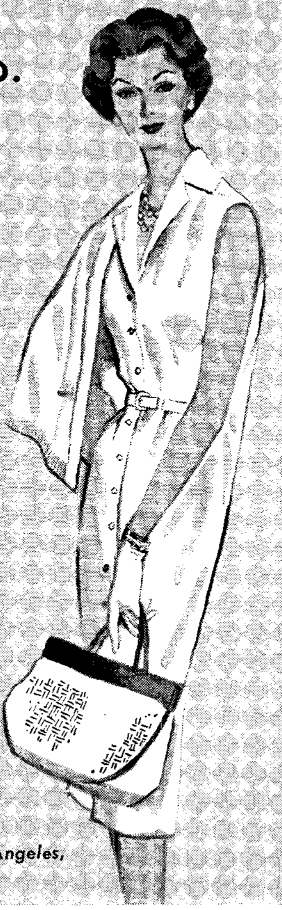

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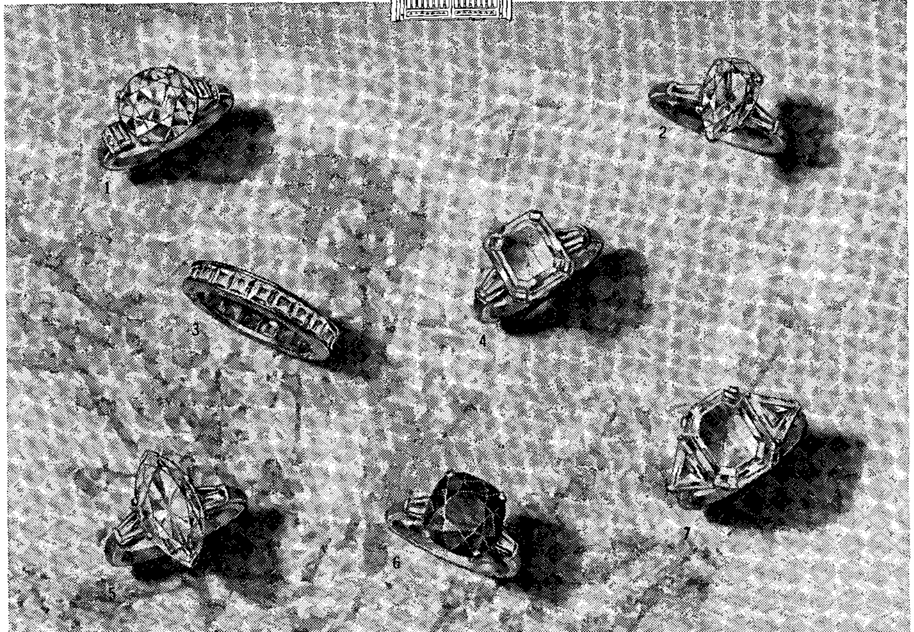

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was true and that it was a product of one of the great years. "You pinpoint your wine by a process of elimination, starting with the region and working down through the district to the commune," Lichine explained to a friend after the test was over. "So I identified this wine first as a Bordeaux, then as a Médoc, and then as a Saint-Estèphe. After that, I put the geographical problem aside temporarily and turned to the question of the year. It wasn't one of the '40s or '50s—that was elementary—and I knew it wasn't a '34 or a '37, the two great years of that decade. It just didn't have the right characteristics. And gradually I became convinced that it could only be from one of the four great years of the '20s—a '24, a '26, a '28, or a '29. I eliminated '26 and '28, because the wines of those years have a pronounced hardness and this wine didn't. It might be a weak '24, or a soft '29. I tasted again. The wine was full and round and slowly dying out, which is typical of a '29, so I eliminated the '24. Now, then, where did it come from, exactly? There are only three great châteaux in the commune of Saint-Estèphe—Château Calon-Ségur, Château Montrose, and Château Cos-d'Estournel. In a second, I eliminated Montrose. Thirty seconds more, and I eliminated Calon-Ségur. I can't really explain what goes on in my head at such times. My brain is filled with names and years, and the ones I eliminate just drop out, as if they were falling through a strainer, and in the end only one name and one year remain. So I said, 'This is a Cos-d'Estournel '29.' And it was."

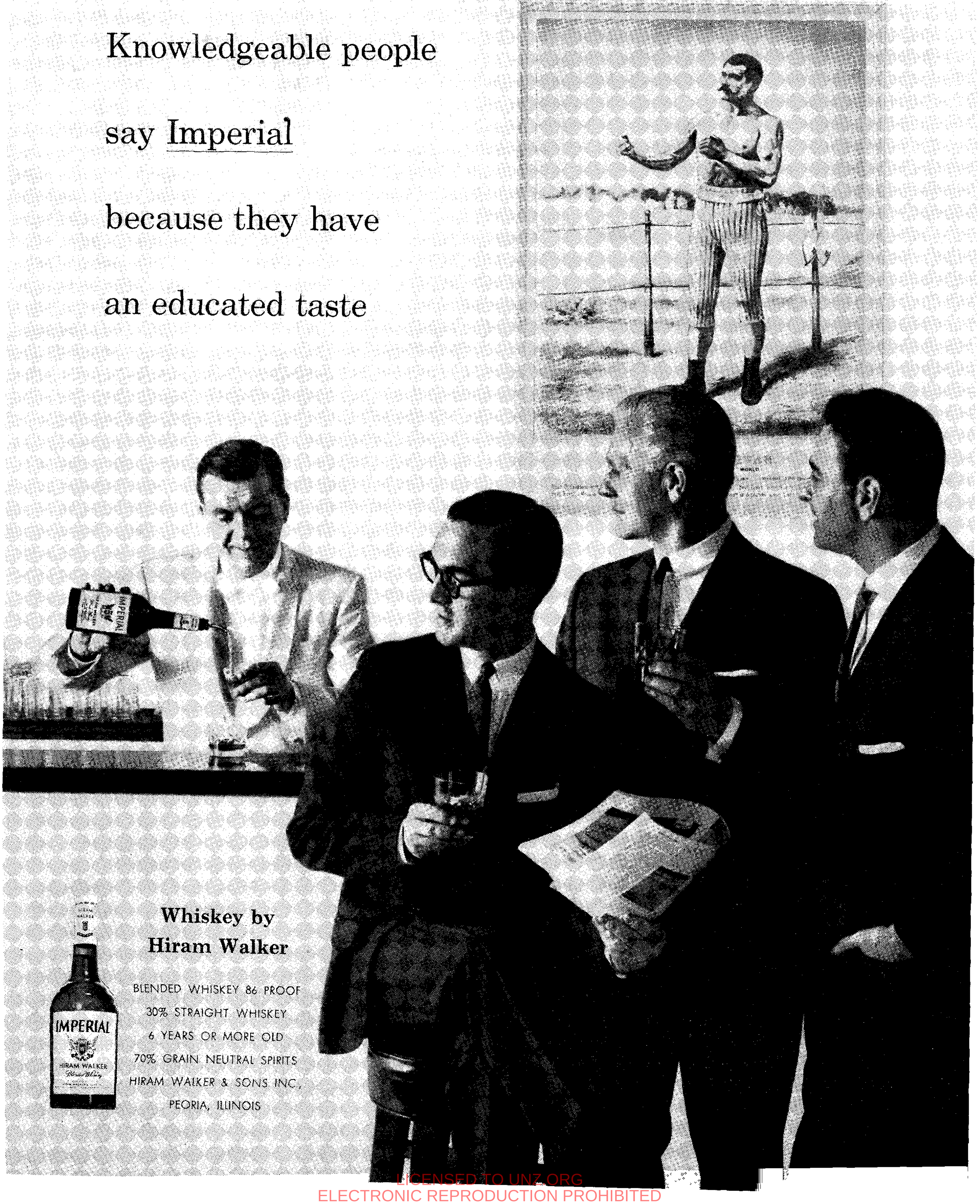
IT would be easy to believe that Lichine was weaned on wine instead of milk, but as it happens, he is pretty sure that no wine was ever served in his family's elegant town house in Moscow, where he was born on December 3, 1913. His father, an affluent banker and lawyer, also owned a *dacha* just outside the city and an estate in the Crimea, where the family spent the winters. Lichine has one vivid memory of those early years in Russia—of his father's magnificent red automobile (a Panhard-Levassor, he has since learned) being pulled out of the mud of a Russian highway by a team of horses. He does well to remember even that, since he was not yet quite four when, in September, 1917, Lichine *père*, having surveyed the immediate future from a banker's point of view and concluded that what he called "minor trouble" lay ahead, packed the whole family—

Knowledgeable people

say Imperial

because they have

an educated taste



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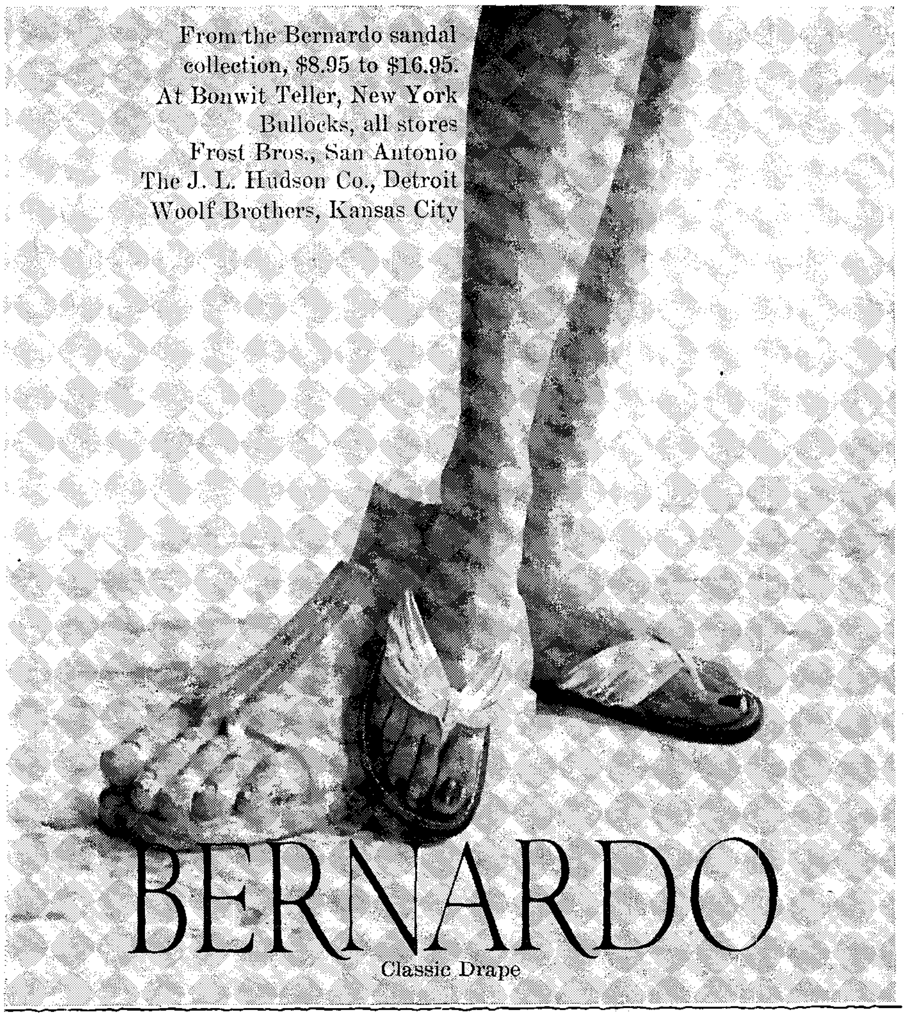
Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF
30% STRAIGHT WHISKEY
6 YEARS OR MORE OLD
70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.,
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

his wife, his son, a seven-year-old daughter, the children's nanny, Natasha, and himself—aboard a trans-Siberian train bound for Vladivostok, with a small suitcase full of bonds and gold coins among their luggage. From Vladivostok, they went to Japan, and within a few weeks of their departure the anticipated trouble broke out in Petrograd, and the elder Lichine congratulated himself on his foresight, though he was sure the October Revolution would soon blow over. When it didn't, he and his family went on to New York, where they stayed two years, and then on to Paris. From there, he pointed out, it would be only a short trip back to Moscow once the trouble was over.

Lichine grew up trilingually in Paris, speaking French in school, Russian with his father and Natasha, and English with his mother, who knew the language well, and with Miss Baines, an English governess the family had acquired. During the family's journeyings, the resources in the suitcase had dwindled, but they were sufficient to earn a comfortable living after the father invested them in a Paris travel agency that operated five sightseeing buses, two of them concentrating on "Versailles by Day" and the others on "Paris by Night." At the age of thirteen, having persuaded his parents to let him make the Versailles trip on holidays and during vacations, Lichine bought himself a megaphone and, blending fact and fiction, delivered such a lively monologue that the passengers showered him with tips. The little fellow welcomed the cash, but that was quickly spent; what made a really deep and lasting impression on him was the realization that words, used glibly enough, can be converted into money.

At fifteen, Lichine took up bridge in a serious way, and he and three of his classmates began meeting for regular weekly sessions of the game. After the final rubber, the boys would share a bottle of wine, which they took turns providing. "We started out with cheap white wines—like Sainte-Croix-du-Mont and Entre-Deux-Mers, from Bordeaux's inland districts—but before long we were working our way up to better ones," Lichine recalls. As time went on, Lichine became less interested in the bridge games than in the wines that followed; he began making pilgrimages, on his own, to the great wine regions of France, delightedly sampling vintages in cold, drafty cellars, and by the time he was seventeen he was undoubtedly one of the top adolescent



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Roses for breakfast
—bright red ones on
our white polished
cotton slipcover, 12.95
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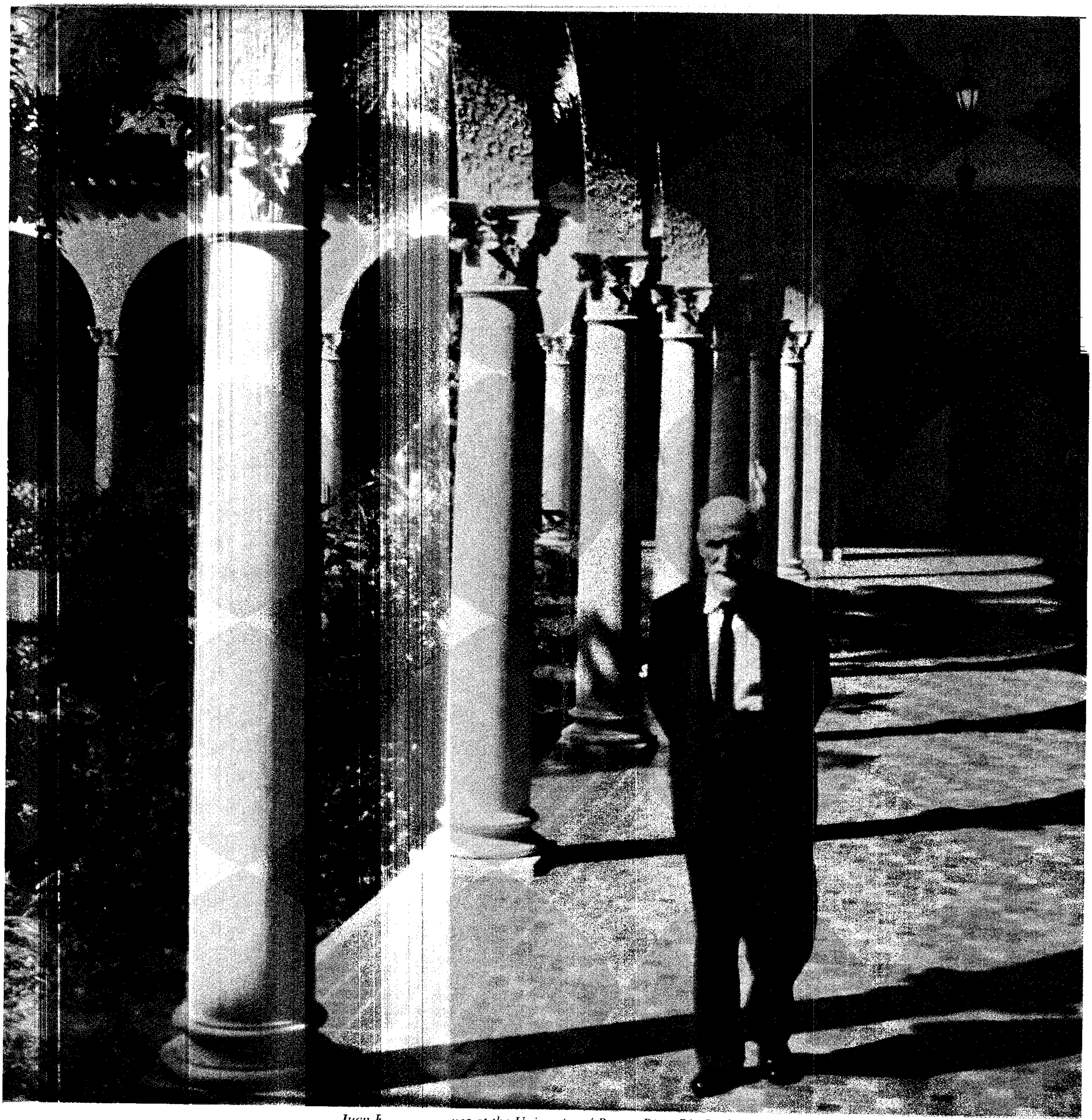

Juan R nez at the University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras, near San Juan. Photograph by Michel Alexis.

Yet another great man chooses Puerto Rico as his home

THIS is the Andalusian poet who won the Nobel Prize in 1956. His name is Juan Ramón Jiménez—and he lives in Puerto Rico.

You see him at Puerto Rico's most famous university. Not far from this cloister is a fine new library, to which Jiménez recently presented his entire book collection. He made this gift without thought of personal acclaim. It is to honor the memory of his late wife.

Puerto Ricans are proud that men like Jiménez should choose to live in their lovely land. It is a sign that their plans for the future are going well. More industry to bring the fuller life. More education to bring the wisdom to enjoy it.

In one of his books, Jiménez talks to his donkey. "It seems, Platero, while the Angelus rings, that this life of ours loses its everyday strength and that another force within makes everything—as though fed from a reservoir of grace—rise to the stars . . ."

Puerto Ricans like to think that these devout words capture the spirit of their own renaissance.

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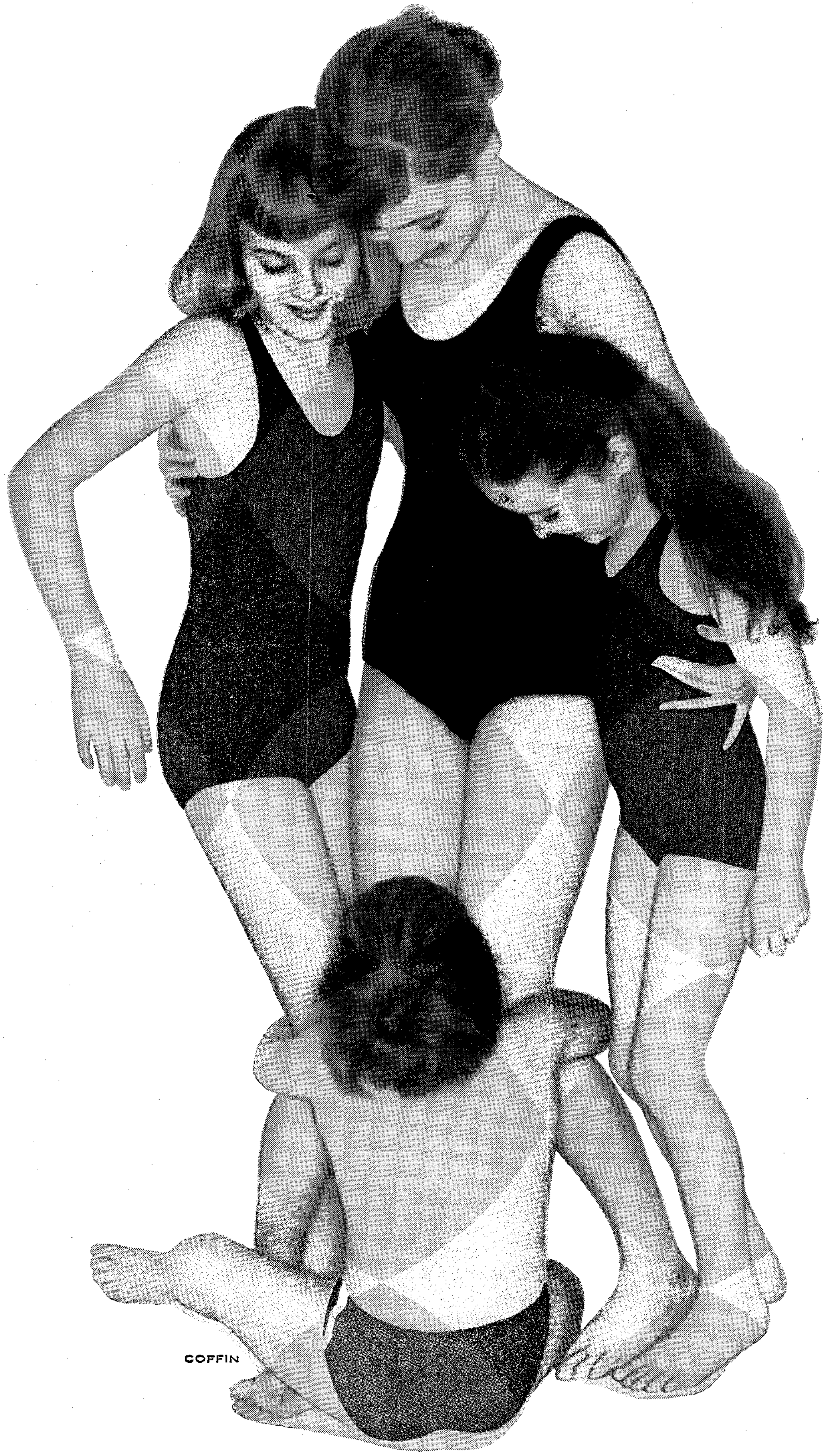
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



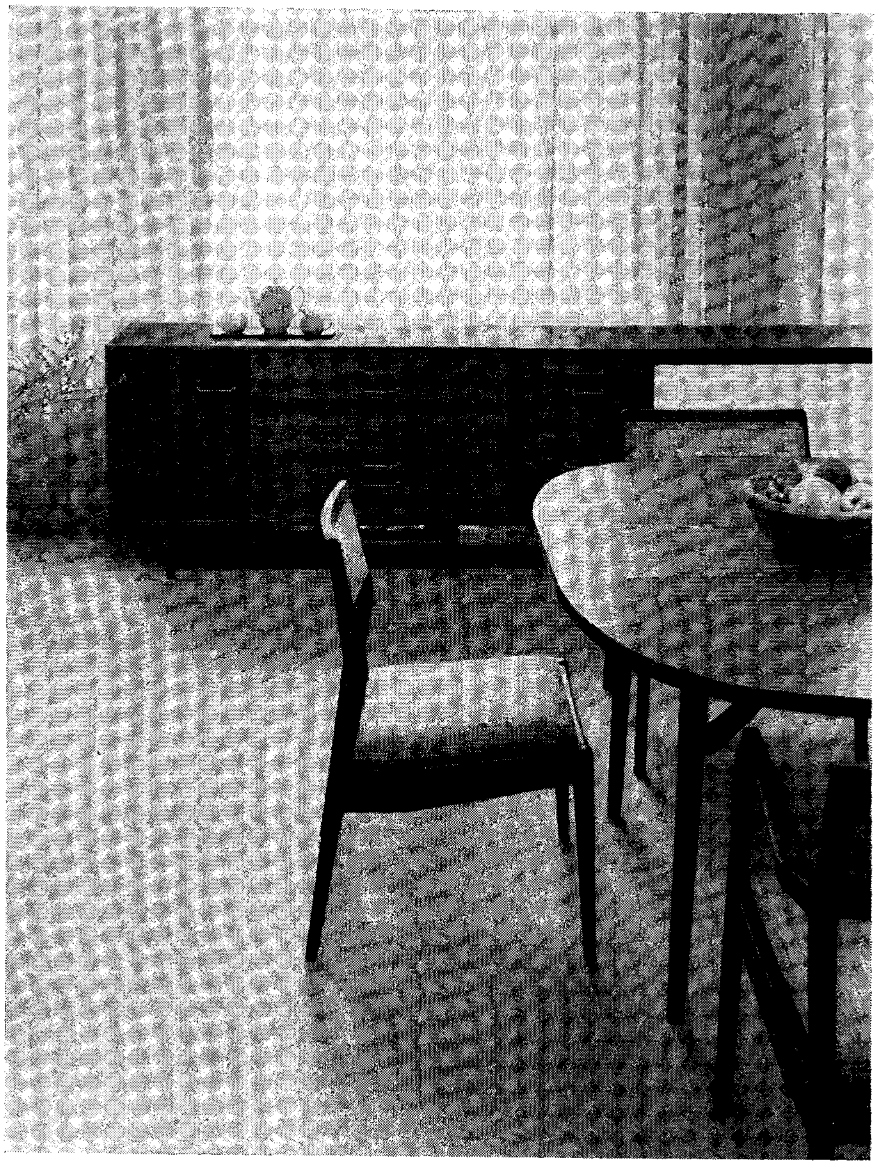
HELANCA a fluid fit that's quick on the dry. Helanca suits and trunks by **Regal,** for the young, wherever there's water, wherever there's sun.

©Heberlein Patent Corp. 350 Fifth Avenue New York 1 connoisseurs in France. At that point, however, he felt that neither bridge nor wine held much promise of a substantial career, and he came to the United States to attend the University of Pennsylvania, where he planned to concentrate on economics and business administration. About all he remembers of his sojourn in Philadelphia is that his allowance was skimpy and that he supplemented it by tutoring children in French. At loose ends, he quit at the end of his first year—in the spring of 1932—and returned to Paris, where, for a while, he attended some lectures at the Carnegie Institute for International Law.

But times were hard in 1932, especially for luxury services like travel agencies, and before long Lichine decided that he had better see what he could do about supporting himself. He applied for a job as an advertising salesman for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and got it—not surprisingly, since the only pay it offered was a commission on whatever new accounts he might bring in. Over the previous year or so, even experienced salesmen had considered themselves lucky to hang on to old accounts, let alone bring in new ones, but Lichine knew nothing of their troubles and set out hopefully in search of business. In the next fortnight, the veterans stared unbelievingly as the brash young novice sauntered in with first one new account and then another—both, as it happened, Paris dress-designing establishments where he had the right connections among attractive members of the personnel. His superiors, spotting a miracle man, dispatched him to Algeria and Morocco—along with a sheaf of due bills, which enabled him to live in a princely style—with the tough assignment of selling advertising for a special section on North Africa. The persuasive Lichine talked so many proprietors of Algerian and Moroccan hotels into advertising for the by then practically nonexistent tourist trade that on his return to Paris he was handed some of the newspaper's juiciest accounts.

EARLY in 1933, the *Tribune*, looking forward to the repeal of prohibition, sent Lichine out into the provinces to build up its wine advertising. The assignment may have put ideas into his head; at any rate, early in 1934, shortly after repeal became effective, he gave up his job and came to New York, where he tried to set himself up as "sole agent" for several French wine merchants. It quickly came to his

. . . for CHERRY, finest of fruitwoods, newly introduced to Risom's collection of contemporary furniture. Visit our showrooms to see this dining group and selected designs in natural cherry. **JENS RISOM DESIGN INC.,** DEPT. N32, 49 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 22. Chicago, Dallas, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Toronto. Through leading dealers and decorators. Send 25c for illustrated brochure.



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Clip, winking kitten, onyx body, emerald eye...$150.
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AT HOME, AT HOTEL...TAKE THE MOST REFRESHING BATHS WITH
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Mmmm, what a relaxing, luxurious feeling when Calgon Bouquet's in your bath. Daintily scented Calgon Bouquet makes the water so soft and silky. Your soap lathers richly. You feel exhilarated and tingling clean. (Imagine—no bathtub ring!)

Your stay at Virginia's famous Williamsburg Inn or at the renowned Broadmoor at Colorado Springs is special in every detail—even your bath. Both these hotels, with so many other famous ones, place a packet of Calgon Bouquet in the bathroom for your enjoyment. Back home? Treat yourself to the same Calgon Bouquet in your daily bath.

The Broadmoor
Colorado Springs, Colorado

The Williamsburg Inn
Williamsburg, Virginia

Calgon Bouquet in lovely scents of Lavender, Gardenia, Novo Fougere... one-pound can, just $1.00 plus tax.

CALGON BOUQUET
A product of Calgon Company,
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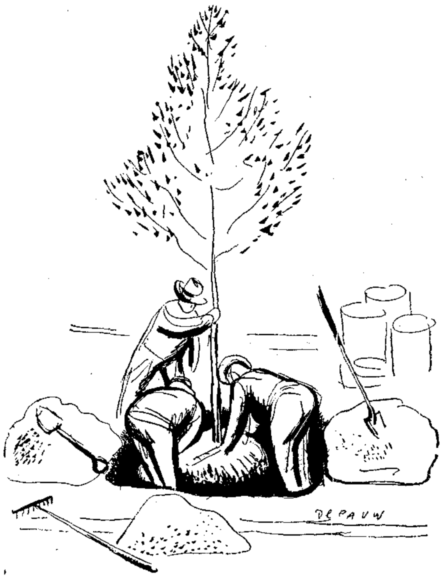
attention that New York was full of well-entrenched importers who were acting as agents for merchants of similar wines and had the facilities to distribute their wares, which Lichine entirely lacked. He tried gamely to buck the competition, but he couldn't lay hands on anything like the money he needed for the struggle. "I had the enthusiasm," he says. "The importers had the capital." Faced with the necessity of earning enough to stay alive, he got a job as a clerk in the Cork & Bottle, a liquor store at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, where, in addition to waiting on customers, he was encouraged to dream up grandiose schemes for furthering the sale of wines. He launched two projects—a wrapping-and-delivery service called "Say It with Wines," intended to popularize the notion of sending gifts of wine for birthdays and anniversaries, and a Wine of the Week Club—but both of them needed the support of the suburbs as well as of the city to pay off, and they rapidly ran afoul of laws regulating interstate trade in alcoholic beverages. The upshot was that after about a year he resigned in disgust, and spent some time thinking wistfully of the French practice of permitting wine to flow from one end of the country to the other under no more stringent restrictions than orange pop is subject to here. Apart from the tendency of the American authorities to regulate the activities of wine dealers almost as if they were selling dope, however, Lichine liked the United States, and at about the time he left the Cork & Bottle he became a citizen.

At about that time, too, Lichine met Sherman Jenney, the president of the liquor-importing firm of Saccone, Speed & Jenney, and toward the end of 1936,



"Crazylegs" Hirsch

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"You might say I'm a coach to all the kids on the West Coast. Not the natural athletes who, in most cases, get plenty of help.

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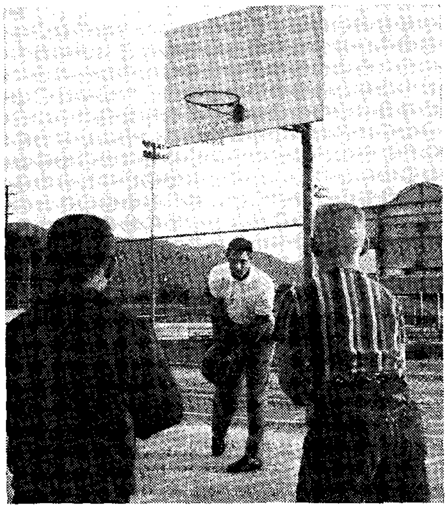

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"No touchdown I ever made when I played for the Los Angeles Rams gave me the satisfaction I get out of this work.

"Because the idea isn't to make these kids All-Americans. It's to make them all better Americans by creating a wholesome interest in sports.

"It's one of the best ways I know to develop your child's self-confidence."

* * * *

Elroy Hirsch's job, it seems to us, demonstrates one of the fundamental differences of the American point of view:

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YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

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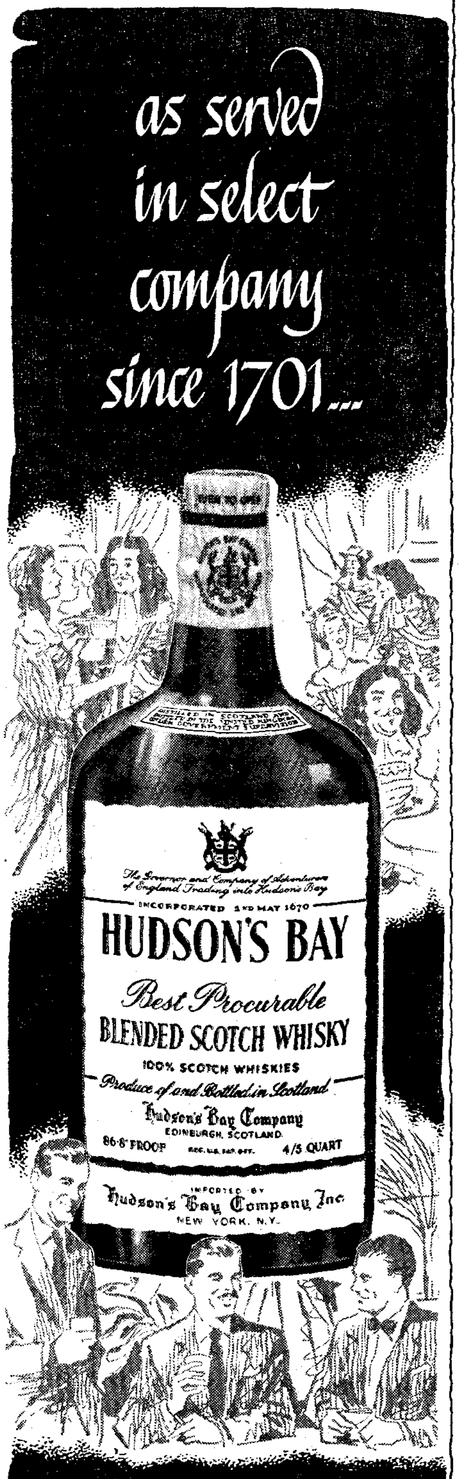

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when the organization set up a new wine department, Jenney put him in charge of it. In this role, Lichine canvassed restaurants and liquor stores in Manhattan, trying to interest them in stocking more and better wines. For a near beginner, he did remarkably well; before long his customers included some of Manhattan's more enterprising liquor stores, such as Sherry Wine & Spirits and Lehmann's, and several restaurants and hotels, most notably the Waldorf-Astoria, where he had become friendly with Claude C. Philippe, who was then the banquet manager and is now a vice-president of the hotel. Lichine was less successful in a special chore he intrepidly volunteered for. Some Kansas City gangsters had seized control of the Midwestern agency for a brand of whiskey handled by Saccone, Speed & Jenney, and Lichine offered to go out to Kansas City and try to reason with them. A few hours after he arrived, he was visited in his hotel room by two men with bulging pockets, who told him that he'd better just head back for New York. As Lichine began to protest, the two men patted their pockets significantly, and he decided to take the hint.

Early in 1938, Lichine switched jobs again, becoming executive vice-president in charge of sales for the firm of Frank Schoonmaker, one of the nation's leading wine importers, which was happy to welcome not only its new employee but the several prize customers, including the Waldorf, that followed him. At twenty-four, he had an office of his own, a private secretary, and a salary and expense account commensurate with his sonorous title. It seemed to him that the time had come for him to broaden his horizons, and he began stumping the wine-parched hinterland in an effort to help it slake a thirst that it was, at best, only vaguely conscious of. He had a hand in opening Schoonmaker branch offices in Cleveland and San Francisco, and delivered inspirational messages to the staffs of the two—in Chicago and Detroit—that were already established, hoping to dispel any doubts they might have as to the future of wine in this country. Invading the South, where he happened to know a number of influential persons, he staged elaborate winetasting ceremonies in Atlanta and other large cities, in a not wholly successful effort to unseat the mint julep. One night in January, 1939, finding himself in New Orleans, he paid his first visit to Antoine's, where, determined to make himself known at once as a man of standing in his profession, he ordered a

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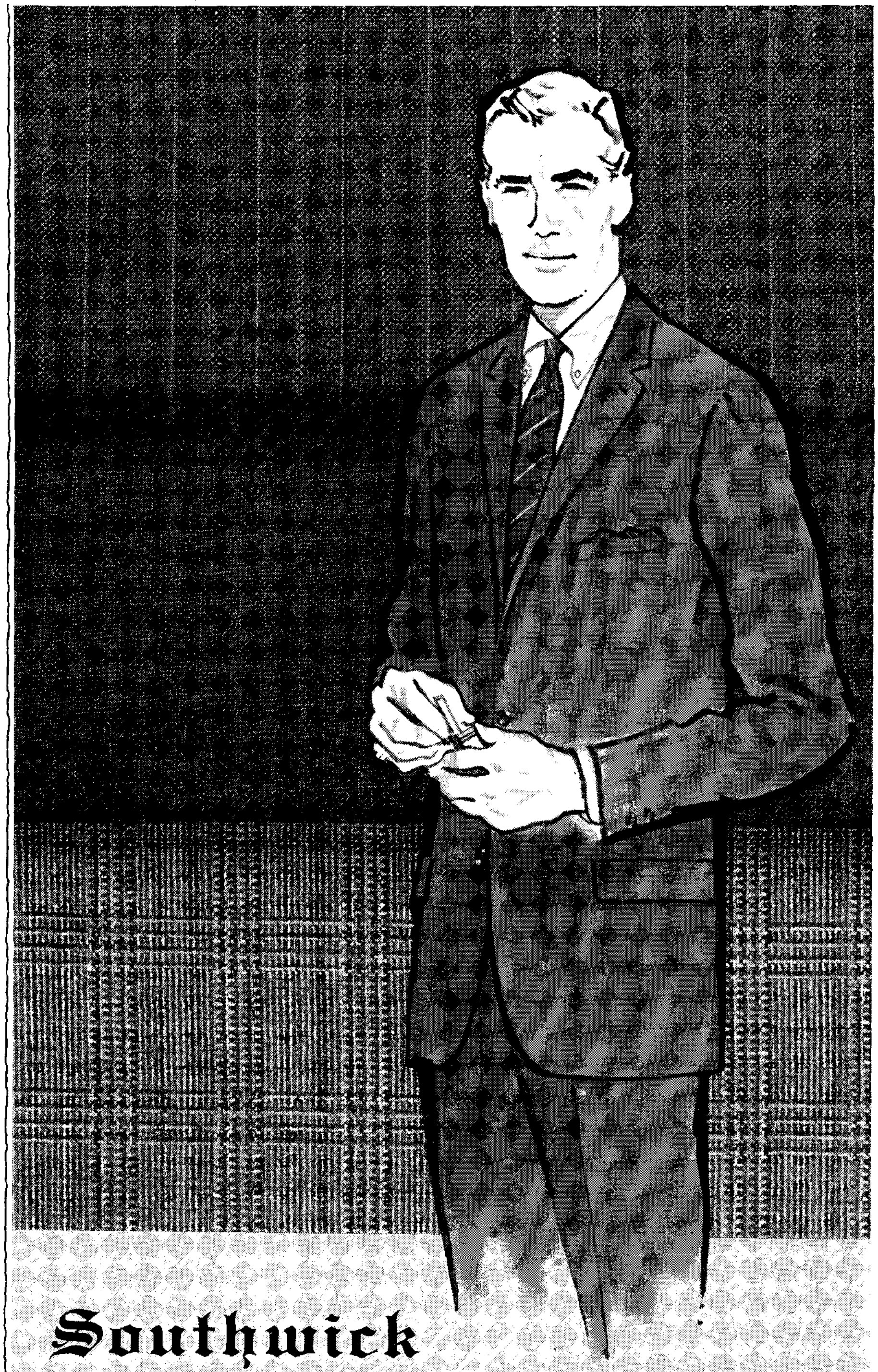
bottle of champagne before his dinner and five costly wines with it. Word of the lone guest with such an expensive and apparently discriminating penchant for wine reached Roy Alciatore, the proprietor of the restaurant, and he walked over to Lichine's table to pay his respects. The two men naturally fell to talking about wine, and Lichine, after blandly informing Alciatore that three of the vintages he had ordered were "a disgrace," went on to explain exactly why. Toward midnight, having opened several other bottles that even Lichine had to admit were superb, Alciatore proposed that Lichine draw up a suitable wine list to guide him in stocking his cellar and that the Schoonmaker company provide in quantity whatever was prescribed. The next day, Lichine had lunch at Antoine's as the guest of the proprietor, and before the meal was finished, he had taken his host's order for more than a hundred wines.

Undeniably, Lichine had a talent both for wines and for business, and in August, 1939, his employer sent him to France to learn his calling from the vineyard up, under the tutelage of the late Raymond Baudouin, who was Schoonmaker's European broker and possibly the greatest wine authority of his day. Baudouin's knowledge was profound, his taste infallible, and his manners abominable. He and Lichine had barely met when he gave the young man the first of a number of lectures, none of which Lichine has ever forgotten. "He told me that if you're agreeable with the growers, you're licked from the start," Lichine recalls. "You've got to make them understand that they can't put anything over on you, and if they offer you bad wines, bawl them out. They'll respect you for your rudeness, he said, and for your insistence on getting the best wines at the best possible price. Well, I only go along with him part of the way. Insist on the best, yes, but never be any ruder than you have to be."

Lichine remembers vividly the first time he and Baudouin had lunch together, in a restaurant in Carcassonne. "Baudouin was awful," he says. "He ordered three wines, tasted them, sent them back, called for the proprietor, and gave him a fearful dressing down. I was terribly embarrassed, and sure we were going to be thrown out. In fact, I rather hoped we would be. Instead, the proprietor went down to his cellar and brought up a bottle of Romanée-Conti '29, which I'm sure was the best he had, and for which he charged Baudouin a mere seventy-five



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francs, though it was worth at least four times as much. People respected Baudouin for his judgment even if they detested him for the way he acted."

In September, just after Hitler had invaded Poland, Lichine caught the last New York-bound liner out of Le Havre—the U.S. Lines' Washington. It was as crowded as a troopship, but to Lichine an even more emphatic reminder that there was a war on came when he sat down to dinner the first night out and, summoning the wine steward, loftily announced that he would like "something a little special" with his meal. "Listen," the steward replied. "You can just forget that fancy business on this trip, see?" The incident was prophetic of the chaotic times that lay ahead for an American in Lichine's line of work, even before the United States entered the war. The young man's missionary fervor remained undiminished, however, and he resumed his travels around the country, praising the merits of wine at Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club luncheons, and urging liquor dealers to promote its sale, although often he didn't know from one week to the next where the wine would come from to fill any orders he might get. As French imports dwindled, he began dealing in domestic wines, and just as he was thinking of turning to South American sources, especially Chile, Pearl Harbor changed the complexion of everything.

At the time the Allies invaded North Africa, in November, 1942, Lichine's draft number was coming up. He found himself increasingly haunted by visions of peeling potatoes and picking up cigarette butts, and at length he revealed his plight to some officers in the Pentagon—fellow wine fanciers he'd sipped with at El Morocco—and asked them if there wasn't, perhaps, a way of bypassing these preliminaries to military service. In due course, he received a telegram from the Adjutant General ordering him to report within forty-eight hours to G-2 in Washington and receive a commission as a first lieutenant. Lichine bought a uniform at Saks Fifth Avenue and hurried to the capital. He was promptly sent on to Fort Meade, in Maryland, to undergo a modified form of basic training as one of a group of accomplished linguists singled out for special Intelligence assignments. A few weeks later, he arrived in Casablanca, wangled himself a full colonel's billet in a marble palace, and went to work interrogating French

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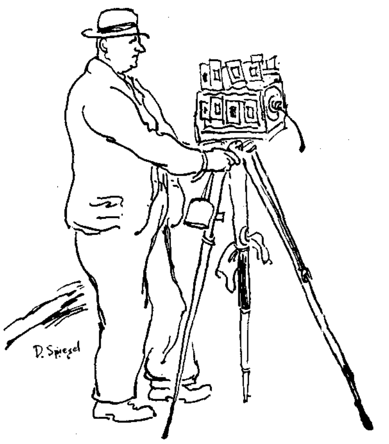
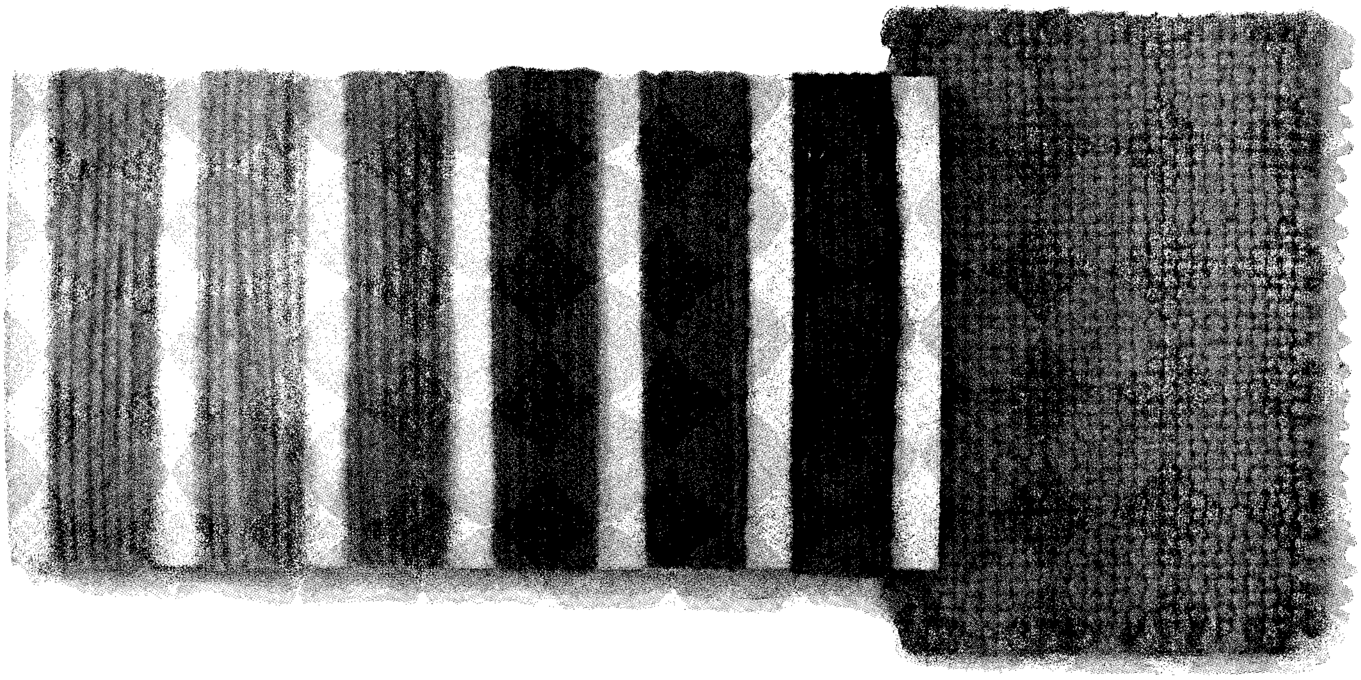
refugees who had made their way to North Africa by way of Spain.

In Morocco, Lichine ate most of his meals in black-market restaurants, in the company of French and American officers. The Americans, in particular, were awed by his knowledge of the local wines, and when he found some that he did not hesitate to call "almost decent," word of his extraordinary gift apparently began circulating in the higher echelons. At any rate, he received an order one morning to report to Colonel John P. Ratay, the administrative commander of the American forces in Morocco and a wine fancier himself, and he presently was transferred to Ratay's staff as an aide and liaison officer. Somewhat reluctantly, Lichine gave up his billet in the marble palace, where he had grown accustomed to having breakfast served to him in bed by an Arab batman, and moved into the Colonel's headquarters—the Villa Mirador, which had been occupied by Churchill during the Casablanca Conference—where he rose at dawn each day and, accompanied by an Arab cook, made his way to the market place to do the buying for the Colonel's table. Picking out the best available food and wines, he distinguished himself by the formal dinners he arranged when Ratay was entertaining visiting or resident British, French, or American dignitaries, military or civilian. Lichine escorted some of the dignitaries on tours of Morocco, and went along on boar hunts as a guest of El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakech. Meanwhile, he was promoted to captain.

In December, 1943, Colonel Ratay and his staff, including Lichine, were ordered to Ajaccio, Corsica, where a base was being set up at which over a hundred thousand French and American troops could be assembled for the landing in southern France. Lichine was assigned to mobilize ten thousand civilian laborers; he could find fewer than fifty natives of the sleepy island





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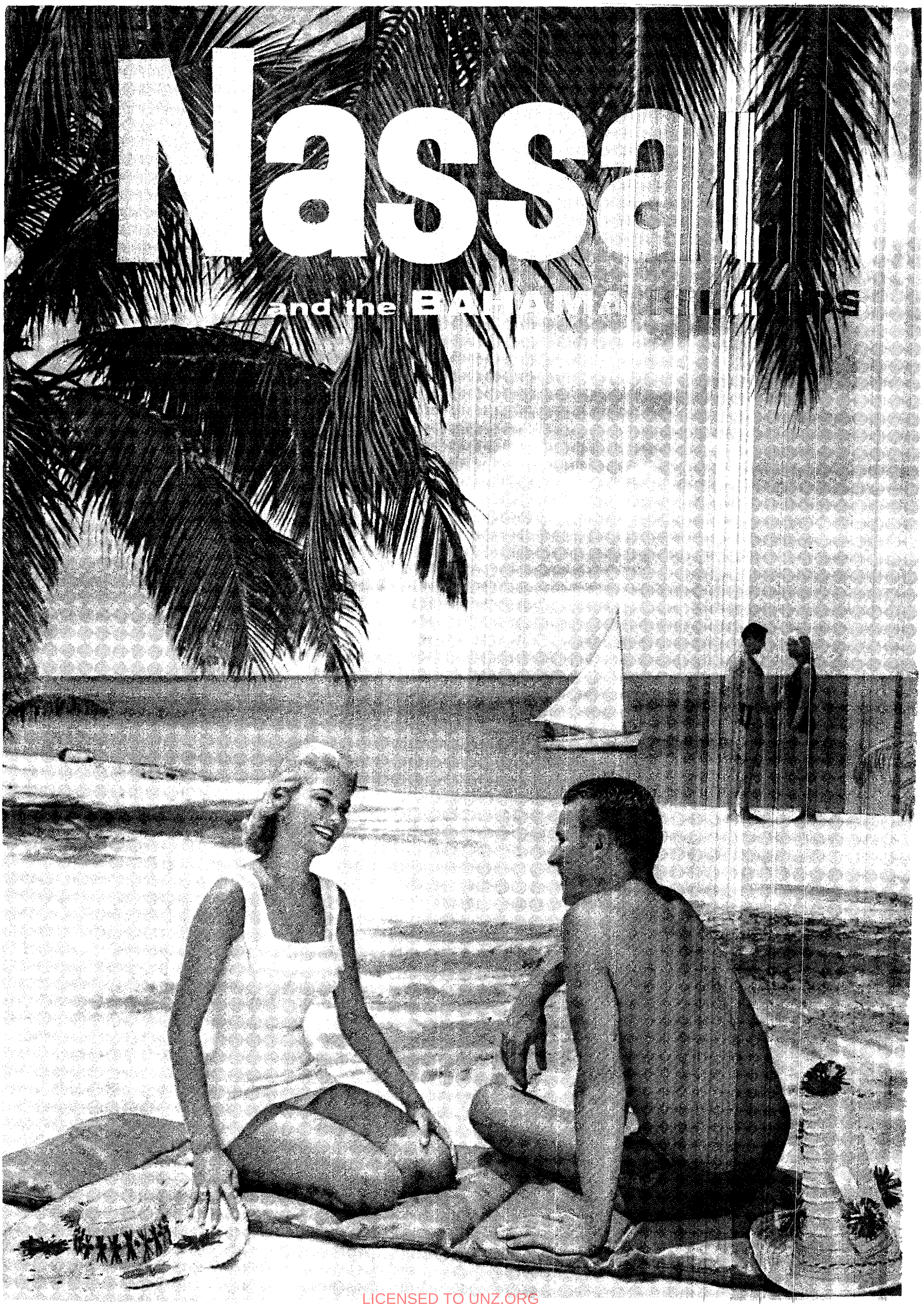
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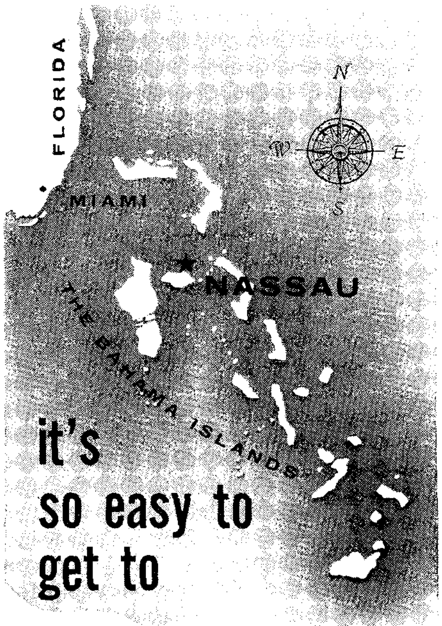

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who were willing to pitch in, and finally had to import a swarm of Yugoslav refugees, whom the Allies had rounded up on Sardinia, to do the bulk of the work. The drink situation on Corsica was even worse than the labor situation; it was so bad, in fact, that Lichine was given the chore of converting alcohol from North Africa into gin for the officers' mess. Then, after a brief sojourn as temporary liaison officer to General de Lattre de Tassigny on the island of Elba, where there was nothing to drink but the sweet local *aleatico* (described by one English wine authority as "ordinary red wine adulterated with a couple of glasses of Australian port"), he rejoined Ratay, by then a brigadier general, and landed at Saint-Raphaël, in the South of France, on August 17, 1944—D Day-plus-2. The next few weeks were busy ones for Lichine. He slipped through the lines into enemy territory and returned with several bottles of a passable *rosé;* became the first American to have a drink at the bar of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes after that city was liberated; fell in love in Marseille with a titled Frenchwoman, whom he later married; and negotiated the requisitioning of Biarritz as an Allied university center.

Right after the first of the year, Lichine was put in charge of arrangements, mess, and security at Château Valmante, near Marseille, during a meeting that Generals of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower and George C. Marshall held there as a preliminary to the Yalta Conference. Procuring the best of what wines the Germans had left behind, and borrowing an excellent cook from the local French *préfet,* he set a table so epicurean by Army standards that six months later, when Eisenhower started using the Villa Sous-le-Vent, at Cap d'Antibes, for weekends and other brief holidays, Lichine was detached from Ratay's staff, given the rank of major, and made an aide to the Supreme Allied Commander. He was now responsible for, among other things, the preparation and serving of the formal dinners at which Eisenhower was host to an endless succession of official guests, from both hemispheres. (Apparently, the General—a Sauternes partisan himself, incidentally—was very favorably impressed by the way his aide brought off these affairs, for since he became President, members of the White House staff have now and then sought Lichine's advice when in doubt about what wines to order and have often ended up by placing their orders with him.) In September, 1945, while

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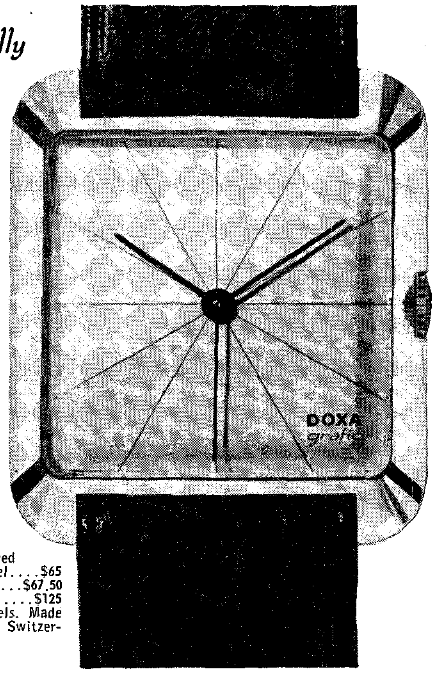
Churchill, a claret drinker when not enjoying something stronger, was vacationing at Cap d'Antibes, Eisenhower asked him to make himself at home at the villa, and Lichine was called upon to fill in as host. Alone with Lichine in the library one evening, Churchill began to reminisce about his past campaigns, military and political; pacing back and forth, a glass of cognac in his hand, he re-created experiences of long ago with all his famous eloquence. Toward midnight, with an assist from Lichine, the discussion turned from campaigns to wines, and this led Churchill to discourse, still in the grand manner, on some of the great ones he had come across in his lifetime. Lichine had had no desire to express his own views in the matter of campaigns, nor had he been asked to, but with the switch to wines Churchill's attitude changed, and, showing the ability of a true authority on any subject to spot a kindred authority almost by intuition, he presently sank into an armchair, saying, "Now, young man, you do the talking and I shall do the listening." And Lichine delivered a lengthy account of some of the memorable wines he had had occasion to drink in *his* lifetime.

Not all Lichine's encounters with the mighty while in the service of the Supreme Commander went off so smoothly. On one occasion, he accompanied Eisenhower and General George S. Patton on an inspection tour of D.P. camps in Germany, and when it was over, Patton, who was living in a chalet on a lake near Munich, invited his superior to join him in an evening of fishing. Lichine is no fisherman—in fact, water in a lake is no more attractive to him than water in a glass—but, knowing what was expected of him, he dutifully climbed into a motorboat with the two generals. Ordered by Patton to "tie my line to this leader," Lichine bungled the job, and a few minutes later, when the General hooked a fish, it easily got away. "Patton blew his top," the former Major recalls, still quaking slightly at the memory. "What language—even for the Army! He went on and on, and I felt like jumping into the lake—which, by the way, was the kindest thing he recommended. But finally Eisenhower said, 'Oh, lay off, Georgie, will you?' and Patton quieted down. Patton didn't care for wine."

IN January, 1946, Lichine returned to the United States, got his discharge, and started looking around for something to do. The Schoonmaker



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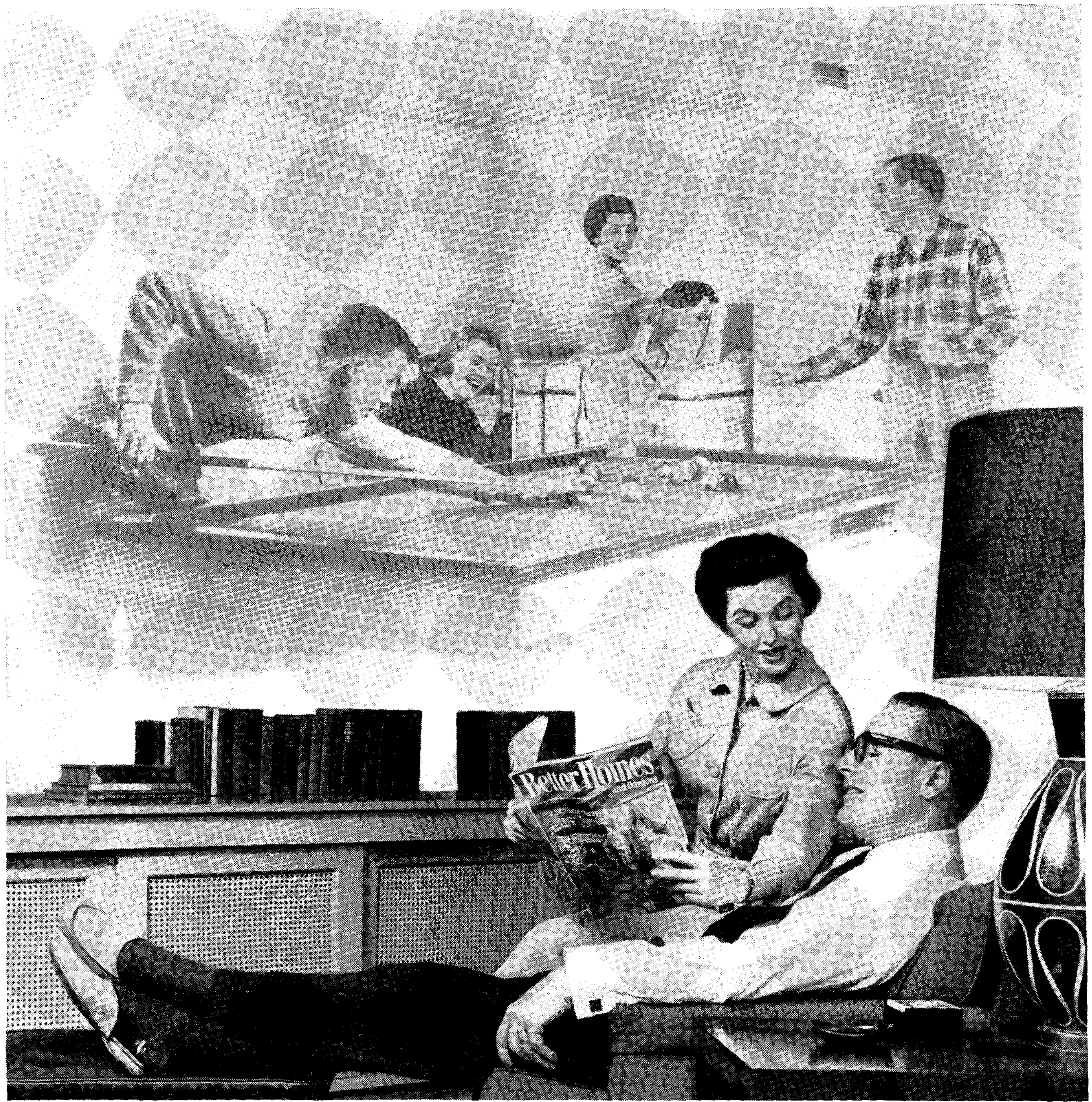

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firm, which had suspended operations in 1942, when most of the staff were called up for service, had just started to rebuild its business, and was not yet in a position to take on many people, so Lichine settled for a job with the import division of the United Distillers of America. In July of that year, he married his Marseille friend, the Countess Renée de Villeneuve, but the marriage lasted only a year. Those first months back in civilian life were uneasy ones for Lichine; he felt that he was getting nowhere in what he called "the wine end of the whiskey business." Nevertheless, as he had with Saccone, Speed & Jenney, he kept energetically boosting wines, and again Sherry Wine & Spirits and Lehmann's came to his rescue with orders. These cheered him some, but he was still pretty disconsolate when, early in 1948, Philippe, his friend at the Waldorf-Astoria, who had obviously come to have great confidence in his judgment, offered him the sort of opportunity he had been waiting for—a wine-buying excursion to France. Specifically, Philippe proposed that Lichine accompany him on a tour of the outstanding vineyards in Burgundy and Bordeaux, assist him in selecting and buying wines for the Waldorf's cellars, and help arrange for their shipment to New York—all with an eye to making a thorough revision of the hotel's wine list. Lichine jumped at the chance, quit his job, and, always a practical man, arranged to buy some wines for Antoine's and a few other old customers while he was at it. In July, 1948, he set out for France. Philippe had gone on ahead, with the understanding that Lichine would meet him in Paris, and things began cozily over a dinner at a Paris restaurant, where the two men were joined by a friend of Lichine's—H. Seymour Weller, a Milwaukee-born naturalized French citizen and manager of the Château Haut-Brion, in the Graves district of Bordeaux, which is owned by Clarence Dillon, the American banker. In addition to his managerial duties, Weller was the head of a shipping company, and he agreed to handle the job of exporting whatever wines his dinner companions ordered in the course of their buying expedition—an arrangement that worked out so well for all concerned that Weller continued to act as Lichine's shipper until the latter organized his own exporting firm, in 1955. As the trio discussed the forthcoming junket, Weller became so enthusiastic that he decided to go along, too—on the first leg of it, anyway,

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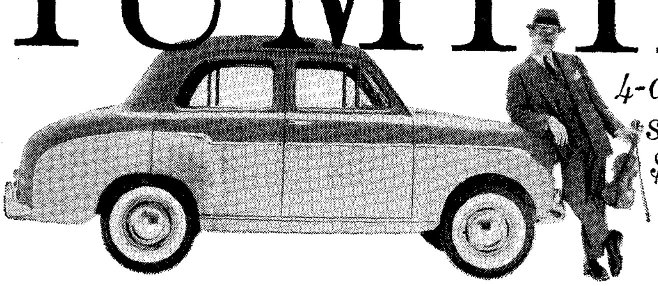

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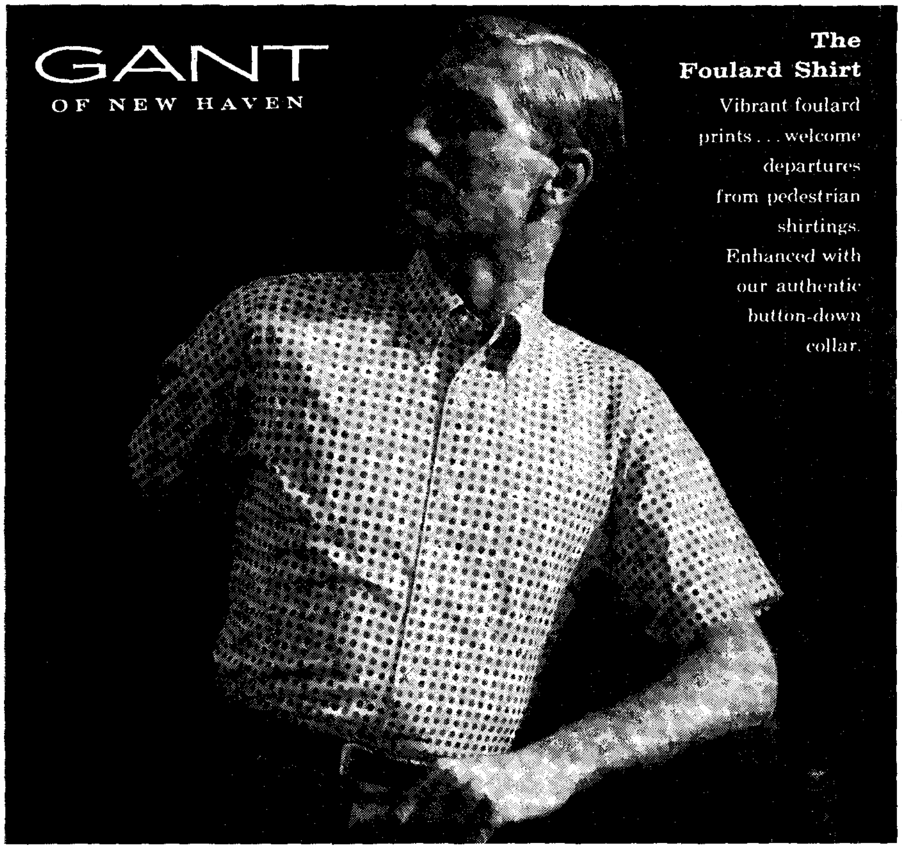

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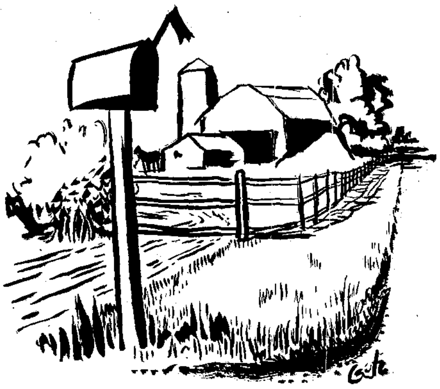
which would take them through Burgundy. The great vineyards of that region are owned by about two hundred and fifty peasant growers, who produce anywhere from one to forty barrels a year apiece—not nearly enough to meet the demand. Even a buyer supplied with plenty of cash may run into difficulties there, because the growers are a deliberate lot, inclined to give much thought to the question of who is to get their precious product. After selling wines for the better part of his adult life, Lichine now faced the prospect of having to sell himself in order to buy wines, since Philippe had made it clear that he wanted his protégé to be on his own as much as possible. Well aware that if he failed to make a good impression on the growers he might as well consider his career as an independent buyer over before it started, Lichine fervently hoped that the people he called on would remember him as the young man who had travelled in the company of the great Baudouin.

Lichine's idea, seconded by Philippe, was to begin by making a brisk tour of all the good Burgundy vineyards. That was satisfactory to Weller, too, until he began to realize what Lichine meant by brisk. "Alexis, I discovered, was planning to wind up the Burgundy end of the trip in a week," Weller said recently. "I thought he was crazy. We left Paris around midnight and drove to Auxerre, arriving at three in the morning. We had a terrible time waking up someone who would let us into a hotel. Then up at six and on to Chablis. After that, it was an almost continuous grind—hustling from one cellar to the next, going without meals, never quitting before midnight. As a matter of fact, we were often busiest at night, because the growers were out in the vineyards most of the day, and many of them didn't care for the idea of being interrupted to come in and bargain with a buyer they'd never sold to before. So Alexis would return after dark, often routing them out of bed, and, when their resistance was at its lowest, ha-



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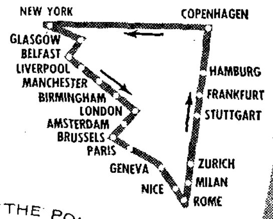
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rangue them in that fast and furious way of his. Maybe at first they'd resent this, but once he got them down in their cellars and started tasting, he'd usually win their admiration as a buyer who could tell them more about their own wines than they knew themselves. The pace was too fast for Philippe and me, and we dropped out after a week, but Alexis went right on—Bordeaux, Champagne, the Loire, the Côtes-du-Rhône, Germany. The astonishing thing is that in spite of the hours he kept and the amount of ground he covered, his taste never became blurred. I suspect that Alexis could no more be content with a second-rate wine than Lorenzo de' Medici could have been with a second-rate painting."

Another student of Lichine's wine-buying methods is a slim, tense Belgian named Pierre de Wilde. The nephew of one of Burgundy's foremost growers, who trained him in the art of wine making, de Wilde was managing the Château du Tertre, in the Médoc, when Lichine hired him as his assistant buyer, in 1949, and his travels with his employer since then have not made him any more relaxed. One of several occasions that he remembers as illustrative of Lichine's indomitable drive is the assault waged on the citadel of Mme. Cosson, the sturdy, vigorous owner of Clos des Lambrays, a magnificent vineyard in Burgundy. Madame, for reasons of her own, didn't want to deal with Lichine, and he was determined to crack her resistance. "We first visited her place late one afternoon, and Mme. Cosson said, '*Jamais!*' and almost literally threw us out," de Wilde recalls. "But when you throw M. Lichine out, he'll be back sooner or later, even if he has to climb in through the window. So we returned a few evenings later, around nine o'clock, and M. Lichine succeeded in talking uninterruptedly for two hours. To my surprise, Madame then offered us supper and a bottle of her wonderful wine, and dismissed us with '*Peut-être.*' The third time, it was eleven when we arrived, and Madame was asleep, but M. Lichine pounded on the door and shouted until she woke up. I expected her to call the police, but instead she put a long overcoat on over her nightgown and took us down into her cold cellar, and there M. Lichine talked until two in the morning. When we left, Madame was exhausted from repeatedly shaking her head, I was numb with cold and groggy from listening, and M. Lichine was glowing with energy and *joie de vivre*, having just purchased a beautiful collection

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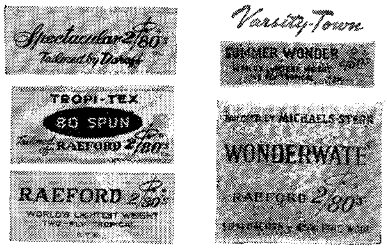
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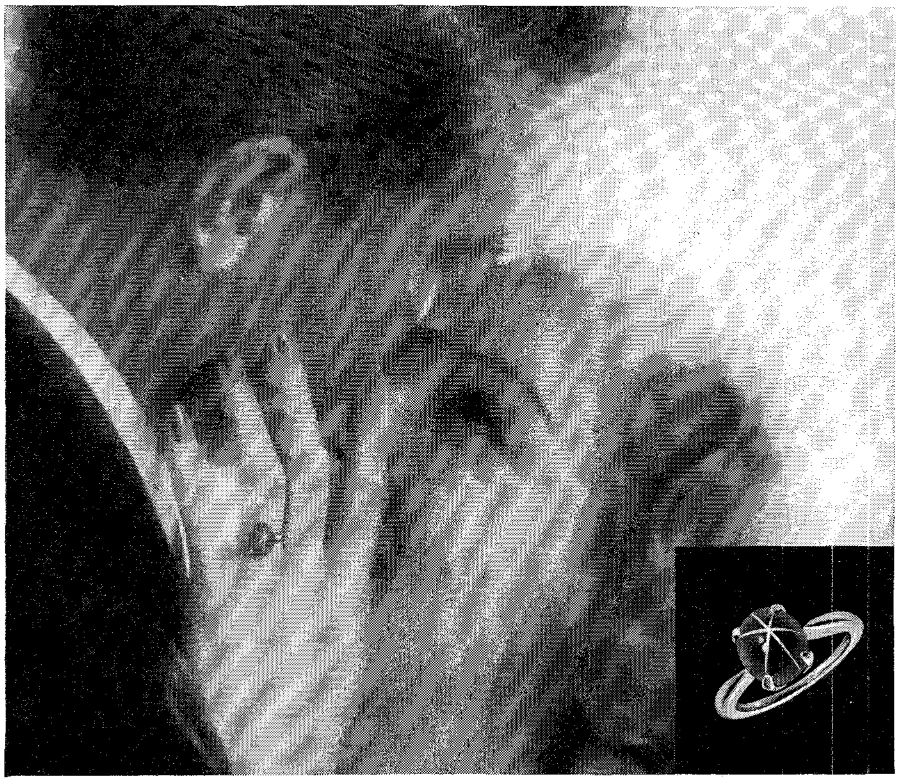
of Mme. Cosson's wines at reasonable prices. If we'd gone back a fourth time, he'd probably have walked out with her vineyard in his pocket."

BACK in New York, Lichine, as the co-author of the Waldorf-Astoria's new wine list, felt that he had reached the stage where he could declare himself no longer an appendage of the whiskey business but a full-fledged dealer in wines. Picking up where he had left off when he joined the Army, he took to the road as a salesman; to meet the full requirements of the law, he was associated with one licensed wine importer or another until 1956, when he became licensed himself. As a salesman, he operated in a highly unorthodox manner; while he always had many well-chosen words to say in favor of Lichine wines, he often gave the impression of really pleading for the cause of wines in general and of feeling that it didn't matter so much *whose* wines Americans drank as long as they drank wine. It had long been clear to Lichine that the future of wine in the United States depended on a deliberate campaign of education and enlightenment. At first, he had thought he might start by converting the wholesalers—relatively few in number—who would then convert the hordes of retailers, who, in turn, would convert the public. That would have been the easy way, but it didn't work. The wholesalers politely declined to become missionaries, pointing out that whiskey was ten times as easy to sell as wine, and that until there was a demand for the latter, they could hardly expect their salesmen to spend a lot of time trying to convert the retailers. So Lichine set about doing it the hard way—converting the public, who would convert the retailers, after which the wholesalers would need no urging.

Travelling about the country, Lichine gradually recruited a loyal band of supporters in most of the big cities. Sometimes he would have a letter of introduction to an outstanding connoisseur, who would accompany him to a local retail store; the proprietor, rather than risk losing his client's business, would begin by listening resignedly to Lichine's panegyrics, but every now and then it happened that a spark would catch, his face would light up, and he would agree to order a greater variety of wines from his wholesaler and to pass along the good word to his other customers. In cities where Lichine had no means of approaching a prominent wine fancier directly, he would work through



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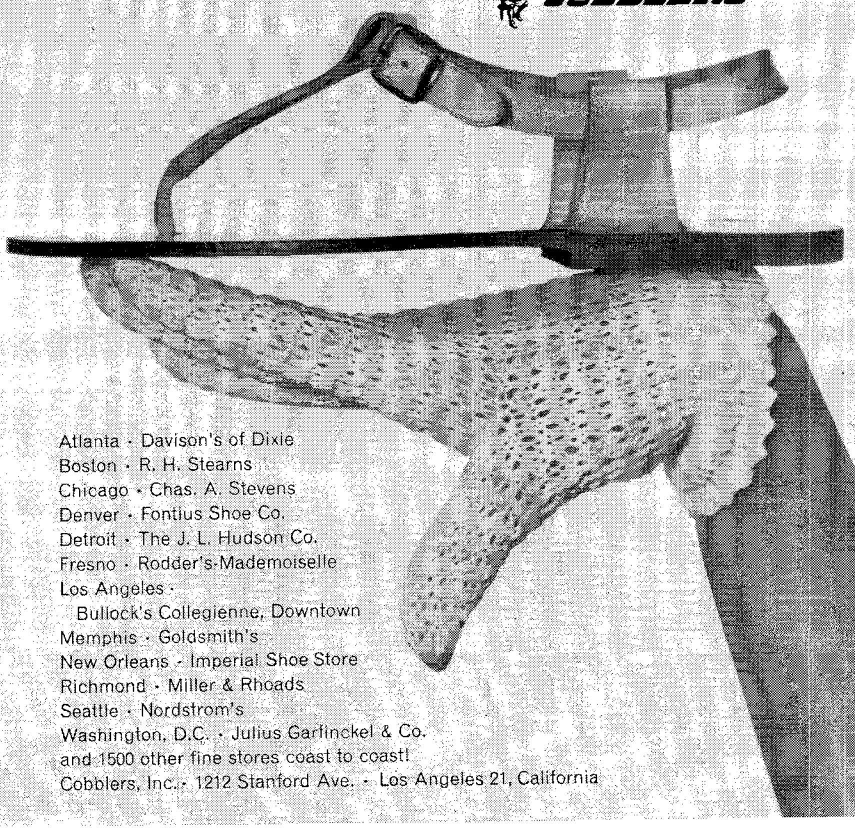

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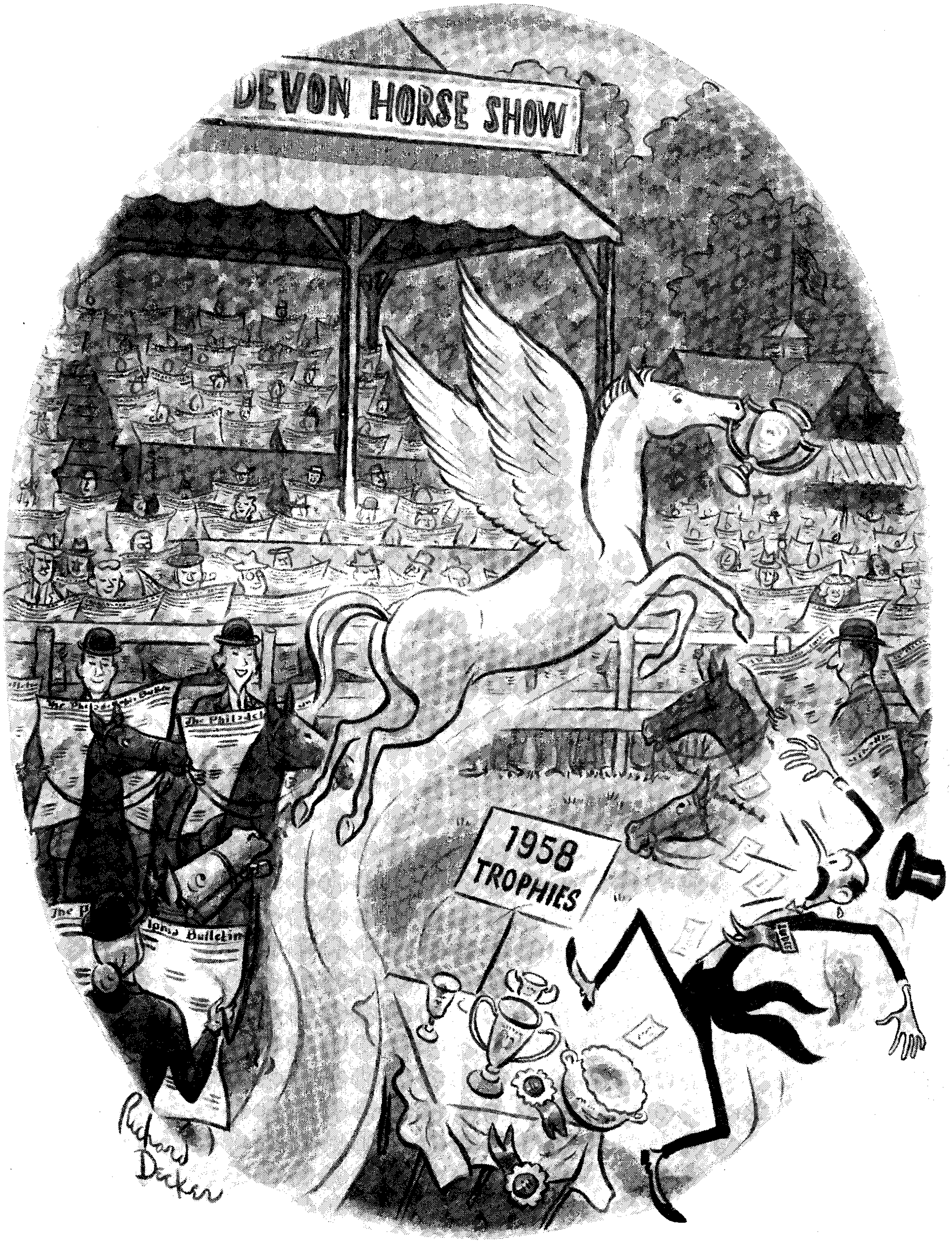
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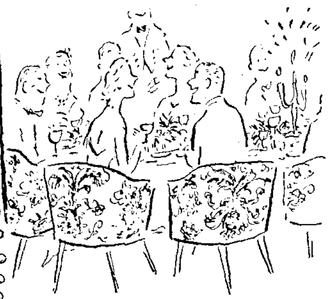
the proprietors or headwaiters of the restaurants that wine fanciers might be expected to frequent. In some instances, this led to his being introduced to one or more of them, and then to the usual evangelizing trip to a local retail store; in others, he concentrated on enlightening the proprietors or headwaiters themselves. Either way, he rarely left town without having added at least one member to his hard core of proselytizers—"my honorary salesmen," as he calls them. Among his honorary salesmen—a motley collection, bound together only by their admiration for their leader and his wares—are Henry J. Heinz II, president of the H. J. Heinz Company; Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher; Maxwell A. Kriendler, vice-president of "21" Brands, Inc.; Dr. Robert Craft Smith, a New Orleans gynecologist and obstetrician who is an assistant professor at the Tulane Medical School; Gilbert W. Kahn, a partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; and any number of maîtres d'hôtel, liquor-store owners, and people who just happen to like wine.

One of the most willing and earnest of Lichine's honorary salesmen is Lester Gruber, the proprietor of the London Chop House, in Detroit. Gruber, who, like several other Lichine disciples, has been privileged to tour the French wine country with the Master, is in an unusually favorable position to give wide circulation to his teachings, and he has worked unremittingly to this end. Under Lichine's tutelage, he has instructed his waiters to ask while taking an order, "Some wine, perhaps?"—or even, if the customer looks knowing, "Some Bordeaux, perhaps?"—at the same time tactfully indicating a large wine list attached to the menu. The wines may be ordered either by name or by number, for it occurred to Lichine that some Midwesterners, avid though they might be for, say, a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé, Corsin, could become so bemused by the problem of pronunciation that they would play it safe by ordering a Gibson instead. Again at Lichine's instigation, the waiters were admonished never to address the "Some wine?" gambit to a woman who was dining with a man but to consult her escort about her preferences. According to Lichine, the result of such niceties is that Detroiters are turning to wine at a most satisfying rate; he concedes, though, that Manhattans and Scotch on the rocks still find some takers at gatherings of the city's automobile gentry.

A patient man when he encounters apathy, Lichine gamely accepts the disappointments inevitable in a campaign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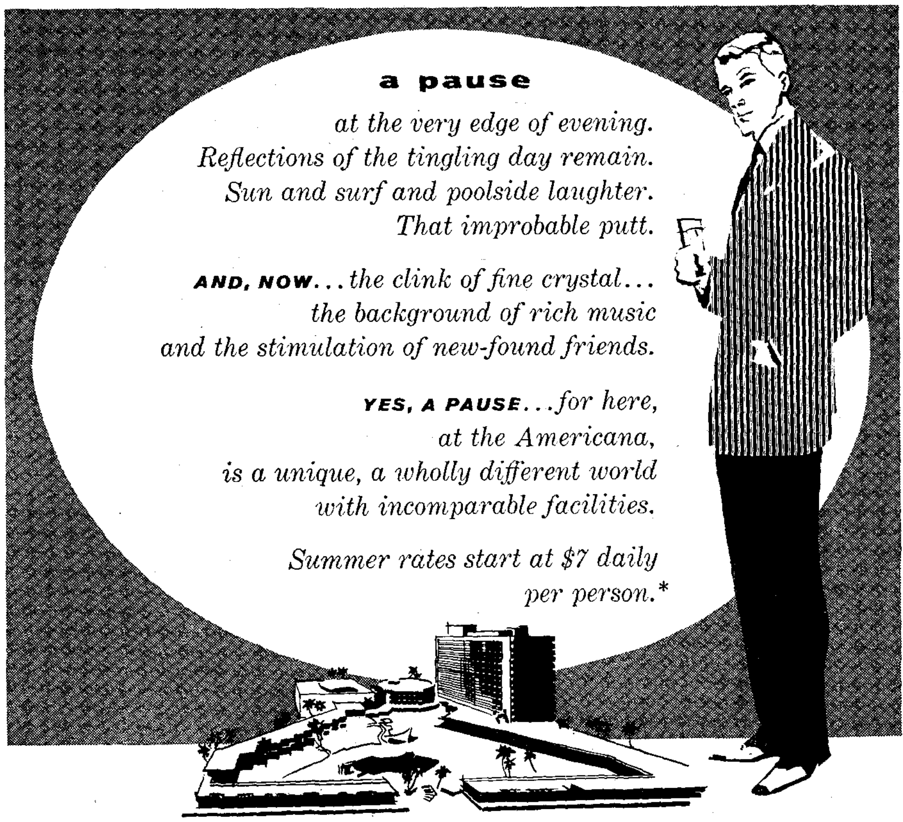
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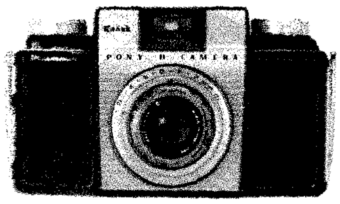

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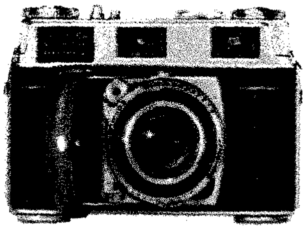

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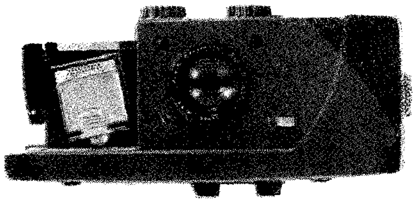

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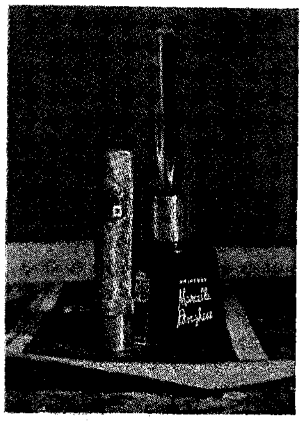

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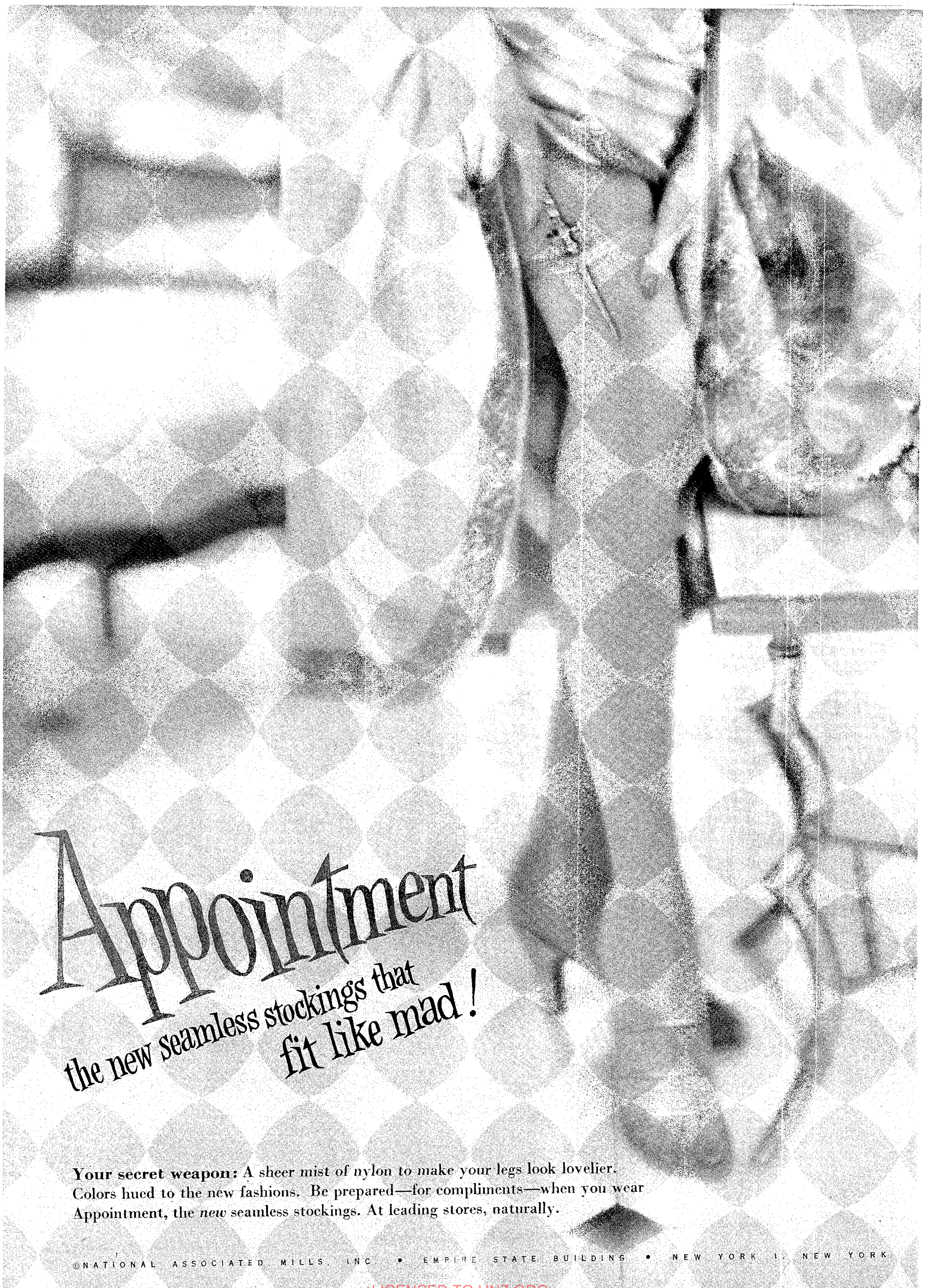
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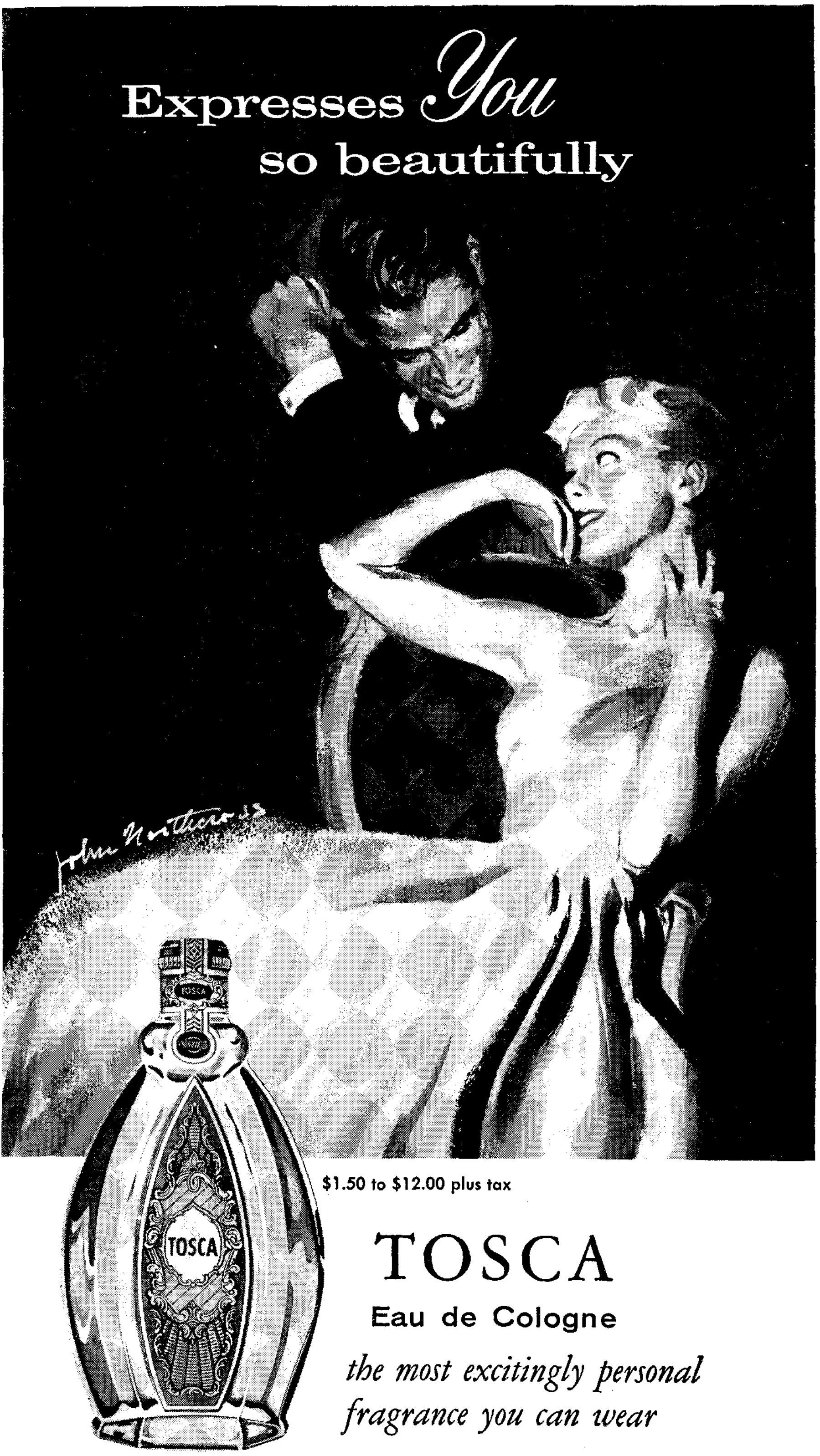
©NATIONAL ASSOCIATED MILLS, INC. • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK like his. Recently—to cite a typical example of the kind of minor letdown he is forever experiencing—on an evening flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, he was delighted to hear a stewardess ask each passenger, as she came down the aisle, "Would you like a glass of champagne before your dinner?" But then, while he was still enjoying the champagne and hoping wildly that there might be a glass of another wine with dinner, the stewardess came by again, set up his dinner tray, and asked, "Coffee now, or later?" Coffee with meals, in Lichine's view, is one of the greatest blocks to progress in America, and disenchantment set in. By and large, however, he believes there is solid evidence of a trend toward wine drinking in this country, even if it has not yet attained stampede proportions. "Many wholesalers have begun promoting wines right along with their gins and whiskeys," he said not long ago. "Even some red-blooded, two-fisted, dyed-in-the-wool bourbon drinkers are beginning to see the light. Americans have a healthy curiosity, and once they become interested in something, they insist on learning all about it. I want to arouse their curiosity about wine by any means possible, and if a lot of them choose to experiment with inexpensive varieties at first, there's no harm in that, though I personally don't intend to ship cheap wines to the States. The more they learn about wine, the more finicky they'll get, and that's where I come in."

AFTER Lichine and his first wife were divorced, in 1947, his only outside interest, aside from an occasional movie, was escorting attractive, intelligent women to restaurants specializing in good wines—an avocation he pursued until two years ago, when he reduced the field of qualified companions to one and married Gisèle Edenbourgh, a brunette divorcée of Belgian and German descent. Lichine is constantly shuttling between New York and Margaux, and his wife tries valiantly to be on hand to make a home for him on both sides of the Atlantic, although, since the birth of a daughter last spring, this has not always been easy. The Lichines now divide their time about equally between France and the United States, living, when they are here, in a three-room apartment on West Fifty-third Street, where the wine cellar is an ordinary clothes closet, stocked with about fifty bottles—all of them, of course, bearing the name of the head of the house. The collection might seem skimpy to some of Lichine's more am-



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bitious converts, who have come to look upon an extensive cellar as a symbol of success—like a Cadillac or a swimming pool in other circles—but he considers it adequate for his needs, and since he can always draw on a reserve of more than half a million bottles in his company's cellars in Margaux, it probably is.

At unpredictable hours, Lichine darts out of his apartment and heads either for an airport and another transcontinental tour or for his desk in Long Island City. If he is off on a tour, he will probably be gone thirty or forty days, stopping over in as many cities, and from the beginning to the end of each day he will do nothing but talk about wine—to representatives of the press, to radio and television audiences, to dealers, to guests at civic-club lunches and hotel banquets, to honorary salesmen, to anybody who happens to be sitting next to him in the plane as he hops from city to city (or, if the seat is empty or its occupant unreceptive, to his secretary in New York and his lieutenants in Margaux, by means of a portable dictating machine). While on these trips, he may yearn every now and then for the dark and peaceful obscurity of a motion-picture theatre, but he never gets time to visit one, and his only relaxation is a few hours of fitful sleep. If, on the other hand, he leaves his apartment for Long Island City, and the time is evening—as often happens—the chances are that the sleep of a bony, morose White Russian named Nicolas Trambitsky is over for the night. Trambitsky is the office manager at Alexis Lichine & Co., in Margaux, and a frequent sufferer from a habit the boss has of putting in late-evening calls from New York to his aides in both hemispheres. Lichine prefers not to talk to people while they are still half asleep, so when Trambitsky is summoned from his bed at three in the morning—a victim of the five-hour time difference between here and France—he is likely to be told by a long-distance operator to rouse himself, *s'il vous plaît*, and be wide awake by four, when M. Lichine will call back.

While Mrs. Lichine likes wine, she sometimes feels that her husband's devotion to it verges on the extreme, and she will be just as happy if their daughter, Alice Alexandra, who is just a year old, shuns wine in favor of some other enthusiasm when she grows up. To Lichine, however, this would come as a severe blow. Before the child was born, he had expressed the hope that it would be a boy, who would grow up to devote

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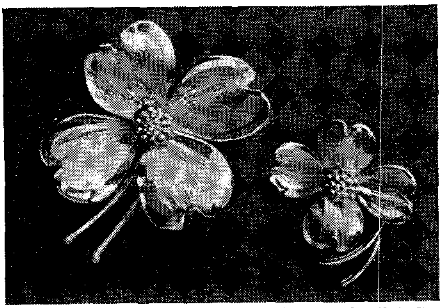

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himself to wine; on being told that the new arrival was a girl, he had asked absently, "But can she be expected to become a good taster?" Last summer, at Margaux, the father and mother had a mild showdown on the issue when Lichine opened one of the last five bottles left in the world of a Château Lascombes '92, poured a few drops of it into a demitasse spoon, and proposed that the then four-month-old Alice Alexandra be put to the initial test by being given a taste of the precious liquid. Despite the trifling quantity involved, Mrs. Lichine made it plain that she thought winetasting had no place in the proper upbringing of infants, but her husband was adamant, declaring that the velvety old wine was precisely the one that would enable him to determine whether there was any hope for his daughter's future. "I emptied the spoon in the little one's mouth," he said afterward. "Then came a tense moment as she grimaced at me, and I thought she was going to cry. But she didn't let her papa down. Suddenly a big smile spread over her face, and I knew that she was going to turn out all right."

—Joseph Wechsberg

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Lichine.*)

•

The action between the Giants and Dodgers last night was on the West Coast, but the crowd noises were manufactured in New York in a radio broadcast recreating the game for followers of those clubs. . . .

As he announced "hit," Keiter struck a block of wood with a stick. The sound is akin to a batter hitting the ball. Then the engineer, Paul Baldwin, created the crowd noises on a signal from Keiter. There were two recordings, one "Excited Crowd," the other "Regular Crowd." When Reese doubled and then Snider hit a homer in the third, Baldwin blended the two recordings to create a roaring assemblage. . . .

According to Lenny Magnus, the producer of the Major League Network show, the network will carry all of the Giants' home games.—*The Times*

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THE THEATRE

AT HOME WITH THE LUNTS

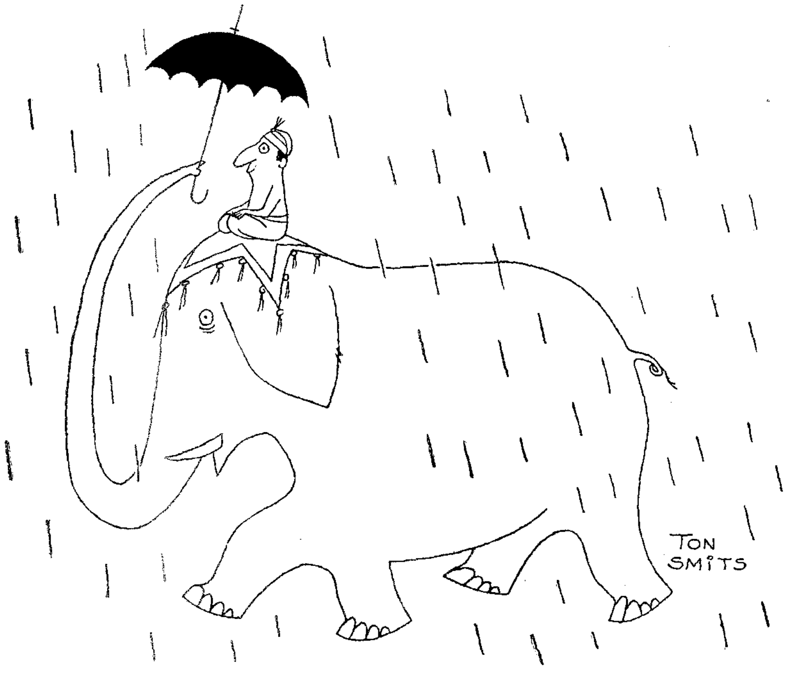
"THE VISIT," Maurice Valency's adaptation of a play by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, finds Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne established in a theatre named after them (it used to be the Globe) in as chilly and malignant a play as I can remember. Thirty-five years before the action on the stage begins, the heroine, then a girl of seventeen, was seduced by the hero, who thereupon abandoned her. A child born of this lamentable union died, and the lady moved away from her native village of Gullen, eventually to become, through a combination of prostitution and judicious marriages, the richest woman in the world. At the opening of the play, her betrayer is the village storekeeper, a shambling, untidy sort of man, but still highly regarded by his fellow-citizens, who plan to elect him burgomaster. The return of the heroine, by now calling herself Claire Zachanassian, is at once grotesque and magnificent. She arrives by a special express train, transferring from that to a sedan chair carried by two American gangsters, and her entourage includes her fiancé—a handsome and vacant young Brazilian millionaire whose only interest in life is trout fishing—and a black leopard, presumably to be regarded as symbolic. Her purpose, of course, is revenge—specifically, she is prepared to offer the bankrupt little village a billion marks in return for her onetime lover's death—and it isn't long before the awful process of the corruption of a whole community is under way.

The beginnings are barely perceptible; the hero simply notices that his customers are anticipating some nameless windfall by charging up articles considerably more expensive than those for which they previously paid cash. Gradually, however, the design becomes unmistakable. The leaders of the people—a cleric, a doctor, the police chief, the old burgomaster—men he has known and trusted most of his life, are at first evasive, then openly hostile, as his continued existence comes to strike them more and more as a financial disaster; his wife and two children are not far behind in availing themselves of the new prosperity; and presently, when the black leopard is hunted down and shot, it is clear that the animal is only a surrogate for the fury of the mob. Following that, there is a village meeting, liberally attended by the press, at which only the high-school principal protests, feebly and briefly, against the inevitable verdict, and finally we have the judicial murder, and the heroine's icy and terrible moment of triumph.

It is conceivable that other playwrights have expressed an equally venomous opinion of the human race, but few, I think, have done so with such sardonic style, in so cold an emotional vacuum, and with such a total lack of moral indignation. I have no idea whether "The Visit" can properly be classified as a tragedy (essentially, we are asked to consider a demon implacably bent on the destruction of a fool), or even whether it is a very good play (some of it seems fairly absurd, on sober reflection), but it is certainly not a play I am likely to forget.

Contrary to their policy of absolutely equal opportunity, "The Visit" appears to belong rather more to Miss Fontanne than it does to Mr. Lunt. His part, that of the bewildered victim of a merciless persecution, could, except for the scene of hopeless resignation at the meeting, probably have been played just about as satisfactorily by a good many other actors. Hers is unique, and there can be no question that she makes the most of it. All the old mannerisms are there—the fixed and regal deportment, the delivery of lines with a special, and apparently capricious, accent all her own, and the extraordinary economy of gesture—but somehow they gain new force from the fact that they are used to express a consuming hatred rather than the more comely emotions we have grown to expect. It is a brilliant exhibition of pure malice, and, as the sustained mastering of an extremely difficult theatrical challenge (a villainess puffing away at a cigar is never very far removed from burlesque), it seems to me one of the most impressive of her innumerable accomplishments. The surrounding cast, of thirty-two, includes Peter Woodthorpe, John Wyse, William Hansen, Myles Eason, John Randolph, Keneth Thornett, Daphne Newton, Frieda Altman, Howard Fischer, and Eric Porter, most of whom also appeared in an English production of the play, and all of whom represent various manifestations of human greed. Their work, under Peter Brook's direction, occasionally suffered, I thought, from a confusion of acting styles, but on the whole they behaved with restraint and intelligence. The settings, designed by Teo Otto, tell us all we need to know about the town of Gullen, which might be described as a mythical whistle stop somewhere in Europe, and Castillo's costumes for Miss Fontanne struck me as increasingly strange and menacing as the evening progressed. Unlike most of my colleagues, I find myself with little to say about the new Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, except to note that smoking is permitted in the mezzanine, an arrangement guaranteed to agitate just about as many people as it pleases.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



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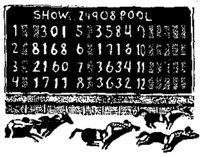

WHAT the Derby is to Kentuckians, the Preakness is to Marylanders. However, in contrast to the hoopla at Churchill Downs (a jumble of Old Home Week and Mardi Gras, combining the worst features of each), things are well managed at Pimlico, and going there is fun. Certainly the show on Saturday should be a good one. Although as a rule the Preakness doesn't have as many runners as the Derby, it may be the other way around this year, because practically every owner who had a starter in the Derby is convinced that the deplorable condition of the track ruined his colt's chances, and is all for another go at the high dollar. Besides, there are several three-year-olds, among them Li'l Fella, who skipped the Derby and have been pointed for the Preakness. I don't belong to the Silky Sullivan Marching Club, which, by the way, lost surprisingly few members after their hero's sorry showing at Churchill Downs, but I'm delighted that he is going to run, and, for his sake, I hope the track is fast. He had a tumble at Pimlico the other morning while frisking on his way to a workout, and scraped some skin off his right foreleg, but apparently it did him no harm, for he galloped a mile in fine style between races last Saturday, and got more attention and applause than many of the winners that afternoon. In fact, spectators left the betting ring in droves to watch him, and that's quite an achievement—keeping Baltimore horseplayers away from the mutuel machines. Still, I doubt whether he will have the following he had in the Derby—or whether Jewel's Reward will, either, for that matter. Indeed, many people believe that the sharp turns of the course and the shorter distance of the Preakness will favor a handy, speedy colt, thus giving Lincoln Road an edge he didn't have in the Derby. Others fancy Noureddin, who is improving steadily. Well, I'm sticking with Tim Tam. He didn't like the going in the Derby, but he won. A good horse wins on any kind of track.

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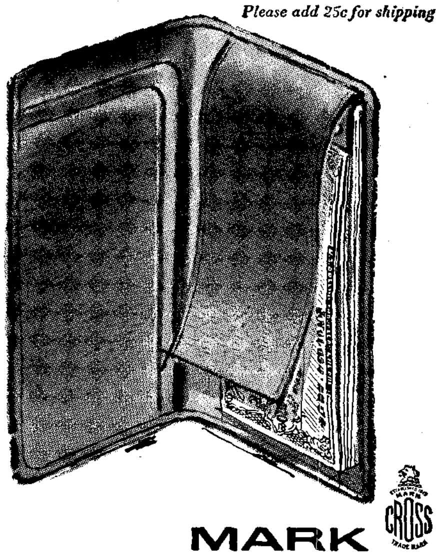

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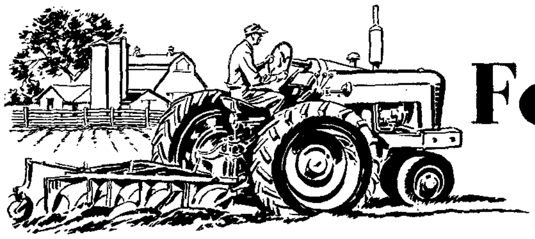

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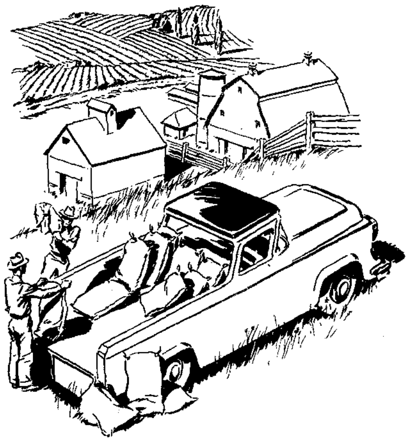

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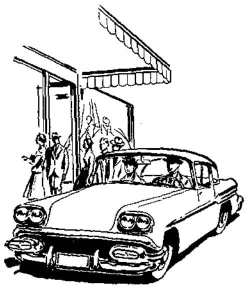

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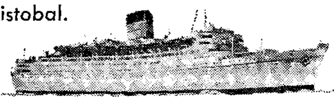

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race, despite its fine tradition. (Its first winner was Preakness himself, a top horse just after the Civil War, and its more recent victors include Sarazen, Equipoise, Whirlaway, Armed, Assault, and Royal Vale.) Well, I stopped off in a tavern on the way home from Jamaica last weekend and caught the fifty-seventh running on television, and it was a thriller, with Greentree's Pop Corn making a spectacular charge through the stretch to beat Master Boing by a length. It was Greentree's first big stakes in a long time. Let's hope its luck has turned.

THE Grey Lag Handicap, which wound up a long and rather dismal meeting at Jamaica on Saturday, was pretty exciting, too. Oh Johnny and Admiral Vee finished heads apart, in that order, and Promised Land and Third Brother were close up. Admiral Vee, who was beaten by sixteen lengths the last time out, led until Oh Johnny, running back to his form in the Gotham, caught him a stride from home. The big disappointment was Kingmaker, who had gone so well in the Excelsior a fortnight before; he finished last. The only other race at Jamaica last week worth mentioning was the Youthful, which had just four starters and was a runaway for Royal Anthem. We'll see better two-year-olds at Belmont, where they're racing now.

IDUN, the unbeaten wonder filly of last season, made her bow at Garden State Park in Jersey last weekend and won by lengths, in a gallop. Wish you'd been betting? She paid a dime on the dollar. And, speaking of money, at Caliente, the track just across the border in Lower California, they put on a new Caliente Handicap last Sunday, with a purse of $50,000. (The famous old Agua Caliente Handicap was dropped twenty years ago.) Round Table and nine other runners went to the post, and Round Table won by nine lengths or so, set a track record, and ran his earnings into the million-dollar bracket. His share of the purse was $31,800, making his grand total $1,005,764. Nashua still heads the list, with $1,288,565, and Citation is second, with $1,085,760. Gangway!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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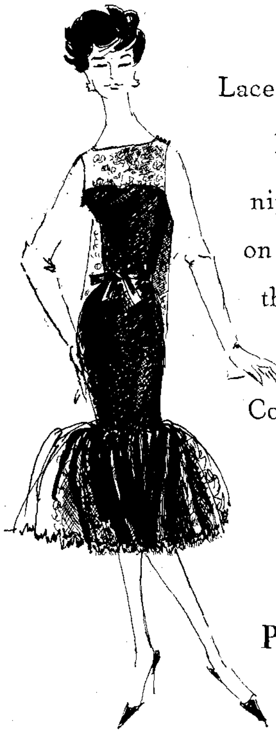

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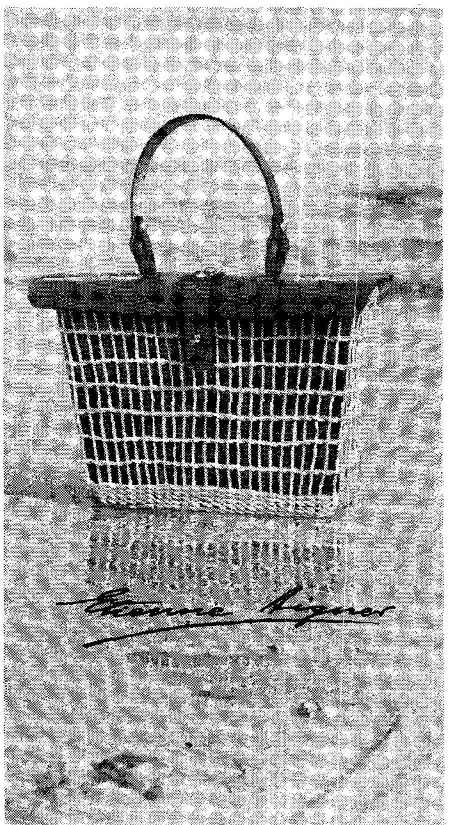

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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WRESTLING with John Barleycorn, which became a popular Hollywood sport when the excellent film "The Lost Weekend" proved a box-office dandy, is the preoccupation of the current Warner Brothers production called "Too Much, Too Soon." Here the character beset by old John and his jug is supposed to be Diana Barrymore, who, together with Gerold Frank (he also collaborated on another lush epic, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," by Lillian Roth), wrote the book from which the picture derives. As represented on the screen, by Dorothy Malone, Miss Barrymore is a lady with a dazzling theatrical heritage who began life thinking that the world was her oyster and wound up trying to preserve it in alcohol. Regrettably, however, Miss Malone's emotional content is about as heady as a glass of No-Cal, and as she develops from a sweet little social butterfly into an impoverished souse, she does nothing to indicate that even a trace of the Barrymore genius has rubbed off on the character she portrays. While she is fretting her girlish way from the security of a fine home in Manhattan to a career in Hollywood, she chatters constantly about her determination to live up to her antecedents, and keeps insisting that acting is in her blood. She palavers along these lines with her mother (Neva Patterson), who was, of course, Michael Strange; with her father (Errol Flynn, who is certainly no Barrymore); with a dull sweetheart; and with a series of loutish husbands.

While Miss Malone conducts her conversations with her mother and father quite soberly, she is usually on the sauce when chatting with her boy friends, and no wonder, for they are the sort that might easily drive Carry Nation herself to drink. The sweetheart (Marty Milner) is a high-toned type who worries about being rich because he wants to marry a girl just like the girl that married dear old dad—a poor girl, that is to say, who will enjoy being shown that life with cash can be beautiful. (Miss Malone doesn't fill the bill, being well fixed herself, but he loves her anyhow.) After this courtship has gone on the rocks, Miss Malone

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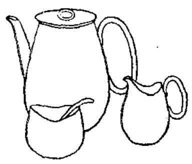

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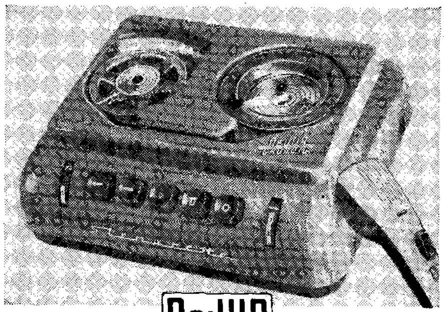

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marries an actor (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.), who is tolerant as all getout about her dishevelled conduct until he comes home from a trip on movie location one day and finds her nuzzling up to a tennis player (Ray Danton), a fifth-ranking amateur. This athlete, crazy about flexing his biceps and making a fast buck as a gigolo, becomes husband No. 2. The final spouse is another actor (Edward Kemmer), who wants his bride to lay off the hard stuff but is presently taking a few belts too many himself. The picture makes it all seem about as fascinating as the incoherencies of a boring drunk. Maybe you'd better pass up this round.

BOB HOPE and Fernandel are the central figures in the movie "Paris Holiday." While both are amusing for a brief period, the film soon becomes tangled up in a cumbersome plot, and our comics become less and less funny as they tire under its dead lumber. Mr. Hope and M. Fernandel are cast as a couple of world-famous clowns who meet on a French liner headed for Europe. Mr. Hope's purpose in making the voyage is to obtain the rights to the script of a comedy by an eminent French playwright; M. Fernandel is interested simply in getting back to Paris. Across their paths come Martha Hyer, an employee of the American Embassy in Paris, and Anita Ekberg, a formidable female, full of mystery. For a spell, the boys have quite a diverting time with these young ladies, but after the quartet disembarks in France the story gets hopelessly silly. It turns out that the playwright's script, instead of being a comedy, is an earnest exposé of a real-life counterfeit ring, whose members are busy trying to eliminate everybody who has heard of the document. As the thing drags on, Miss Ekberg is revealed as one of the ring's operatives, Mr. Hope is constantly pursued by killers, and M. Fernandel is moved to become his protector. The complications are endless, and so, *you may* come to feel, is "Paris Holiday."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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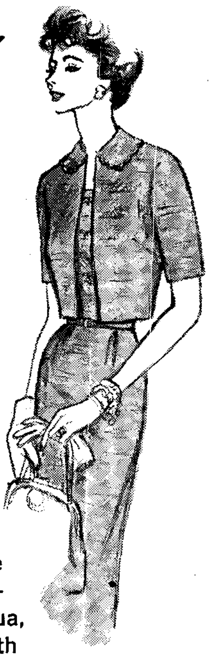

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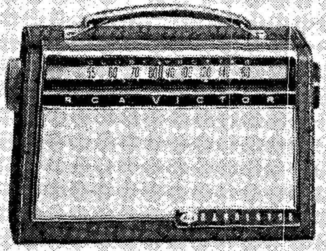

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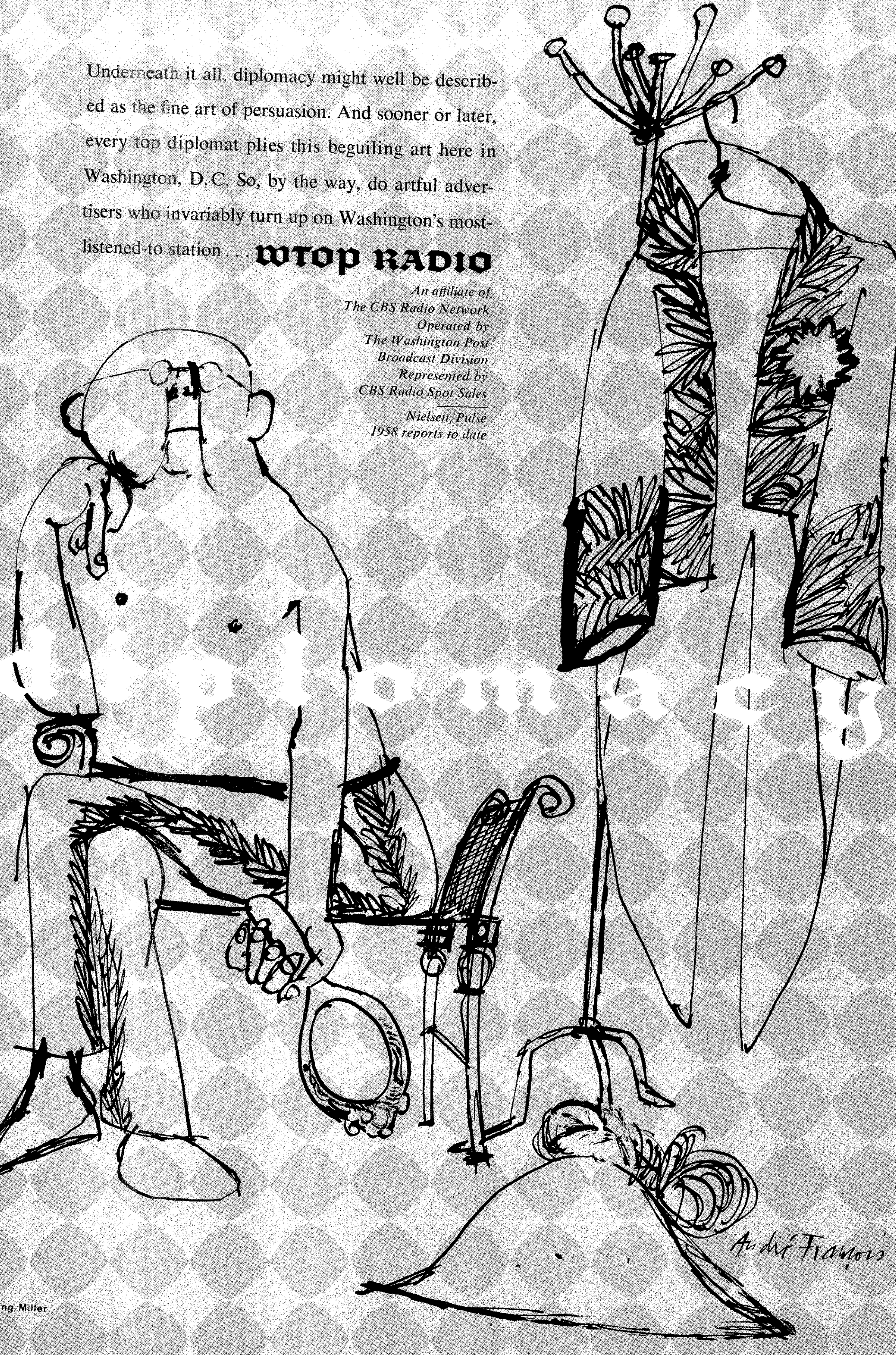

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THE KOKUTERU HOUSE

My Japanese friends the numerous members of the Asano family are all devout and practicing Buddhists with the exception of O-baa-chan, or Honorable Little Grandmother. Hers is a strangely independent spirit, considering the times and the customs of her seventy-five years. She must have been lovely when she was young—a time when a Japanese wife was literally the "Honorable Person of the Interior," existing only to serve her husband and her family. Now her hair has thinned and is slightly gray, and when she stoops to household tasks, her husband, O-jii-chan (Honorable Little Grandfather), laughs fondly and remarks that her legs remind him of *daikon*, the big white radish that grows three feet long in Japan. But O-baa-chan's cheeks are like russet apples, her eyes are bright, and laughter becomes her. She both alarms and delights the younger members of the clan by showing signs of becoming what they call a modern woman, and this trend is accompanied by a certain amount of prankish irreverence in religious matters. I suspect that it pleases O-baa-chan to talk, giggle, or bang pots and pans together while other people are at their daily hour-long devotions. Once, I observed O-jii-chan at prayer. He knelt before the family altar, with its greenery and lighted candles, not at all abashed by the presence of a Christian, and diligently chanted "*Namu-myo-ho-renge-kyo!*" ("Glory to the Supreme Law of the Lotus!") through a full range of intonations. Because of failing eyesight—O-jii-chan is seventy-seven—he was using a large reading glass on his Nicheren Buddhist prayer book. Holding the glass made it impossible for him to rub his prayer beads properly, and this sent O-baa-chan, the modern woman, into irrepressible giggles.

It may well be that O-baa-chan, who likes attention, is only posing when she does such things. Certainly it was the collective faith of the members of O-baa-chan's household that sustained them through the winter before last, when they faced the acute housing shortage in Tokyo, where they lived. Japan has not been able to rebuild fast enough since the war, and Tokyo, which, with well over eight million people, is now the world's largest city, and the most crowded, is several hundred thousand housing units short of its needs.

The Asanos have not always lived in Tokyo. The family came originally from the fishing village of Shizukawa, on the picturesque northeast coast of the main island of Honshu. Honorable Little Grandfather had prospered mildly in Shizukawa before he followed younger and lesser members of the clan to Tokyo. He was the town barber, and it is remembered that he owned the first telephone in that remote place—literally owned it, since in Japan the subscriber must buy the instrument. (The cost of one today is about a hundred dollars.) Later, he installed in his shop the town's first radio receiving set. These innovations drew trade even after other barbershops had been established, and when he retired, he was operating four chairs on the ground floor of his large two-story house, at the town's principal intersection. He had five children—two sons and three daughters. He had taught his younger son the barber's trade, but in Japan it is the elder son who inherits, so when, shortly before the war, the elder Asano boy returned from college wearing "glass eyes" (spectacles) and harboring intellectual ideas, his rights had to be taken care of, and another portion of the ground floor was allotted to him for a bookstore—a bookstore that, on O-jii-chan's insistence, dealt also in radio sets. Both sons married and began raising families under the ancestral roof. A daughter, Richi-san, who was the youngest child, also married. She was soon widowed and left with an infant girl. She returned to the family residence, but she felt that she did not belong there, and after a brief stay she decided to leave the baby with her parents, move to Tokyo, where a number of her father's younger brothers and sisters already lived, and find a job.

It was in Tokyo, five years ago—during my first tour of duty with the Navy in the Far East—that I became acquainted with the Asanos and learned of Honorable Little Grandfather's lifelong ambition to build a house, someday, in the nation's capital. I first met his youngest brother, Sako-

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san, who is an artist and art teacher, and when I praised his work, he invited me for dinner to the *apato* (apartment) where several members of the family lived and where Richi-san was staying temporarily. The meeting developed into a reciprocal arrangement: I would teach the Asano aunts, uncs, and cousins conversational English; they would teach me Japanese. Twice weekly, we held classes, drank Honorable Tea, ate the American cookies I brought, or nibbled the crisp Japanese versions of crackers and pretzels. I learned very little Japanese, but was accorded warm friendship by a typical group of lower-middle-class people who had seen better days. To these friends I became known by various titles: to the older members of the family I was Papa-san, Honorable Boss or Manager; to the younger element I was O-ji-san, or Honorable Uncle; and for the purpose of formal introduction or third-person mention I was Captain Bosuwortu. From the beginning, Richi-san—who could pass for eighteen but is vaguely older—was the star student of the class, and spokesman and interpreter for the entire group. During the two years my tour of duty lasted, I took her along whenever I went in my Jaguar to rallies held by the Sports Car Club of Japan ("Papa-san, *when* next Suports Car Crub?"), and she served as my guide around Tokyo, explaining to me, in delightfully broken English, the Japanese customs and folklore, the music and dances, the more exotic food, and the places of historical interest.

Even then, with O-jii-chan and O-baa-chan still living in Shizukawa, there were plans for a house in Tokyo. "Papa-san, please taking me some place?" Richi-san would ask. "I will showing you there place. Bee-cause we must new house making, and I must ground looking at."

She was an advance scout, but I did not understand this. At the time, I was unsure of family relationships, and I had not yet met the patriarch of the family. "Who's going to build a new house?" I asked.

"Oh, my fazzer and muzzer. They will soon my countree coming from, to the Tokyo. My countree, Papa-san, maybe like dead—never growing."

HONORABLE LITTLE GRANDFATHER and Honorable Little Grandmother did not come to Tokyo until 1955, and I first met them when I returned to Japan after a year's duty in Washington. They had brought Richi-san's six-year-old daughter, Ma-

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sako-chan—their favorite grandchild—with them; they were ready to build the new house. The elder son now had three radio-and-book stores in the Shizukawa area, and the younger son, Richi-san told me proudly, also had adopted what the Japanese call the *chēn sutoa* (chain-store) system; he had *two* barbershops. The sons' growing families had virtually crowded Honorable Little Grandfather out of the ancestral house, but he had a small income from the property, and he had saved some eight hundred thousand yen—more than two thousand dollars. In Japan, where a carpenter will work a long day for a dollar, a house can be built for that, and now a more active search for ground was started.

Asanos live all over Tokyo, most of them under dreadfully crowded conditions, all of them poor but holding their heads high in family pride. In the year's interval before the house-building *puroguramu* (program) got started, O-jii-chan and his small flock—O-baa-chan, Richi-san, and Masako-chan—were much better off than their Tokyo relatives. They had an *apato* behind a fish store in the Ogu-machi section of the city. This consisted of an eight-mat room, a six-mat room, and community kitchen privileges in the hall, with a single gas burner for their individual use, a private storage bin, for vegetables, under the hall floor, and the right to use the community-kitchen sink's cold water. The crude toilet facilities were shared with the fish-store personnel and a family of three occupying another ground-floor room. Like most Japanese, the Asanos make a fetish of personal cleanliness. Their daily *ofuro*—the deep, hot baths—had to be taken at a public bathhouse a block away, at a cost of about four cents per person.

Poor as the Asanos were, they understood and took advantage of electrical appliances far more than the average Japanese family does—of course, with the elder son in the radio business they could obtain them at wholesale prices—and they had a small electric washing machine, a record-player, a radio, a steam iron, a toaster, a hot plate, and even a *terebi*, or television set. In a neighborhood where the majority of TV sets were owned by restaurants and *o-sushi* bars—bars serving a delicacy of raw fish on pickled rice balls—the possession of a *terebi* gave them distinction and brought many of Masako-chan's first-grade schoolmates to the *apato* every evening.

Comparatively speaking, the family also had space. A *tatami* mat—a clean

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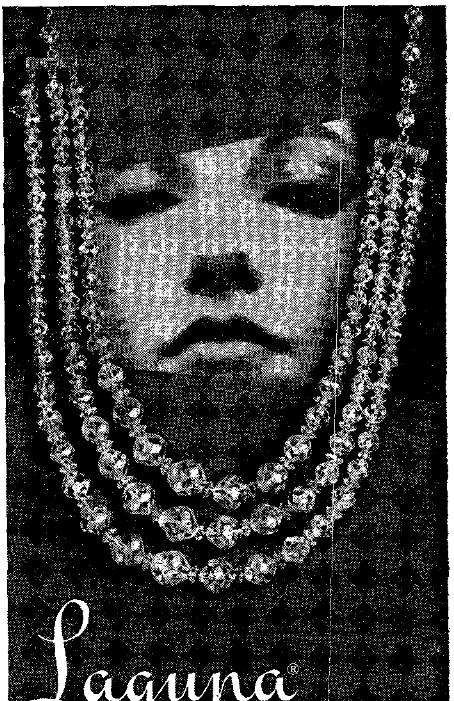

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and fragrant thing, never touched by street shoes—is woven of rice straw in the standard dimensions of three by six feet, and an eight-mat living room is not small in Japan. Kyobashi aunt and unc, Shinjuku aunt and unc, Kyobashi cousin, Oji cousin, Shinagawa cousin—all were living less luxuriously. But the matter of space in the Ogu-machi *apato* was complicated by the household's love of pets. They could not resist the appeal of small creatures—furred, feathered, scaled, or plated. At the time they were looking for land, they had in residence a short-tailed kitten named Tami-chan; two quarrelsome parakeets; a *kanariya* that could "verree prettee songing;" a goldfish tank containing—Richi-san said—"twelve people;" a tureen-sized turtle, which made fearful armorial clankings in trying to scale the walls of its washtub; four White Leghorn baby chicks, which Masako-chan had acquired at school; and a mongrel puppy named John.

"Boy dog, I hope?" I asked when Richi-san told me about John.

"Oh, yiss, I sink so," she answered.

"That's good. You're getting a lot of pets for such a small place."

"Oh, yiss. But we must new house making, Papa-san. And now so many don' have. Bee-cause last week two people dead."

"Two people dead? What kind of people?"

"Goldfish, Papa-san. Verree sorree to them. We praying to Buddha."

I expressed my sympathy, but pointed out that two people fewer in the goldfish tank in no way alleviated the space problem. Tami-chan, once a playful kitten, had begun ranging by night. The White Leghorns all turned out to be roosters and woke the neighborhood at dawn. John bayed the moon and reminded the family of a Japanese proverb translated to me as "If one dog speaks, many dogs speak." The parakeets grew more quarrelsome daily, and the Asanos had a humorous theory about their incompatibility; it was probably caused, they said, by the atomic fallout.

Although the nation at large viewed that year's H-bomb tests more seriously, there were many popular jokes about the menace; in *o-sushi* bars, the Japanese playfully inquired whether or not the tasty raw fish was *gembaku no maguro* (atom-bombed tuna). But hat stores did a thriving business, because it was widely believed that radioactive rain and dust lead to a condition called *tako nyudo* (bald as an octopus).

If it was no time to be bareheaded, it was certainly not a time to be without

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SAN DIEGO

Where California and Mexico meet

a roof, and after a visit from the "fish-store master" who owned the *apato*, the Asanos quite suddenly found themselves facing that probability. The fish store had not been profitable, he explained; he had leased the store space to a family that would open a Chinese noodle restaurant. This family would have to live in, as do most Japanese shopkeepers; therefore, the Asanos' *apato* had been included in the deal. With many apologies, he gave them three months' notice.

FOR more than a year, the Asanos had been vainly hunting for "ground." The newspapers, they said, advertised business properties exclusively; one heard of residential lots only by word of mouth or by visiting neighborhood real-estate offices. Land prices in Tokyo were soaring. The absolute minimum was fifteen thousand yen, or about forty dollars, per *tsubo*, and that was in slum or swamp areas; in the better districts the price ran to fifty thousand yen or more. A *tsubo* is the equivalent of two mats, or thirty-six square feet; it takes a hundred *tsubo* to make an average city lot. O-jii-chan simply didn't have enough money to buy a Tokyo lot, much less finance the building of a house on it.

"What are you going to do?" I asked Richi-san when I heard about the eviction notice.

"We will praying to Buddha," she said.

It is a curious thing to me that in the many times I have heard the Asanos' long and fervent prayers to Buddha there has never been any deviation from the chant of "Glory to the Supreme Law of the Lotus!" that could be taken as a special supplication. As far as I could tell, they made no mention in their prayers of a house or lot—but they prayed diligently. After the notice from the fish-store master, their attitude became completely passive; they no longer spoke of "ground" and they did not ask me to drive them anywhere to search for it. But they began, for the first time, to study house plans.

"Papa-san, you sink *kokuteru* house good idea?" Richi-san asked me one day in September, when nearly three weeks of their notice had elapsed.

"*Kokuteru* house? Oh—a cocktail house? What's that?"

"Oh, you knows—*kokuteru sutairu* [cocktail style]. Western *sutairu*—living room and kitchen, and frush toilet. Ozzer sings Japanese."

I said weakly that maybe a *kokuteru* house was a good idea, but first—what

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about the *land?* Richi-san said, "Papa-san, don' worry about it. Buddha will taking care to us."

On my next weekly visit to the Ogumachi *apato*, Richi-san said, "Papa-san, you will being su'prised. Day before yesterday we bought ground. Oh, verree prettee place!"

For the first time, a newspaper advertisement had announced the sale of residential lots. They were in a subdivision in Totsuka, a suburb within the city limits of Yokohama, just twenty-eight miles from Tokyo, and the price was three thousand yen per *tsubo*. Honorable Little Grandfather had answered the advertisement and had bought a lot of a hundred and twenty-five *tsubo*. To the Asanos, this was not at all surprising; Buddha had answered their prayers.

I DROVE out to see the lot the next day. It was a well-favored site, with excellent bus and train facilities. Located on high ground near the teeming Tokaido Highway, Japan's Route 1, it commanded a lovely view of a checkerboard farming valley that changes color with the seasons; majestic Fuji-san could be seen to the west. Sixteen pine trees fringed the lot, and Richi-san had already named the place Sixteen Pines. The transaction had taken almost half of O-jii-chan's bank account, but the family was undismayed.

Back in Tokyo, telephone calls went out to various construction companies. Their representatives came to the *apato* on bicycles, carrying briefcases stuffed with brochures and finance plans—all of them exorbitant.

After learning the price he had to pay for land, O-jii-chan had raised something more than two hundred thousand yen from his sons. And now O-baa-chan gleefully revealed that in her many years as mother of the household, and therefore keeper of the family purse, she had managed to hoard a few thousand yen that no one had missed. O-jii-chan's total capital now stood at about seven hundred and fifty thousand yen. But the building companies wanted at least a million yen to construct a house of modest size. They would take O-jii-chan's seven hundred thousand, build the house, and take what amounted to a first mortgage on the property for the remaining three hundred thousand—to be paid off in monthly installments over a period of seven years. I could not fully understand the interest rates, but it was apparent that in borrowing the three hundred thousand yen from the building company, the Asanos would have to pay back almost six hundred thou-

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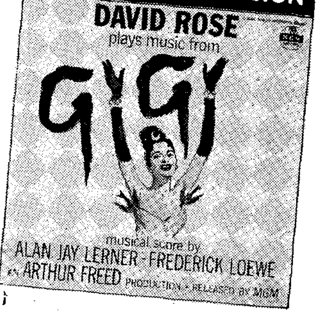
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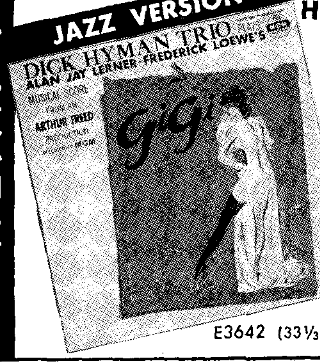

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sand. Over innumerable cups of Honorable Tea, deals were discussed and house plans studied.

"Papa-san," Richi-san said to me one day as she scanned a floor plan, "what you sink about interest?"

"Too high," I said.

She frowned, groping for words. "Not too high! What *kind* interest? Where we will putting? Cannot putting interest on no-sweat, bee-cause no-sweat is bad place!"

Only a previous language hassle enabled me to solve this one. I knew that "no-sweat" meant "northwest," and recalled that "interest" meant "entrance." In Japan, the entrance is never put on the northwest, which is believed to be the location of the "devil's gate." I told Richi-san to forget about the entrance and take a look at those compound-interest tables.

"We must finding small carpenter," Richi-san said.

They found one. His name was Jibiki-san. He was a short, pudgy man with a Chaplinesque mustache and glib speech. He invariably wore plus fours, and I assumed that he spent much of his time on the golf links, and attached a certain amount of desirable prosperity to his garb—until I learned that plus fours are the uniform of building contractors in Japan. Jibiki-san was hired principally because he professed to "praying same Buddha;" he was, he said, of the Nicheren sect. O-jii-chan paid him a hundred thousand yen and signed a well-documented contract, which stipulated further payments during the progress of the construction and the digging of the well. The final payment, of two hundred thousand yen, was to be made on acceptance of the completed dwelling.

Jibiki-san hired subcontractors of every kind. Ground was broken, the well was hand-dug to a depth of sixty feet, the framework rose, the yellow tile roof went on before floors or walls had been completed. Now, Richi-san informed me, I must attend the traditional ceremony of *muneage*, which she called "blessing the bones"—that is, the framework—and I agreed to come. This ritual is suggestive of our roof-raisings. All the workmen and most of the Asano kinsmen were there on the day of the ceremony; food was spread the length of two planks laid on the ground for a picnic table, and beer and *sake* flowed freely. Buddha was asked to bless the new house, with its ribs of two-by-fours standing stark against a lowering autumn sky. Songs were sung, and a couple of the carpenters grew red-

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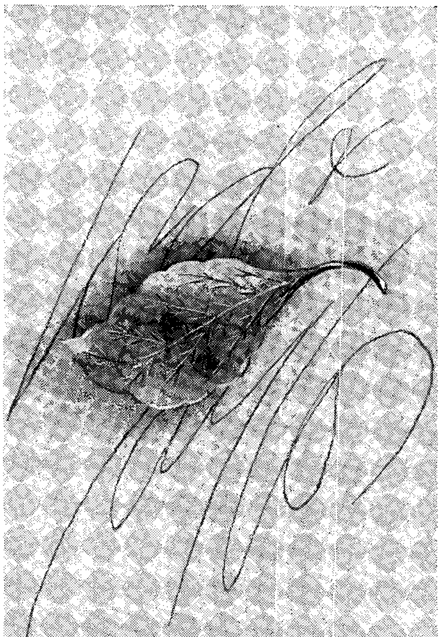

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faced and boisterous on an incredibly small intake of *sake*. Jibiki-san, squatting in his plus fours, was the jolliest and most important of men.

THREE weeks later, I drove by the new house on my way to visit the Asanos in Ogu-machi. The rough plastering had been done—brown mud mixed with rice straw and laid over a latticework of bamboo. That was all, and no workmen were at the house. I went on to Ogu-machi, to find the Asanos so stunned by what had happened that they hardly believed it. Jibiki-san had persuaded them to make the final payment in advance of its due date, pleading a shortage of cash for building materials, and then he had walked off the job. The floors were not finished. There were no windows, no doors, no plumbing, no lights, no heat. In addition, it developed that Jibiki-san—the only dishonest man I had met in Japan—had failed to pay the carpenters, the plasterers, and the other artisans. His Tokyo office did not answer the telephone, and when I drove Richi-san there, we found the place shuttered. Jibiki-san was a *yonige*—a fly-by-night—and we learned later that he had defrauded several other home builders.

To me, a meat eater and given to anger, the meek helplessness with which the Asanos greeted this disaster was exasperating. They obtained a brief extension of the lease on the *apato*, but the fish store had been closed, and the prospective noodle restaurant was losing prospective trade. On a cold and rainy day in mid-December, the noodle people took possession of the *apato*, with many an "I'm sorry," and the Asanos—riding unprotected in an open truck with their household goods and their many pets—moved into the new house. They were very careful to keep the *kanariya* covered and warm during this operation.

I found them there that evening—O-jii-chan, O-baa-chan, Richi-san, and Masako-chan—huddled together in a six-mat room that did not yet have its mats; newspapers had been put down over the cracks in the floor and cotton sheets hung at window and door openings in a vain attempt to keep out the wind. The family wore their heaviest clothing, had charcoal burning in two *hibachi* (braziers), and were drinking endless cups of hot tea. Honorable Little Grandmother was the mainstay of morale; her apple cheeks were stung with cold, but she treated the whole sad affair as a lark, and made a cheering

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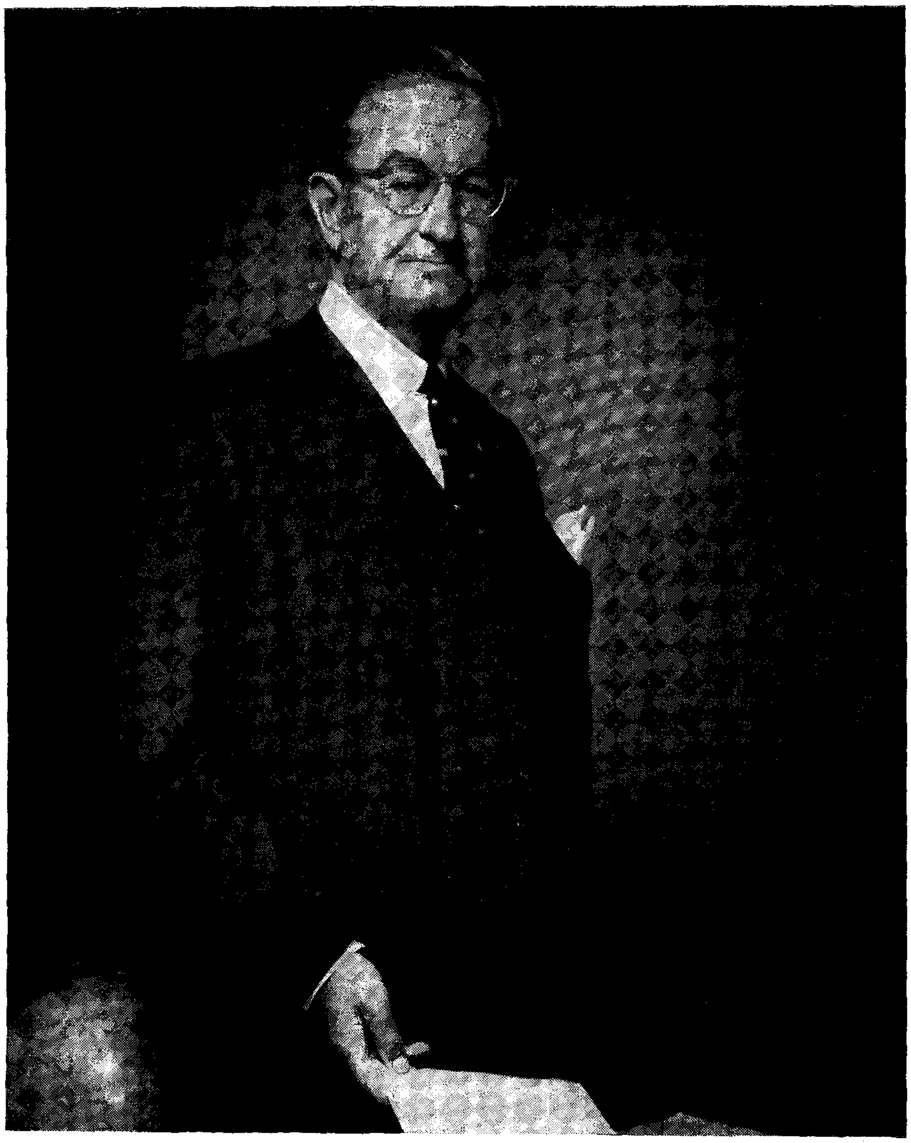

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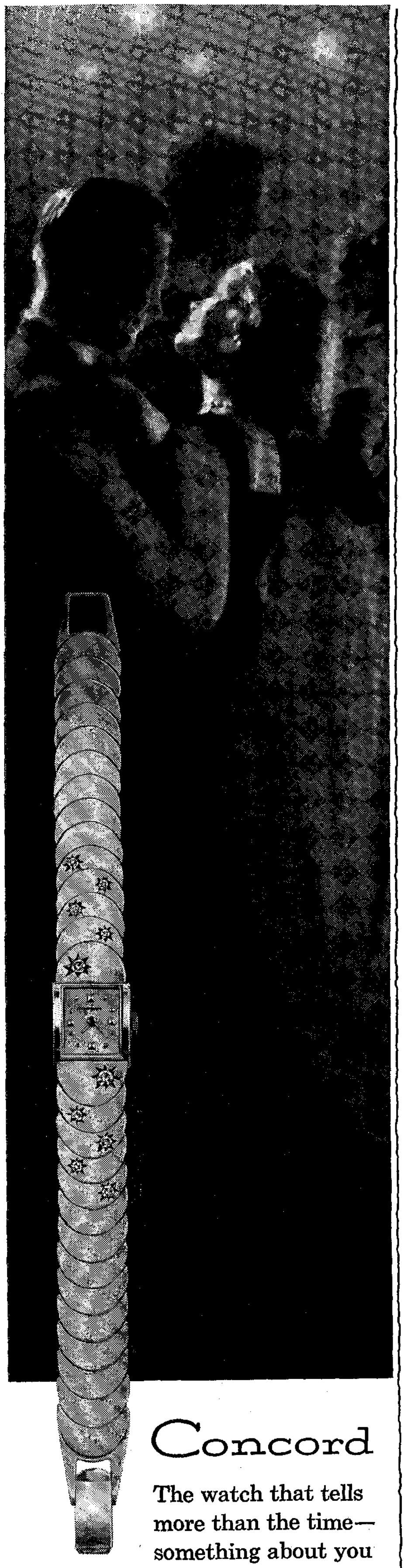

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supper of broiled fish and steamed rice and vegetables as if she had been accustomed to camping out all her life. Just as it grew dark, Honorable Little Grandfather managed to rig a hundred-foot extension cord from the only building that was close—a small temporary shack—to power a single sixty-watt bulb. This small house had been built in the last week by the family owning the adjoining lot; it had electricity, but little else. I suggested that a double socket would at least enable the family to hear the radio, but Richi-san said no—they were “maybe like stealing light,” and must not use much. Nothing had been unpacked but a little food; boxes and furniture were piled in the unfinished Western-*sutairu* living room, and the adobelike walls of thin plaster exuded dampness. The dog, John, whined from a bed of rice straw in the open front “interest.”

“John’s cold,” I said.

Honorable Little Grandfather’s infectious laugh boomed out at this. Richi-san said, “*Not* cold, Papa-san. John maybe making children, Fazzer said. In spring. He tol’ me.”

“Making children? But you said John was a boy dog.”

“Yiss, I’m sinking so bee-fore. But mistake. *Not* boy dog.”

“That’s all you need,” I said. “A litter of pups. What about Jibiki-san—have you found him?”

“Don’ find, Papa-san—we must finding him. If not finishing house, we will ask him for giving back to money.” The Asanos estimated that Jibiki-san had honestly earned about four hundred thousand yen of the seven hundred thousand they had paid him, and that it would take another two or three hundred thousand to finish the house.

I watched the cold wind flutter the flimsy cotton sheet covering the “interest.” “Ask him, hell!” I said. “Sue him—sue him for the three hundred thousand yen, plus what he owes the workmen. And tell him to stay away from this place. If I ever see him here, I’ll break his nose.”

“But he *must* coming this place. If not coming here, he cannot finish house.”

“He never intended to finish this house. He’s a crook—a thief. Sue him, and get another builder.” I had to look up “sue” in the dictionary. “*Uttaeru!* Sue him! Understand?”

The Asanos looked shocked. Richi-san said gently, “Yiss, Papa-san, understand. We will more praying to Buddha.” Then, after adding new charcoal to the *hibachi*, she said, “Papa-

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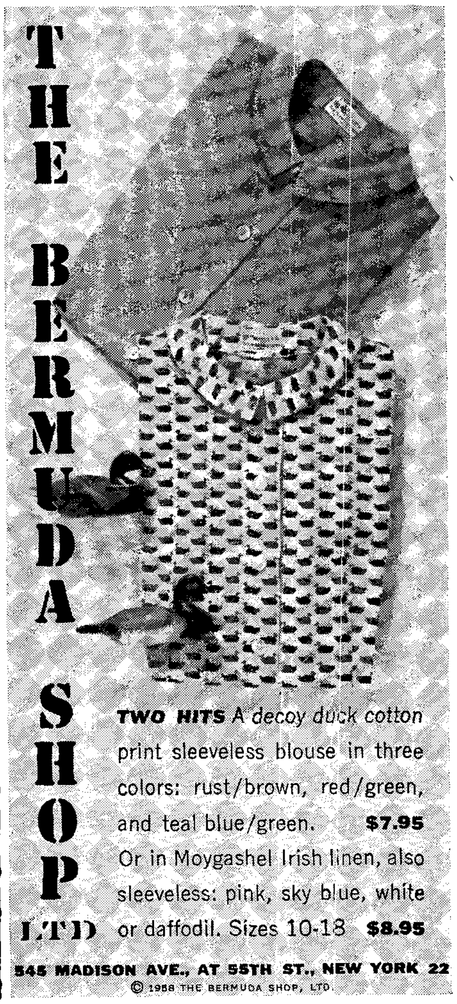

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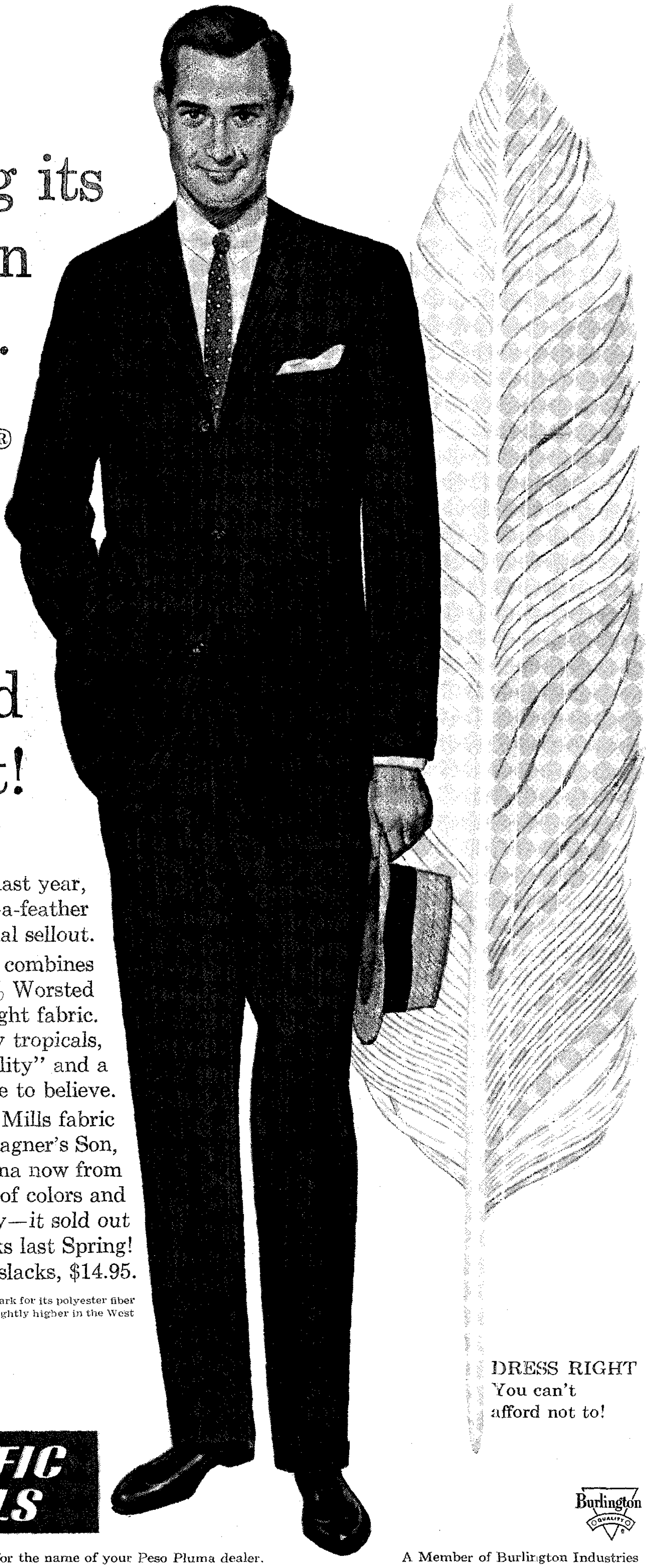

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san, this place will wonderful in summertime, don' you?"

THE first thing to be set up in the unfinished *kokuteru* house was the *butsudan*, or family altar. In the chaos of construction, this took some doing. A *butsudan* must be placed as near the ceiling as possible; nothing may be put above it, and it is not proper for people to live over the *butsudan*. The Asanos considered the unpolished ceiling unworthy to be above the altar, and they resorted to a custom practiced by Buddhist families who live on the ground floor of a two-story house. On the ceiling above the *butsudan* they thumbtacked a piece of paper inscribed with the character that means *kumo*, or clouds, signifying that above the clouds is infinity.

Then they made offerings of food, lighted the sacred candles, clapped their hands three times, and prayed. The prayer was still the same—"*Namu-myo-ho-renge-kyo!*," chanted with rising and falling inflections for an hour at a time. The family's spiritual wants were satisfied, but their creature comforts were few. Yokohama's climate is similar to that of Washington, D.C., and the season known as *daikan*, or big cold, was coming. They could not unpack until at least one room had been finished, and they could do nothing toward finishing that one room. A few days after they moved in, they enrolled Masako-chan in the nearest school, and the three adults took civic pride in becoming members of the local P.-T.A., but mainly, as the weeks went by, they hugged the *hibachi* or—when they were not praying—sat with their legs under the quilted covering of the *kotatsu*, a low, skirted table with a pot of charcoal storing heat underneath. I felt that Jibiki's perfidy had numbed them more than the cold, but they soon had chapped faces and hands, and they all came down with severe colds. Their many pets were better equipped to stand the winter weather.

Still, there were little things to cheer them. The air, they said, was "verree countree"—pure and clean—and sometimes an owl hooted in the pines at night. A neighbor introduced himself and graciously invited them to take nightly hot baths in his *ofuro*. On Christmas Day, I took them a roast turkey. Relatives came from Tokyo and were properly shocked at what had happened, but nobody had the money needed to hire a new contractor. Honorable Little Grandfather's slender income from the Shizukawa property

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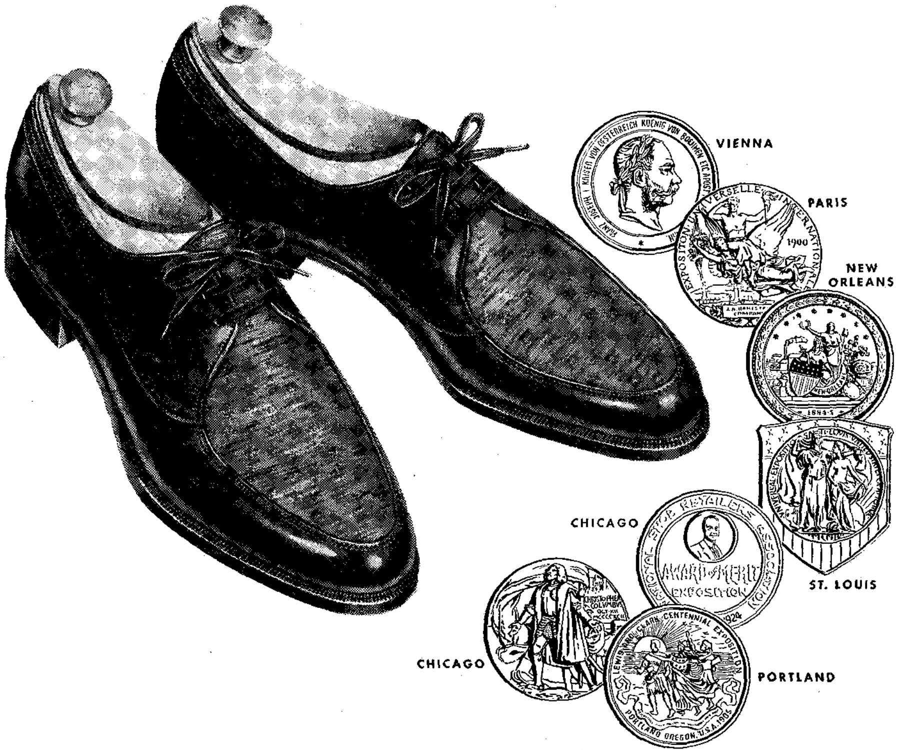

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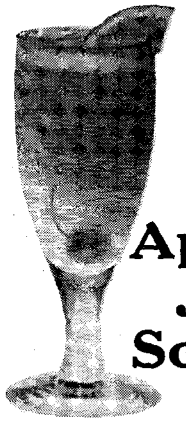
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was barely enough to buy food and charcoal.

Against their wishes, I sought out a Yokohama attorney and paid him a retainer of *ten thousand yen.* The very mention of a lawsuit seemed to shock them, as if I had spoken of an act of violence, and I began to doubt whether they would testify against Jibiki. New Year's came, with its customary week-long holiday in Japan, and during this period of idleness the unpaid workmen—the carpenters, the plasterer, the tinsmith and plumber and electrician—called to see how the Asanos were getting along. They were simple men, whom Jibiki had recruited from the Totsuka area, and his dishonesty had been as much of a blow to them as it had to the Asanos. They found the family at prayer, and were invited in for Honorable Tea, and if they were not all deeply religious themselves, they were at least impressed by the Asanos' faith and touched by their plight. They consulted among themselves, and agreed that Jibiki-san had a "bad heart" and should be sued. Then Komiya-san, the plasterer, who was the oldest of the workmen, spoke for the group; they were willing to provide the labor required to complete the *kokuteru* house, and the Asanos could pay *botsu-botsu*—little by little.

The family quite naturally regarded this as an answer to their prayers; Buddha was watching over them. It was the attorney who caused further delay. Cautious, he warned that no nail should be driven until the contract with Jibiki-san had been formally terminated. This took time. It was a couple of weeks before the lawyer could find Jibiki-san and serve notice on him, and certain formalities had to be taken care of after that. Meanwhile, the Asanos weathered the big cold as best they could.

One other serious problem remained. The family had already paid Jibiki-san for certain items that the workmen could not provide—an electric motor and pressure pump for the well, lighting fixtures for the entire house, a Western-style flush toilet and washbasin, a Japanese-style bathtub, and a *boira* (boiler), or water heater. The workmen could not proceed very far without these and the pipe and wire necessary for their installation.

So the Asanos expressed their gratitude for the offer to help, and gave thanks to Buddha, but did not immediately authorize the workmen to go ahead. Instead, they deliberated and prayed for about a week, asking guidance. Then, one morning late in Jan-

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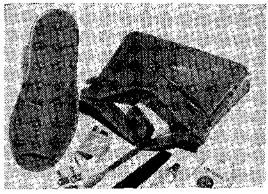
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uary, the *kanariya* greeted a reluctant sunrise with what Richi-san described to me as "oh, verree prettee songing—too muchee songing!" The *kanariya*, Richi-san said, was "maybe just a little like Buddha—he knows happiness news coming." Her small face was glowing with assurance, and that same happiness she told us the *kanariya* had felt. "And bee-sides, Papa-san," she confided, "last night I was verree good du-ream. I'm du-reaming beeg su-nakes—too many su-nakes!"

"Dreaming about snakes is a good dream?" I asked warily.

"Oh, yiss, of-a course! Japanese people knows that du-ream. Su-nakes getting in small boat, somewhere going—I don' know where going. Verree good du-ream!"

"Do you ever dream about money?"

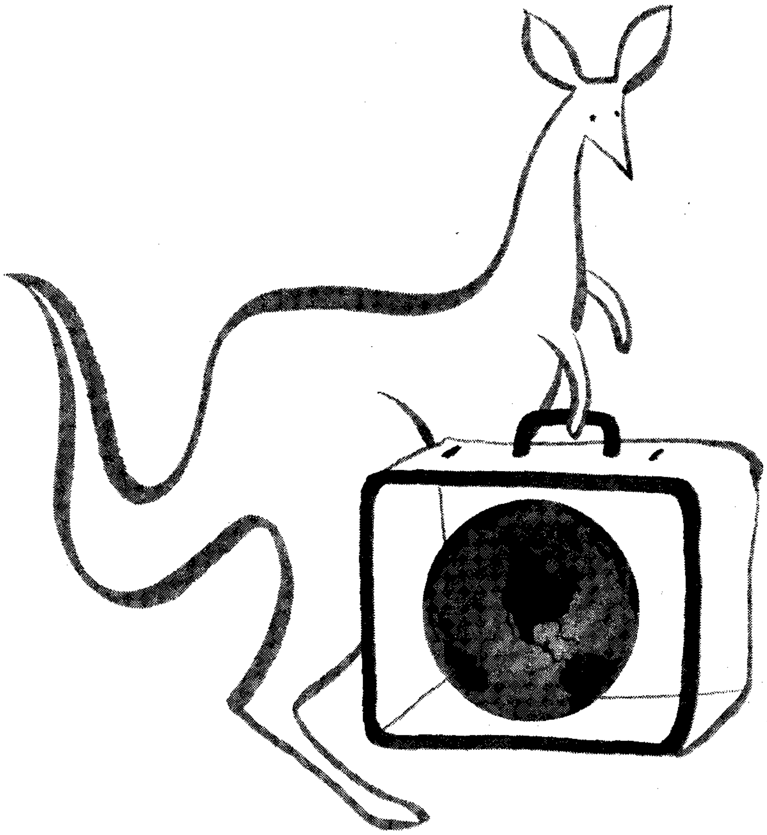
"Oh, if du-reaming money, no good—maybe lost the money. But su-nakes good du-ream. That du-ream meaning we will get money for finishing house!"

And, on the basis of dreams and the canary's song, the Asanos told the workmen to proceed.

THE workmen began their preliminary labors; *botsu-botsu* the carpenters put in flooring, the plasterers applied a virginal white to the mud-colored interior walls, with pink for the bathroom, the tinsmith fashioned gutters under the tiled roof. Doors and windows were installed, a retaining wall was built, and a concrete sidewalk was laid. And just when the work could progress no further without the plumbing fixtures and other equipment for which there was no money, Ishikawa-san appeared.

He came unheralded out of the past, a second or third cousin who had emigrated to Hawaii some years before the war—a stocky man who wore an *aloha* shirt under his business suit and had a face the color of old, rusty iron. Richi-san barely remembered him, O-jii-chan would not have recognized him on the street, O-baa-chan recalled only that as a small boy he was excessively fond of roasted chestnuts. He was a hearty, confident man, with the easy laugh of a free conscience. He had come to discharge an old debt.

Back in the thirties, O-jii-chan had lent Ishikawa-san enough money to buy a half share in a fishing boat. At present, in Hawaii, Ishikawa-san owned six fishing boats. He had just sold a seiner, and had obeyed a sudden impulse to visit his native land. Each New Year, the debt had haunted him (Japanese tradi-



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tionally pay all debts by New Year's Eve), but in the first years he was away correspondence had been desultory, and then there was the war, and afterward he had not even been sure that Honorable Little Grandfather was still alive. Now the amount had to be figured. In the thirties, the yen was worth about a hundred times its deflated value today. Ishikawa-san estimated that he owed O-jii-chan a hundred and eighty thousand yen—five hundred dollars—and that is what he paid. The Asanos were radiantly happy—but not at all su'pris*éd*.

"See, Papa-san?" Richi-san said when she broke the good news to me. "I'm bee-fore telling you—Buddha will taking care to us!"

BY early April, in the time of the cherry trees' brief beauty, the Asanos were well and comfortably housed behind the sixteen whispering pines, with a substantial stone wall on the northwest, where the devil's gate stands, and a bamboo fence and evergreen hedge on the south, east, and west. On the east side of the house, which was of pleasing design, there were twenty-four feet of picture window framing the farming valley and the mountains beyond. By full spring, an astonishing array of flowers and shrubs gladdened the yard; anything O-jii-chan sticks in the ground will grow, and he does little but putter in the garden. There was a small but sunny concrete terrace, which vines were climbing, and a curving walk leading from the street to what Richi-san still calls the "interest." There was bottled gas for a modern kitchen range, and O-baa-chan, the modern woman, amazed everybody with Western-style cookery for which she had never had a recipe. The ingenious *boira*, located outside the house and fired with coal and wood every afternoon, provided hot water a large part of the time for the *ofuro* and the stainless-steel kitchen sink; a kerosene pressure-type heater was ready to warm the living room the next winter. On *terebi*, the family could watch excellent Japanese programs, as well as what they call "Jetu Jakushonu" ("Jet Jackson, the Flying Commando"), "Junguru no jo-ō" ("Sheena, the Queen of the Jungle"), and "Pat-u-rol Highway." On Thursday evenings, they had to choose between "Supamanu" ("Superman") and "Ai Rove Rucy," starring Ruciru Boru, or Lucille Ball.

Everybody was happy. The *kanariya* threatened to bust a gizzard with song, the parakeets had settled their quarrels,

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and the other pets were content. John, now formally known as Joanna, delivered five puppies on a stormy Saturday night in cherry-blossom time, and then produced six more on Sunday night. I considered this hardly less than catastrophic.

"Eleven puppies! What in heaven's name will you do?" I asked Richi-san.

"Oh, of-a course we must finding homes for children. Shinjuku aunt and-a unc will taking one puppy dog. Kyobashi cousin 'ants one, and maybe fish-store master."

"That leaves eight," I said gloomily. Richi-san shrugged. "What you gonna doing, Papa-san? Maybe we must keeping. Cannot killing, bee-cause too prettee, and sorree to them. But we will praying to Buddha—and now, Papa-san," she said, "we must sink about bee-ginning some kind small busy-ness, don' you?"

Outside, a gentle, radioactive rain was falling. Birds, who know nothing about atomic fallout, were twittering in the sixteen pines, and the *kanariya* answered from his cage. Four new houses were rising in the subdivision. The suit against Jibiki-san was snarled in Japanese red tape, but it was still pending. And anything—even a small busy-ness—was possible under Buddha.

—ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

•

There are several ways in which an opening occurs in the diaphragm. In some instances it is defective from birth because Nature failed to complete the partition. In others, the muscle is weak and gives way after unusual strain, hard coughing, vomiting, or the farce of labor in women. —*Boston Herald.*

Just give the news, please.

•

There will be interesting hobbies for young and old to see, including photography, block printing, jewelry, textile painting, leather tooling, creative stitchery, driftwood, steel figures, tin figures, woodcraft, flower arrangements, and one will marvel at the American flag exhibit dating back to 1000 A.D.—*Mark, a magazine of Norwalk (Conn.) and environs.*

One sure will.

•

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MAJESTIC Theatre, 245 W. 44th St., N. Y. 36.
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—ATKINSON, TIMES
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LUNT-FONTANNE THEA., 205 W. 46 St., New York

DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

BROOKLYN, N.Y.,
May 2, 1958

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

THE reviews in your issue of November 30th of last year of two books on Sir Roger Casement—one by René MacColl and the other by Alfred Noyes—contained a number of inaccuracies that are unjust to Mr. Noyes and, incidentally, to Sir Roger Casement. The "indisputable facts" of Casement's career, as given in your review of Mr. MacColl's book, are not only disputable but disputed. Your reviewer says, "At the outbreak of the 1914 war, having retired on a pension from the service and become surreptitiously interested in the Irish Republican movement, he skipped to Germany and attempted to recruit Irish prisoners of war into an anti-English 'Irish Brigade.' " "Surreptitiously" and "skipped" are the key words in this passage. Casement's Irish nationalism was notorious, and, in fact, as even Mr. MacColl admits, he had spoken at recruiting meetings before the war on behalf of the Irish Volunteers. Nor did he "skip" to Germany. On the contrary, before the outbreak of the war he came to America to interview the Irish-American leaders, and it was as their representative that he later went to Germany. If, by using the words "surreptitiously" and "skipped," your reviewer is imputing cowardice to Casement, he is the first person to do so. "There are . . . certain aspects of his life about which controversy has long raged," he goes on. "One is: Was he actually guilty of treason? Another is: Was he a homosexual?" If any controversy has raged over the first point, it is unknown to me. Obviously, "treason" to an Englishman is not quite the same thing as "treason" to an Irishman, and for some hundreds of years Irishmen have suffered the imputation of treason without worrying greatly about it. And any controversy as to whether or not Casement was a homosexual is based solely on evidence adduced from the diaries circulated by the British Government at the time of his trial. Your reviewer goes on to say that "since that 1916 announcement [of the discovery of a diary among Casement's effects], all requests to see the diary have been refused by the British Government, with the natural result that its existence has come to be challenged." Even apart from the fact

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that there never was any "announcement," the existence of the diaries has never been challenged. Their authenticity certainly has.

In the review of Mr. Noyes' book, your reviewer goes on to say that "until recently, Mr. Noyes was comfortably satisfied that Casement was both a traitor and a homosexual, but a re-examination of the evidence has now convinced him that both charges are false." This is a highly inaccurate statement of Mr. Noyes' position—or, at best, a very loose use of the words "recently" and "comfortably satisfied." In 1916, as press attaché in Washington, Mr. Noyes was given a glimpse of the diaries, which he described as "two hundred pages of concentrated erotica." In 1936, an American, Dr. William J. Maloney, published a book called "The Forged Casement Diaries," in which, for the first time, evidence was collected to show that the diaries were not authentic. This evidence convinced W. B. Yeats, who wrote a famous poem in which he indicted Mr. Noyes as one of those responsible for circulating the forgeries. Mr. Noyes then made what Yeats properly called a "noble" public withdrawal, and demanded a public inquiry into Maloney's statements. It was only when he realized that this public inquiry would not be permitted by the British Government that he began to feel the statements were true, and for many years he has constituted himself Casement's chief defender. That his protest should be "impassioned," as your reviewer complains, is surely natural, since he believes that he was used as a tool to destroy the life and reputation of a great man. His position is not unique; Giovanni Costigan, a professor of Modern English History at the University of Washington, who has made a close study of the typescripts shown to Mr. Noyes, recently stated before a meeting of the American Historical Association his own belief that the diaries are forgeries. And Professor Costigan's analysis of the evidence is much closer to the statements of the "impassioned" Mr. Noyes than to those of the "objective" and "coolheaded" Mr. MacColl. (The epithets are your reviewer's.) Forty years ago, Mr. Noyes described the diaries as consisting of "two hundred pages." Last year, Mr. MacColl described them as "five immense volumes and three ledgers," ranging "from 1901 to 1912." Professor Costigan, in his paper, described them as consisting of a hundred and thirty-one pages, ranging over a period of two and a half years.

Yours faithfully,
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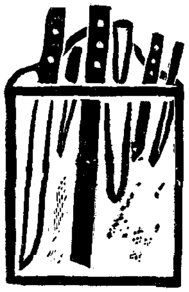
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

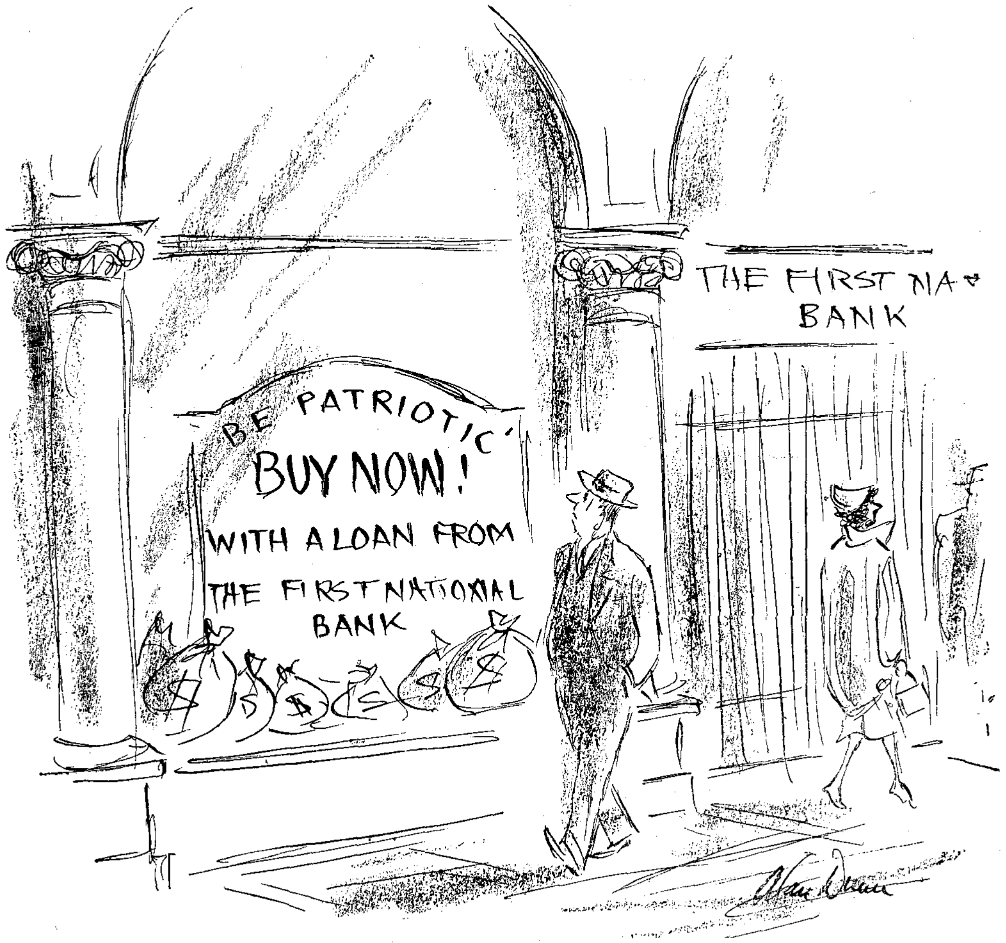


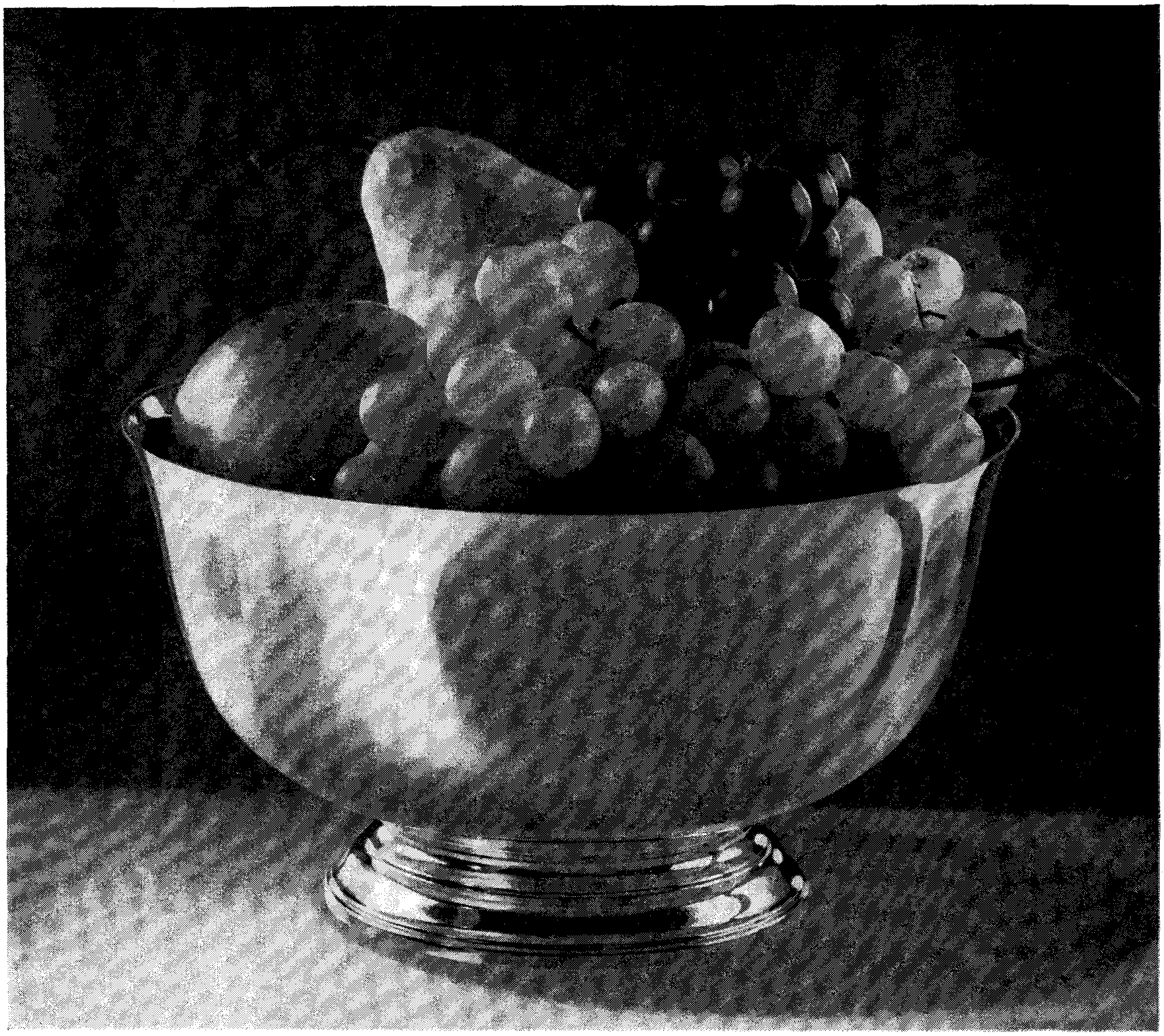
PEOPLE who keep up with the latest playground equipment used by the more advanced elementary schools and kindergartens have probably seen and admired some of the handiwork of Play Sculptures, which is a branch of Creative Playthings and shares its showrooms, at 5 University Place. Well, since I have deep sympathy for the many hard-pressed young mothers who direct every waking moment of their children's activity outside nursery school (usually with the assistance of no more than a weekly baby-sitter), I am pleased to report that these handsome recreational pieces are now, for the first time, available to the general public. Unfortunately, I must add, right off, that their cost makes it unlikely that any but well-heeled young parents or well-heeled and indulgent grandparents are going to benefit much by this loosening up of sales policy. Such comfortably fixed people, however, can now set up in their prettily laid-out back yards or rolling country acres play equipment that is designed to develop the imagination and the biceps of the young without spoiling the area as a place for adult relaxation. These bold forms, which, as a matter of fact, could make a back yard as interesting and provocative to parents as to their children (though for different reasons), include spirals to slide down, tunnels, bridges, large turtles, walls with curiously shaped windows cut through them, some improbable-looking structures called stalactites (turn them upside down and, of course, you have stalagmites), and even somebody's wild conception of a flying saucer. Most of them are of cast concrete, either in its natural gray or in charcoal gray or a nice shade of terra cotta (two or three pieces also come in yellow or black), and a few are of galvanized steel or sanded wood.

To begin with one of the smallest pieces—and certainly one of the most appealing—a cast-concrete turtle, about two and a half feet long and sixteen inches high, is a most satisfactory object for a toddler to jump from, roll out mud pies on, straddle the neck of, ride on, or merely snuggle up to. Besides, it is a nice piece of decoration. It costs $48.50, and parents who are willing to invest more will find that two or three turtles are a lot more exciting, since daring jumps can be made from one to another. A great, seven-foot-long mother turtle ($350), hollowed out underneath to provide hiding places and decorated along the sides with scooped-out footholds, can serve as a starting point for all kinds of dramatic games, and, of course, can be climbed on or under and jumped or slid off. This creature is four feet wide and two and a half feet tall, and is terribly heavy—fourteen hundred pounds. It can be set up on hard ground without a special base, however, and the price includes delivery. Since the baby turtles weigh a mere two hundred pounds, they naturally don't require special bases, either.

After watching the obvious enjoyment with which a group of six- and seven-year-olds clambered and swung among the branches of a handsome galvanized-steel tree set up in a Connecticut schoolyard, I am inclined to think that this may be the most successful of the Play Sculptures products. It takes a lot less upkeep than any tree you've ever planted, there's no worry about broken branches or tent caterpillars, and it makes a very striking, somewhat Surrealist addition to the landscape. The trunk soars ten and a half feet into the air (a foot and a half more is buried in the ground, usually in a block of concrete), and both trunk and branches are made of heavy-duty pipe, two and a half inches in diameter for the trunk and two inches for the branches. Some of the branches end in eight-inch metal discs, which are useful either as seats or as footholds for further climbing. The price is $150, F.O.B. Herndon, Pennsylvania, where the company's warehouses are, and the purchaser will have to deal with the problem of installation himself.

As for the stalactites (or stalagmites), which look as if they might have been peeled off the ceiling (or floor) of Mammoth Cave, they come three to a unit, and are meant to be put together with other units—permanently, I had better make clear—to form grottoes, mountain ranges, tunnels, or whatever the customer has in mind. They are of reinforced concrete, and the units are





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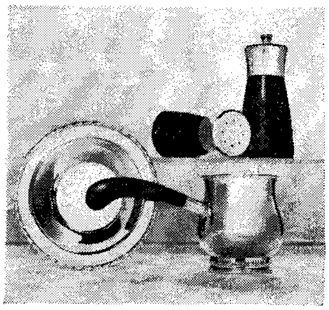
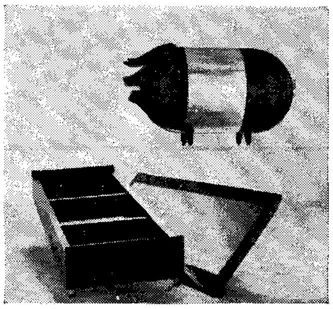


"Silver Flutes" 6½" bonbon dish in sterling, \$12.50. Ebony and sterling salt shaker and pepper mill. The pair, \$20. Sterling pipkin with wood handle, \$17.50.



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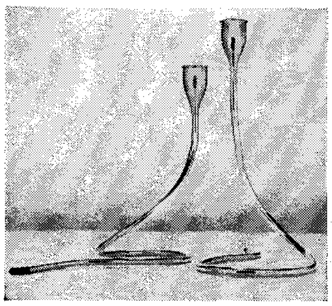

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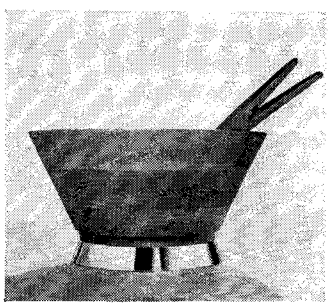

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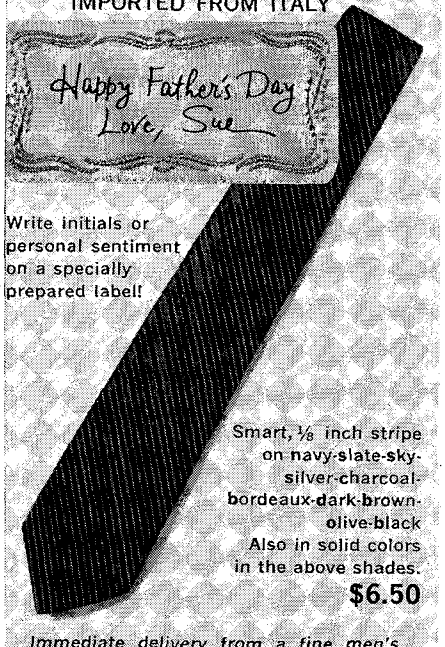

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available in two sizes, the smaller of which is three feet wide, six feet long, and fifteen inches high, weighs a thousand pounds, and costs $195, delivered. The larger unit, of the same length and width, is thirty inches high; it weighs twenty-one hundred pounds and costs $395, delivered. Reinforced concrete is also used in some lively Y-shaped forms called "riders," which, if they don't exactly look like horses, certainly suggest spirited mounts and inspire dashing feats of horsemanship. These weigh two hundred and thirty pounds, cost $85, and, like the stalactites, require concrete bases, which the purchaser must provide for himself. For the really serious climber (and what child isn't one?), there are arched ladders, made of galvanized pipe and somewhat resembling Japanese bridges, on which a small boy or girl can accomplish prodigies of physical dexterity. The fact that the ladder is arched permits the climber to see his feet—an advantage that will be clear to anyone who has ever tried to coax a frightened child down the ladder he has so courageously ascended. An arch five feet high, two feet wide, and ten feet long costs $110, F.O.B. Herndon. This also requires concrete footings, which are not provided.

The Play Sculptures experts have designed a good many other highly original pieces, but I'm afraid their advantages might easily escape anybody but a playground supervisor or a teacher—or, of course, a child. At any rate, a recital of them would make dull reading, so I suggest that anyone who is thinking about equipping a play area pay a visit to the Creative Playthings showrooms, where all but the most massive of the sculptured pieces may be examined, and where models and colored slides of the others are shown. Among the most imposing of the large pieces, to judge by the slides I saw, are some play cubicles, called Fantasy Playhouses (a few years ago they won a competition sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art), which even the coolest observer must surely find fascinating; a combination cave and spiral slide; and a great free-form sandbox, which constitutes a fine playground for three or four children at a time.

While you're on the University Place premises, you might well have a look at some more conventional but nonetheless satisfactory playground furnishings put out by Creative Playthings. These include specially designed wooden packing boxes and crates, which make nice playhouses and hideaways ($13.95 apiece); sturdily built wooden ladders

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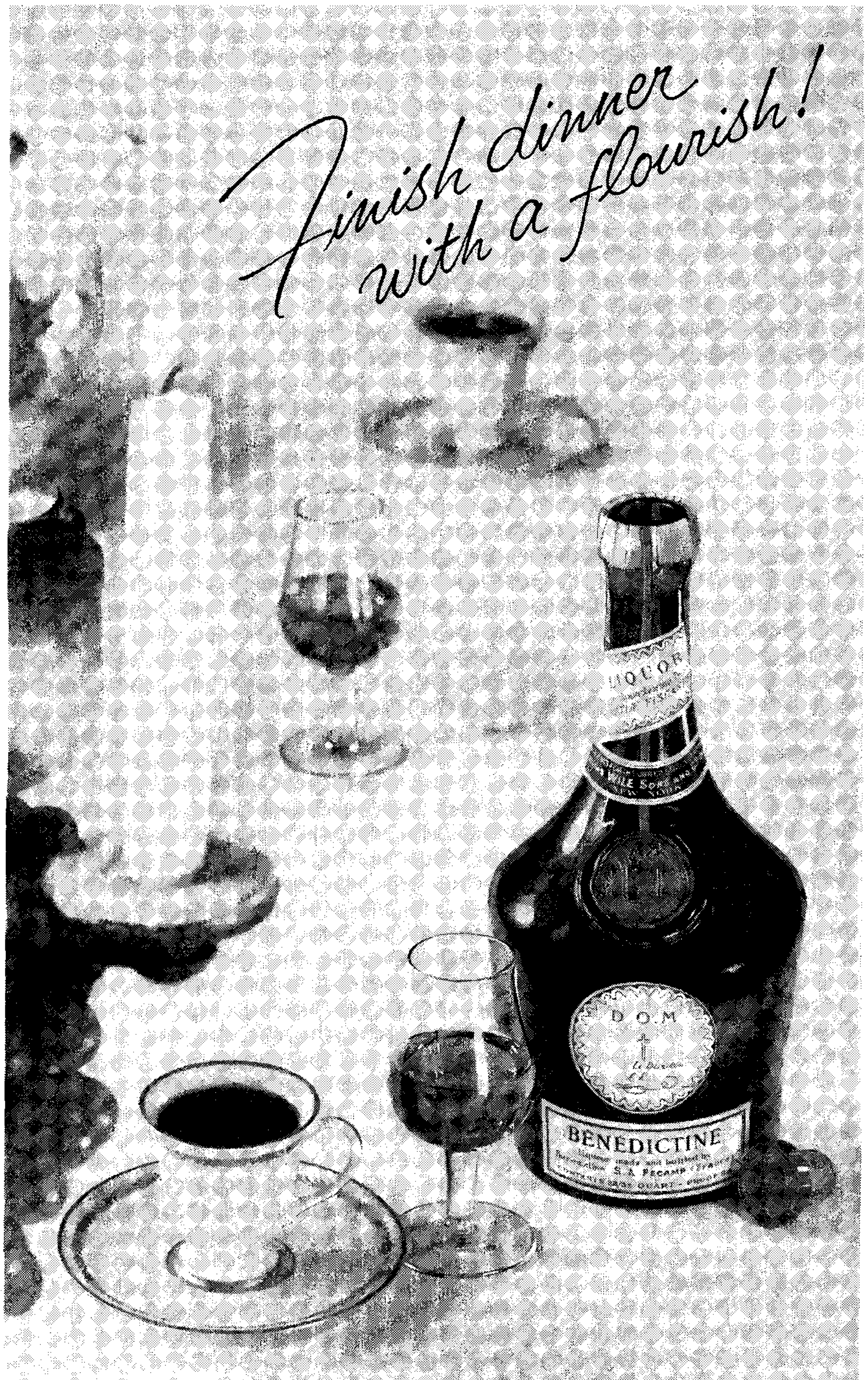
(from $3.95 to $6.95); and sawhorses (from $5.40 to $6.10), two of which, with the addition of a springy ten-foot hardwood board ($12.50), form the bouncing board that so delighted Edwardian young people. What you *won't* find on University Place, amid all this fine equipment, old and new, is—you may be surprised to learn—any kind of swing. The Creative Playthings directors claim that safety is built into all their constructions, so children can use them with little or no supervision, and that swings—especially swings combined with various climbing contraptions, such as are sometimes found in public playgrounds—just don't, in their cautious judgment, fit into the safe category. (The seat of the swing, usually made of wood or metal, is the chief villain, I am told, because small children don't grasp the necessity of keeping out of its way.) And, before we move on from Creative Playthings, I should add that while anyone is welcome to inspect the showrooms, retail business is conducted only by mail order.

THE Childcraft Equipment Company, 155 East 23rd Street, is another likely source of playground paraphernalia, some of it designed by the firm's own experts. Among such pieces is a device called, unfortunately, Rock 'N Row, which consists of an eight-foot board with a pair of sturdy maple rockers at each end, and two handles that can be pumped back and forth. Six or eight kindergarten-age children can play on this apparatus at once and have a rousing good time while they develop and coördinate the pushing-and-pulling muscles involved in rowing a boat. The price is $39.50. Something called a Balance Board is designed to satisfy a child's fascination with a perilously narrow walk, and will, it is hoped, either turn his attention from or teach him to maneuver successfully along the narrower ledges of the Matterhorn. The walk, which is six feet long, is simply a two-by-four, and there are two stands, six inches high, to set it up on; $7.95. If you think Creative Playthings is unduly old-maidish in its attitude toward swings, you will perhaps be glad to learn that the Twenty-third Street shop has plenty of the things, sturdily hung from frames of galvanized-steel pipe. One frame, eight feet high and taking up a ground space ten feet long and four feet ten inches wide, is equipped with two swings, and costs $56. It may be a convenience to parents who want to refresh a sand pile



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to know that washed and sterilized white play sand can be had here, for $1.75 the hundred-pound bag. And, incidentally, anybody who is thinking of doing a spot of playground landscaping may be interested to learn that that dazzling-white gravelly stuff called spar can be obtained from the General Slag Corporation, 880 Zerega Avenue, in the Bronx, for seventy cents the seventy-five pound sack. If you can use a ton of spar ($18), delivery is free; otherwise, you'll have to make your own arrangements for getting it.

THE outsider can go wrong very quickly in the unfamiliar muddle of the child-education world, and I am just a little uneasy for fear a most stirring-looking stockade on sale at F. A. O. Schwarz and obviously meant to protect pioneer settlers against Indians may be too realistic to have the wholehearted approval of people who know what's what in child guidance. But for a hard-bitten young Indian-fighter, provided he has a yard of any size at his disposal, this would surely be the very thing—and the heck with imaginative development. The stockade, which is six feet square and four and a half feet high, is made of rough but weatherproof spruce boards. It has a low door and two outlook boxes with peepholes, and since the four sides of the structure hook together at the corners, it is extremely simple to put up or take down; the price is $85.

AND now, still on the subject of the very young but concerned with their welfare, rather than their relaxation, I pass along a news item that should cause many a desperate mother to take heart. Miss Barbara Macdonald, the young Scotswoman who for several years has run the organization known as Part-Time Child Care, at 19 East 69th Street, to the great satisfaction of everybody concerned, plans to visit Britain shortly with a view to engaging baby nurses and governesses, and she is now accepting applications from American clients who would like to bring these women into their homes. Miss Macdonald will draw her supply of nurses largely from various nursing colleges in Scotland and England, and will herself interview all applicants and investigate their references and backgrounds. At this end of the line, she is prepared to meet with prospective employers and discuss their needs, as well as the obligations involved in sponsoring the entry of an alien worker. Wages will run to not less than

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$200 a month, from which the cost of the passage, paid in advance, may be deducted during the first six months of employment. All such details, however, will be dealt with by regular contractual arrangement. The need for competent, well-trained baby nurses, as you must know if you are a young mother or frequent the society of young mothers, has for some years been acute, and, of course, in competence and training the Scottish and English specimens lead all the rest in the field. It will take several months for the international arrangement dreamed up by Part-Time Child Care to get going, but if parents can just hold out that long, it may be that the end of their troubles is in sight.

—S. H.

•

SPRING INTEREST

Today, or maybe yesterday, the minnows returned.
There, by the inlet, they hang, examining the current,
in and out of shadows and shafts and hollows.

When a beaver crossed the pool carrying lilies,
the dead water rolled heavy splashes in the forest.
Now the pool is changed; the dark is alive.

What the melted snow formed in these brown hollows,
and the beaver worried through with his serious tail,
is irradiated by these little doubts.

Now that there are splinters flashing in the dark,
I believe in more; I join with what I see.
Little quick things are always an opening.

Minnow-flaws ensilver the accomplished lake
and save the day from wisdom and mountains.

—William Stafford

•

Designating Mays a major-league second banana is equivalent to the producer who auditions Rodgers and Hammerstein's "My Fair Lady" score and then sighs: "Yeah, but what have they got for an encore?"—*Harold Weissman in the Mirror.*

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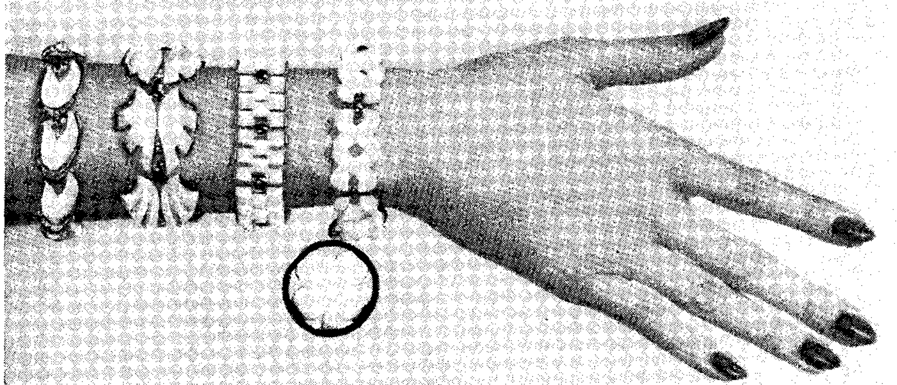

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THE ART GALLERIES

Local Notes

EVER since the nineteen-twenties, when its William Norman Guthrie was scandalizing the more conservative of his parishioners by his presentations of modern painting, modern sculpture, and even modern ballet within its precincts, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie has been among the more venturesome of this city's churches, both in its sponsorship of the newer tendencies in art and in its efforts to link them with neighborhood activities. Its latest manifestation is the exhibition now on in its parish house, where two hundred-odd paintings, sculptures, and other works by the Lower East Side Independent Artists are on view.

The group is a fairly flexible organization, its sole requirement for membership being that one live, or work, below Fourteenth Street on the East Side of Manhattan, and since the show was strictly non-jury, each artist submitting as it pleased him, the affair has at times the aspect of a free-for-all. But the region, particularly in the sections closest to the church, has lately shown signs of developing into a little artists' quarter, with small galleries springing up among the straggle of stores along the side streets, and the flats abovestairs being made over into studios—as happened in Greenwich Village a generation or two ago—and since the works were drawn almost entirely from the members of this fledgling community, the collection also has the advantage of offering a valuable opportunity to get at least a glance at what the younger generation of artists is aiming at. That view is, I'm afraid, the least bit murky. The very size of the show makes for a slightly scattered effect, and the fact that—because of the none too ample wall space—paintings had to be tiered two and three high only adds to the confusion. But all this, I suppose, is inevitable in an affair of such easygoing nature, and I must say that I found it quite worth while.

I was greatly impressed by the general excellence of the sculpture on display. Costly to do, cumbersome to house, and financially not overly rewarding, sculpture has long been considered a form of the arts that one followed at his peril. Yet in spite of this—or per-

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haps because of it—its practitioners have always been among the most devoted of artists, and it is interesting to note now that the number of people attracted to the medium seems to have been increasing instead of diminishing in recent years. In the current showing, a good many works in this section are remarkable for their competence of execution and their originality of design. Though there are quite a few established artists who have studios in the downtown area, not many of them are represented. (Nat Werner, with the lively, concentric "Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," and José de Creeft, with a coiled, extremely effective "Marine Form," are the only ones in this division I can think of at the moment.) But there are enough fine pieces by the younger artists to more than make up for that. I noted especially Donald Mavros's smooth, elliptical "Primal Form," Marilyn Fox's deft, playful, friezelike "City Scene," and Lorrie Goulet's archaic "Ascetic," while Betty Takacs' adroitly simplified study of a seated woman, "Grief," in hammered lead, is impressive both for its handling of the material and for its assured design.

The paintings section is a much more mixed assortment. Styles—again, I suppose, because of the absence of a jury—vary widely, from plain, old-fashioned straight naturalism to the wildest of Abstract Expressionism, while the level of competence, though high, dips far enough to include a few, but only a few, of the obviously awkwardly untalented. Oddly, too, though the range in styles from one extreme to the other is considerable, there is not much in between. To be sure, there are one or two faintly Surrealist pieces, a few more that are more or less in line with the now practically classic abstract tradition of the Paris school (notably Hartwell Yeargans' "Still-Life with Four Leaves" and Chaim Fleischman's "Frozen City"), and a somewhat larger group of Expressionist paintings, most of which I found depressingly heavy-handed.

But for the rest the attitude of the artists is pretty much all or nothing, and there is a strong indication that the younger members of the avant-garde have become almost completely committed to Abstract Expressionism. Within the group, though, there are variations. The whole movement is little more than a decade old, and its beginnings, to say the least, were amorphous. It started, in fact, in the form of a wild, rather random protest against the prevailing formulas and even the tech-

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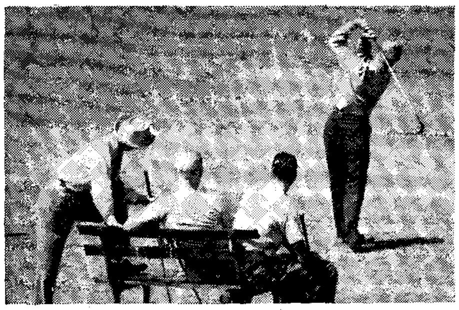

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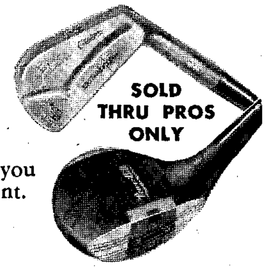

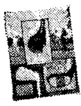

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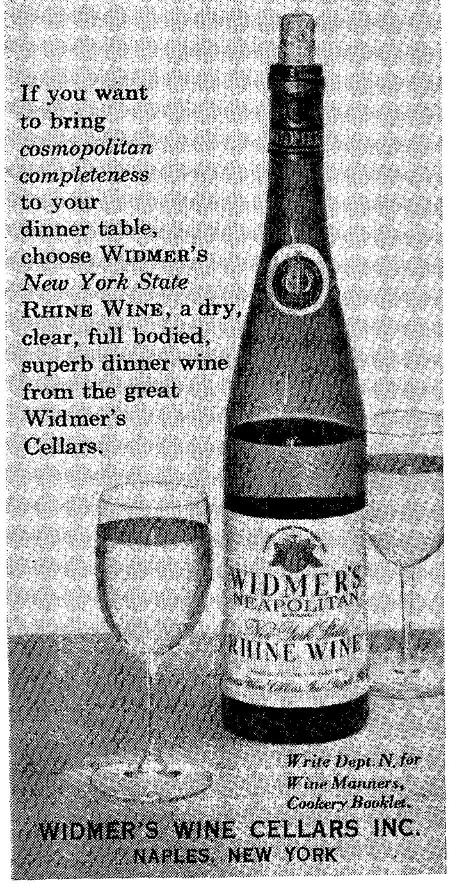

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niques of painting—as typified by Pollock, who abandoned brushes, palette, and easel. By now, though, certain characteristics have emerged, and I think that a few critical principles can be laid down about its processes. As with all other schools of painting, Abstract Expressionism, if it is to survive, must have a purpose and a form to fit that purpose, and it was interesting to note how some canvases succeeded and others failed according to how well they lived up to this basic tenet.

Too many were mere splashes of color, and in these, I felt, the emphasis was too much on sheer expression and too little on form. For the reference to abstraction is also important; indeed, apart from its negative, rebellious quality, it seems to me, the whole purpose of the movement is to enlarge the scope of classic abstraction (which narrowed with time), relieve it of its rigidity (which increased), and add a sense of spontaneity that the older, more intellectual method lacked. In this regard, William Clutz's neatly patterned "Tree Shapes No. 2" and Minna Karen's more drastically simplified, shimmeringly watery "Outward Flow" are steps in the right direction, whereas Andrée Golbin's "The Bridge," for all its flamboyance, fails because of a lack of any controlling feeling for form—as does, to a certain extent, Ben Meyers' otherwise attractive, rather Tachiste study of foliage suggestions called "Reepe." Marcia Marcus's "Beachscape" is nice, too, if a bit oversimplified. But it's not till one comes to J. Goya-Lukich's "A Different Sorrow" (at first glance no more than a spray of harsh blacks against a field of ochre, but still immensely powerful) and the even more astutely organized "Christ Zen Archer," by Richard Klix, with its cruciform design and blaze of whites, that one begins to find form and purpose, symbol and suggestion blending at last. These, I think, are the finest examples in the show of what can be done with the Abstract Expressionist method.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

This little book consists of the revised text of three lectures delivered at the Commonwealth-Studies Center of Duke University, North Carolina, in April 1957. Its form was determined by the fact that the first lecture was intended mainly for historians, the second for economists, and the third for political scientists, though there is a common thread and much of the audience was common.—*Leaflet from the Duke University Press.*

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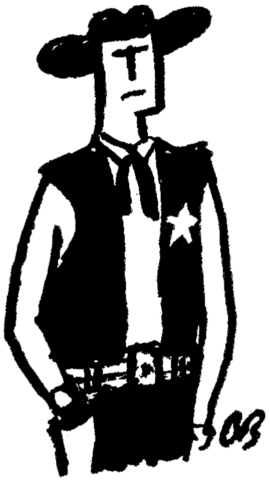
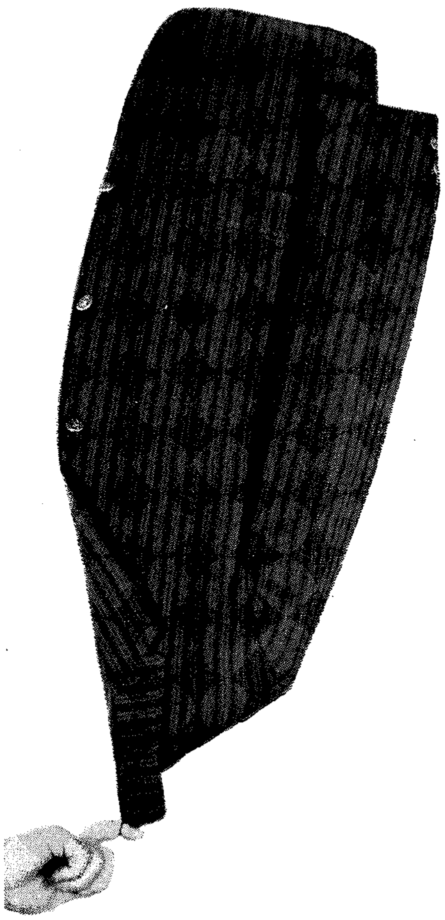


IN preparing for its telecast of the Kentucky Derby week before last, the Columbia Broadcasting System laid certain deep and complicated plans for the exploitation of a national foible. Notoriously, mass taste is something to which the television industry will make unlimited concessions, when it thinks that it knows what it is. I've never been satisfied that the industry understands mass taste much better than I do, but at any rate there's been some reason this spring to believe that a large, economy-size race horse from California named Silky Sullivan has gripped the public's imagination more strongly than anything since filter tips, and C.B.S.-TV decided to take special pains to indulge this whim, if it exists, in the Derby. It's possible that the ancient war of the networks, the contest for ratings, had a bearing on the decision. A few years ago, a rival network, the National, laid hold of a cool, slow-moving, lazy baritone, a man who takes his time. The sluggishness of Perry Como has made television history. Silky Sullivan is another such cool performer, a horse who takes his time. Since C.B.S. owns what amounts to exclusive video rights in the animal—for the present season, at least—the chance to pull even with N.B.C. in the field of nonchalance may well have seemed too good to miss. There was, however, a technical problem. Like most nonchalant race horses, Silky Sullivan runs a race in two scenes. In the earlier part, he lags behind, exuding a crowd-pleasing calmness but doing so out of view of the camera, which, for practical reasons, must follow the horses at the front end of the pack, where the action is. Then he comes surging from the rear, making up thirty or forty lengths of ground and bursting into focus at the finish. What C.B.S. planned to do was to show its audience the whole of this schizoid performance, by the use of a technique that was generally described as "split-screen" but was actually, experts tell me, "wedge-wipe." When the day was over, Como remained in command of the field. As the singer was to demonstrate a few hours after the race, on the rival network, there's a difference between lethargy and stagnation.

Split-screen technique calls for a vertical line down the middle of the screen, with, as a rule, Edward R. Murrow on one side of the line and somebody's private life on the other. In wedge-wipe, a section of the main picture is wiped away, beginning at one corner, to make room for a picture of some separate or distant occurrence. Silky Sullivan's performance at the beginning of the Derby was, as expected, a separate or distant occurrence. When C.B.S.'s race caller, Fred Capossela, cried "They're off!," Silky Sullivan was off with the rest of the pack, and then, almost immediately afterward, off the screen as well. He is by no means the first well-known horse of the television era to practice this kind of preliminary tranquillity. Needles, a first-rate three-year-old of two seasons ago, was just as insouciant at the start of a race, and came from just as far behind to win the races he won. Since Needles never achieved the celebrity of Silky Sullivan, it may be that the latter's charm for the public is based on something more than just the ability to come from far back; his mellifluous Hibernian name, for instance, may be a factor. A few moments after the start of the Derby, the Californian became the first horse in history to enjoy squatter's rights on television. The wedge-wipers left him a patch of his own in the lower right-hand corner of the screen, about a sixth the size of the screen itself, and Silky Sullivan took possession of it in the backstretch. He looked as lonely as a summer cloud, and twice as static.

His appearance was so brief as to be nearly subliminal. I'm not sure just when it was that C.B.S. cancelled his tenure—it was very soon—or exactly why. A spokesman said later in the day that network observers had suddenly concluded, when the leading horses were still a quarter of a mile from the finish line, that Silky Sullivan was not going to catch up with them; in other words, that he would not be able to unify the two pictures under his own power, as had been hoped. It's hard to say how they knew this; no one else at



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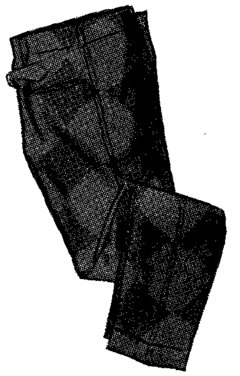

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the track or in the audience did at the time. Mr. Capossela, not realizing that the star had been dispossessed, was remarking along about then that the audience could follow Silky's charge by watching the special panel while he himself gave his full attention to the front runners. As it turned out, C.B.S.'s observers were absolutely correct. Their diagnosis amounted to a brilliant job of spur-of-the-moment handicapping, or horseplaying. There was no late charge by Silky Sullivan. He finished twelfth in a field of fourteen. After the race, Eastern horsemen pointed out, as they usually do in such circumstances, that Silky's kind of breeding (he comes of obscure but honest parents) will get a horse nowhere, and that the California tracks on which he made his reputation have a tendency to run downhill.

These arguments, of course, detract in no way from the magic music of the horse's name—which, as I've suggested, may have been the factor that bewitched the public and C.B.S. in the first place. If his work fails to improve, it's probable that the network will drop him as a featured, or wedge-wiped, performer. It's also probable that the network is sharp enough to cover the tonal angle by buying rights to the name. In that case, you will soon be seeing a soap opera or a private-eye series on Channel 2 called "Silky Sullivan." As for the problem of covering a horse race in two shifts, all networks have the answer in their own back yard. In Western films, there are always two sections of horses and riders—the rustlers and their mounts, out in front, and the posse, rating itself off the pace. The camera swings from one group to the other at rapid intervals. There's nothing else to be done about it, and nothing else that needs to be done.

THE "Kraft Television Theatre" (Channel 4, 9-10 P.M., Wednesdays), which became eleven years old this month, will be liquidated, I hear, in September. It will be replaced by half an hour of Milton Berle and half an hour of filmed Western drama. The change sounds like a logical one, by television standards, and should come in the nick of time, for the Kraft Theatre, which has had its ups and downs, is just beginning to be a pretty good show again these days, and might, if allowed to carry on, set back by a year or more the industry's broad policy of eliminating live theatre completely. In the last few weeks, Kraft's new producer, David Susskind, has turned out stuff that was not only plainly alive but

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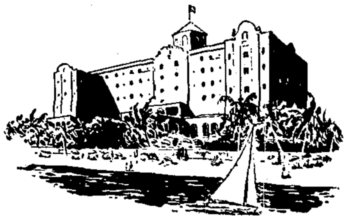

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sharply—if sometimes perversely—interesting. The other day, for instance, there was a dramatization of Ernest Hemingway's prizefight story "Fifty Grand," in which the writer (A. E. Hotchner), the director (Sidney Lumet), and the star (Ralph Meeker), while remaining largely faithful to Mr. Hemingway's plot and dialogue, managed to insert the wrong prizefighter and the wrong point of view entirely. The force of their combined talents was such that they put together a very fair piece of entertainment, at that.

The plot of "Fifty Grand" is a little on the tricky side, and is one of the few of its kind to be found in Hemingway's work. Most of its details are packed tightly into the closing moments of the story, and go off suddenly in several movements and countermovements, like the mechanism of a fancy clock. They're not easy to follow, even in the reading; I think the play's audience may have found it still harder to judge, from the elliptical dialogue that came before, just who was trying to do what to whom, and why, in the title bout that forms the story's climax. The strength of "Fifty Grand," it seems to me, is in the character of Jack Brennan, the aging champion, and in his brave, dry, cranky struggle to have his life make sense. But Brennan is a certain kind of man—sound, unmarked, and erect physically, quick and austere mentally. The fact that he was modelled on Jack Britton, who lost the welterweight championship in 1922, doesn't have to be important or binding in a piece of fiction; it's important in this case only because the author, I believe, saw Brennan as Britton in all salient respects, physical and mental, and because things wouldn't have happened as they did if he'd been another sort of fighter—a slob, or a martyr, or a self-conscious neurotic, or a plodder scarred by punches. Mr. Meeker, as I've said, was not Brennan. It's a forgivable error that he was born to be a light heavyweight, not a welterweight, and so had to fight for the wrong title in Mr. Hotchner's play. But Mr. Meeker, going further, substituted agony, with physical scar tissue to match the mental, for Brennan's quiet depression and irony. He kept throwing his head back, openmouthed, between speeches—which is part of a method used by serious actors, and also by comedians like Sid Caesar, in impersonating fighters, but has little to do with Hemingway's Brennan. He was at his most erratic—or, rather, Mr. Hotchner was—in feel-

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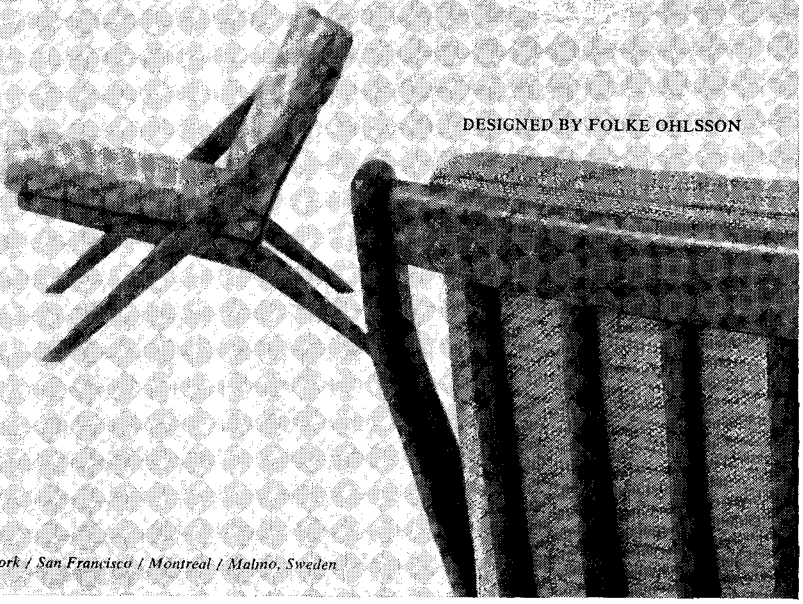

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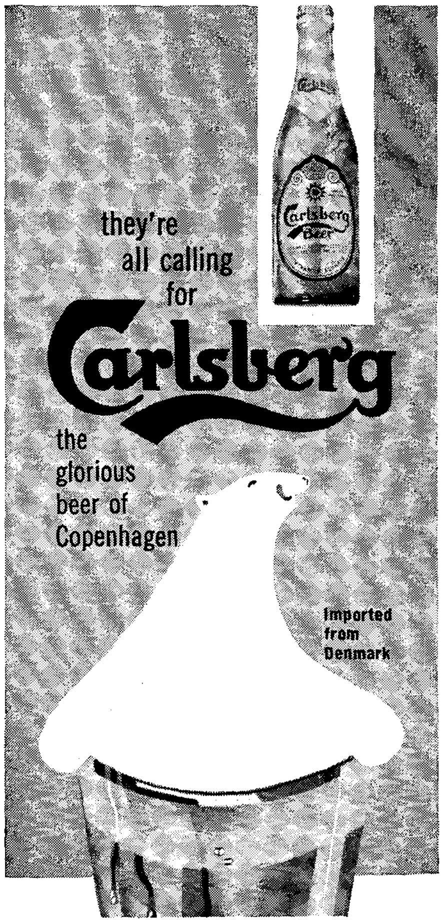

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ing that Brennan's closeness with a dollar was a special and pathetic symptom that needed to be explained to the audience, and apologized for.

It's true that the Brennan of the original "Fifty Grand" was tight, and notably so. But he was tight with the natural conservatism of the professional athlete—a trait that led ballplayers in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties to complain that bellhops and porters were *"diming them to death,"* and that caused them no remorse or self-consciousness whatever. In the Kraft "Fifty Grand," the playwright found it necessary to invent a scene in which Brennan made it clear that his thriftiness was not psychotic, or a sign of hereditary taint. As Mr. Meeker told a former sparring partner who had sarcastically offered him a free pair of boxing gloves just before a fight, he was careful with his money because the sorrows and demands of their common humanity had made him that way. Humanity also spread its milk through one other scene invented by Mr. Hotchner—a telephone call by Brennan to his wife from his training camp. The fighter had already shown plainly in his talk with friends that he missed his wife. In the Kraft Theatre, he was asked to give her the word directly, and to propose, implausibly, that he break training to come and see her, and he said what he was asked to say at untidy length.

These two scenes were the only departures of consequence from the story as written by Mr. Hemingway. They were enough to throw the mood of the original "Fifty Grand" askew, and to make the play heavier and more ordinary than the story. *Just the same*, the play was intelligent, it was ambitious, it was skillfully photographed, and it underlined the point that the hour from nine to ten on Wednesdays on Channel 4 will be well worth watching until it is given over to one part Berle (not a bad thing in itself) and one part embalmed goods. —JOHN LARDNER

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Concert Records

MOST of the time I spend with the phonograph is used in listening to symphony orchestras, opera companies, musical-comedy casts, string ensembles, vocalists, or instrumentalists; at any rate, it is almost always music that I hear coming from the machine. Recently, though, I had the unusual experience of sitting before my phonograph while Alec Guinness, Sir Ralph Richardson, Siobhan McKenna, and a few other actors, as well as a couple of writers, read superior literary works to me. I felt flattered. I suddenly realized that although there was no lack of good music in my life, there was an awful lack of good talk. And the experience was made even more refreshing by the fact that I was being talked *at*, not *to;* my mind was occupied with nothing but the fine words, the stirring thoughts. All day long, I reflected, I am being talked *to*, often about vital matters, but it is not very often that I am talked *at* with any intelligence or skill. Oh, once in a while I'll find myself being talked at in a theatre by a Shaw or an O'Casey, but this happens rarely, and when it does I feel as pleased and favored as a child smiled on by the teacher, and I am grateful to both the writer and his interpreters for bestowing such graceful verbal configurations on me.

What got me into all this was a recent M-G-M recording, one of a new group of releases known as the Arcady series, on which Mr. Guinness reads selections from Jonathan Swift. Mr. Guinness was a good choice for the job. His speech is precise, and he has, as anybody who frequents movie houses where coffee is dispensed in the lounge knows, a nicely cultivated deadpan delivery, which is excellently suited to Swift's astringent style. From one side of the record, I soaked up excerpts from "Gulliver's Travels," and then I turned it over and Mr. Guinness read that wry travesty "A Meditation Upon a Broomstick;" the youthfully cocky "Resolutions When I Come to Be Old;" the bitter and outrageous "A Modest Proposal;" the caustic "Directions to Servants (In Particular to the Cook);" and the droll, disenchanted

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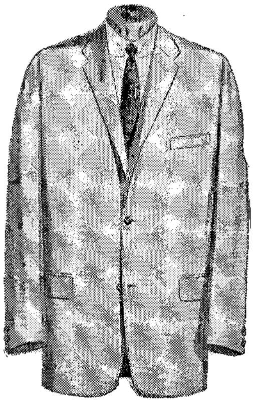

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"Verses on the Death of Doctor Swift." The "Gulliver's Travels" passages, I should add, consisted of the inventory taken of Gulliver's pockets by the two Lilliputians, the description of Lilliput's internal and external problems, and Gulliver's sardonic reflections, while dwelling peacefully among the Houyhnhnms, on the "civilized" world he has left behind.

Much as I enjoyed this Guinness-Swift enterprise, though, what struck me as the real gem among the talk records I have heard lately is another in the Arcady series. (It has four recordings on the market so far.) On this one, Ralph Richardson reads Joseph Conrad—selections from "Youth" on one side and from "Heart of Darkness" on the other. I have seen Sir Ralph, and plain Mr. Richardson before him, in a good many plays and motion pictures over the years, but I think that I have never been so impressed by his ability as I was while listening to him deliver Conrad's vaulting, lovely prose. His voice met each breathtaking curve of sentence, each brilliantly illuminating bit of imagery, each sudden glimpse into character, with confident art. When the record was over, the superb voice stilled, I put aside a disturbing thought I had had earlier about listening to great writing rather than reading it, and about encouraging such a practice in others; this, after all, was artistry of a high order, a service to both writer and auditor.

I listened only in part—and then not as attentively as I might have, I'm afraid—to the two other records in the Arcady series. William Faulkner read some of his own things on one, and Carson McCullers read some of hers on the other. After hearing all four, I decided that writers, whatever special insight they may have into their creations, are scarcely a match for topnotch actors.

Finally, I put on Miss McKenna, the gifted Irish actress, who shares one record (Caedmon), devoted to extracts from Joyce's "Ulysses," with a fairly capable actor named E. G. Marshall, and who is heard on another (Tradition) in the title role of Yeats's verse drama "The Countess Cathleen." Miss McKenna is a talker, all right. Scarcely ever raising her voice above a whisper on the Joyce record, she goes on for half an hour or so, giving us a fascinating, pell-mell rendition of Molly Bloom's soliloquy while this outstanding flibbertigibbet of literature lies in bed beside her sleeping husband, Leopold. On the other side of the record, we find the good Leo wide awake and musing at

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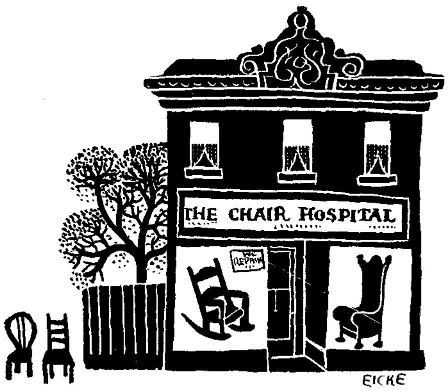
some length while on a Dublin beach. Marshall, too, delivers his words softly (since both Blooms are supposed to be merely thinking, I suppose this procedure is the proper one, but there are times when the voices fade almost to inaudibility) and also, it seemed to me, a trifle matter-of-factly. I found the "Countess Cathleen" exercise somewhat dull, despite the general excellence of the performers. Yeats himself is to blame, for, as Padraic Colum points out in his absorbing notes on the cover of the recording, the Irish poet, seeking to establish an Irish theatre with this early work, had not yet mastered the spoken drama form. "The Countess Cathleen" is probably satisfying to read to oneself, but there is a wispy sound to the lines that makes it very difficult for the actors to hold the listener's attention. In addition to Miss McKenna, you will hear John Neville (as Aleel), Aline MacMahon (as Oona), and quite a few other skilled speakers, together with some incidental strains on a harp that are in keeping with the strange, archaic story Yeats has to relate.

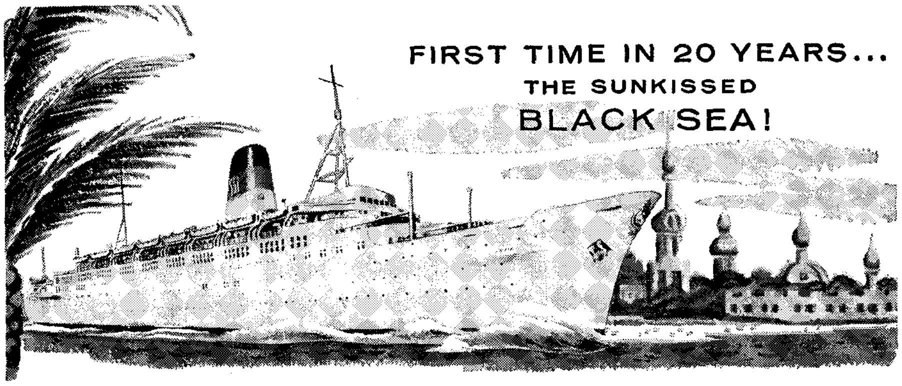
—Douglas Watt

JAZZ RECORDS

Chameleon

ALMOST everything about Miles Davis, the trumpeter, seems ambiguous. A short, thin, retiring man, now thirty-one years old, who often stands motionless and slightly hunched when he plays, his horn pointed directly at the floor, like a crane poised on an unpromising mud flat, he is generally considered a founder of cool jazz, but his associates invariably include some of the most perfervid members of the hard-bop movement. His playing sounds predominantly sweet and restrained, yet it conceals, much of the time, the basic hotness of men like Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge. Davis's début, some ten years ago, with such musicians as Charlie Parker and Max Roach, was wobbly. His approach consisted largely





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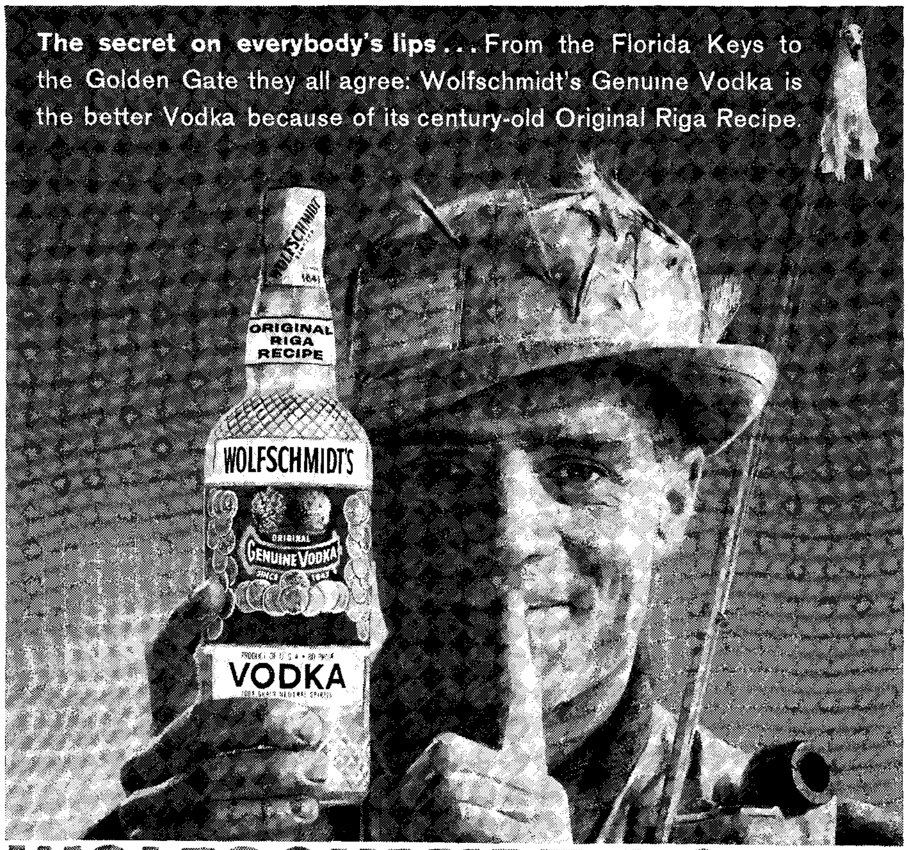

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of an awkward blotting up of the work of Dizzy Gillespie. He had a shrill, mousy tone, he bungled more notes than not, and he always sounded as if he were playing in a monotone. Since then, his technique has improved steadily; his style, in fact, now comes in several shades. In slow numbers, he often uses a tight, resonant mute and, by playing directly into a microphone, achieves a hollow but penetrating sound, like blowing into the neck of an empty bottle. At the same time, he employs economical, melodic phrases spattered with a good many off notes, which give the effect of his casually twisting the melody—as if it were soft metal—into lumpy, yet graceful, shapes. Davis frequently plays open horn in middle tempos, and the change is startling. Although his tone is still slightly sour, series of fat, delicate phrases seem to round it off. They are reminiscent of a man slowly and rhythmically beating a soft punching bag. Fast numbers appear to unsettle him, for he often relies on a fretwork of empty runs and unsteady spurts into the upper register. But in a medium-tempo blues, say, Davis is capable of creating a pushing, middle-of-the-road lyricism that is a remarkable distillation rather than a one-two-three outlining of the melodic possibilities; indeed, what comes out of his horn miraculously seems the result of the instantaneous editing of a far more diffuse melodic line being carried on in his head.

Two recent releases—"Relaxin' with the Miles Davis Quintet" and "Bags' Groove: Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Giants" (Prestige 7129 and 7109)—give a complete picture of Davis's virtues and faults. In the first, which was made not long ago and is the less satisfactory of the two, he appears with John Coltrane on tenor saxophone, Red Garland on piano, Paul Chambers on bass, and Philly Joe Jones on drums. There are six numbers, four of them standard tunes and one apiece by Dizzy Gillespie and Sonny Rollins. Davis uses a mute in five of them. The materials seem almost to be shrugged off; there are occasional sketchy ensemble figures, but, more often, only a string of rather haphazard solos. The most impressive moments occur in "If I Were a Bell," played at a pleasant up-tempo, and "Oleo," done slightly faster, in which Davis gets a balsa quality by using just bass accompaniment, except in the bridge, during which the rest of the rhythm section tends to come galumphing in. Garland, a bright, dandyish pianist, also takes a surprisingly incisive solo in the lower register. "You're

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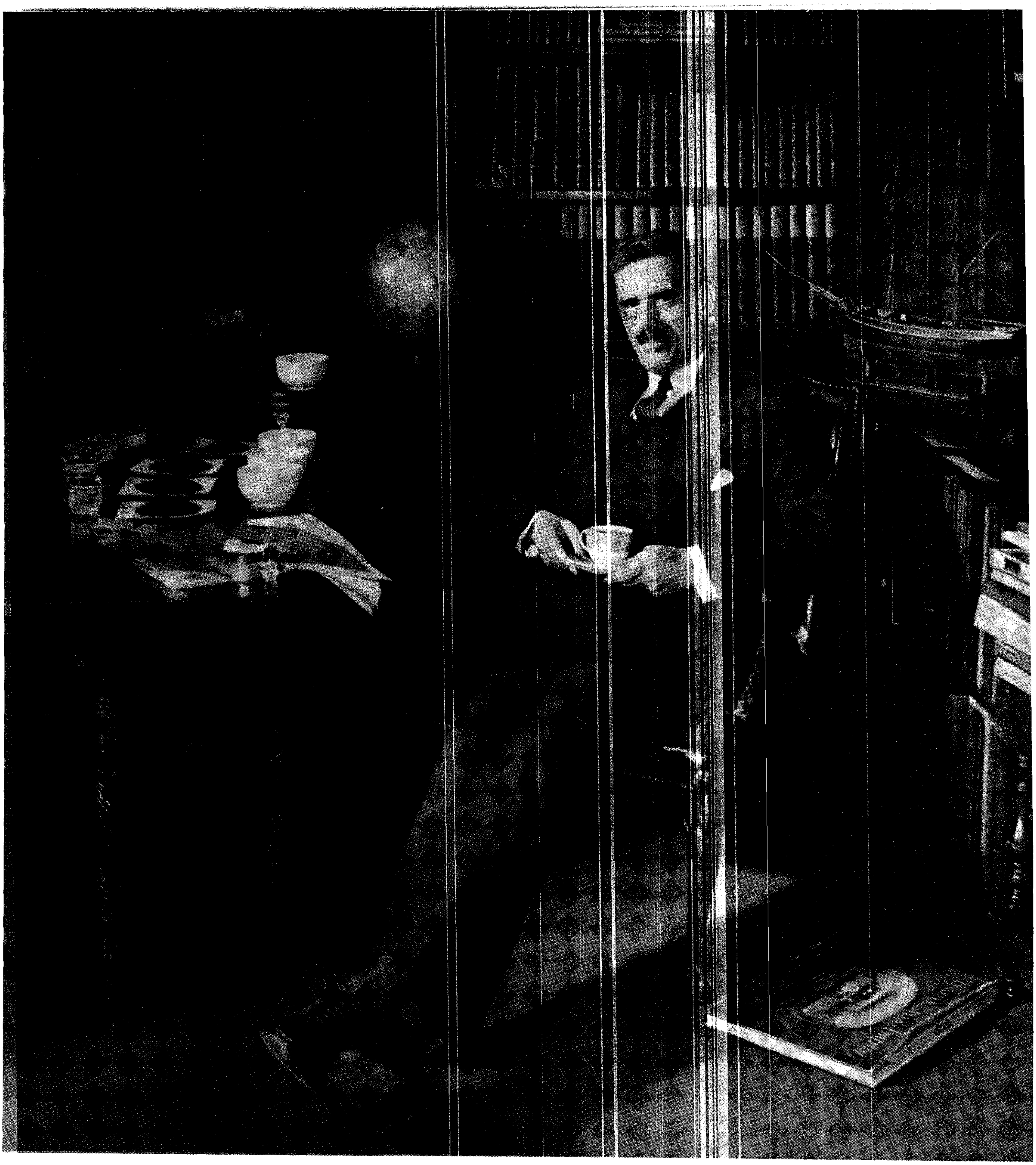

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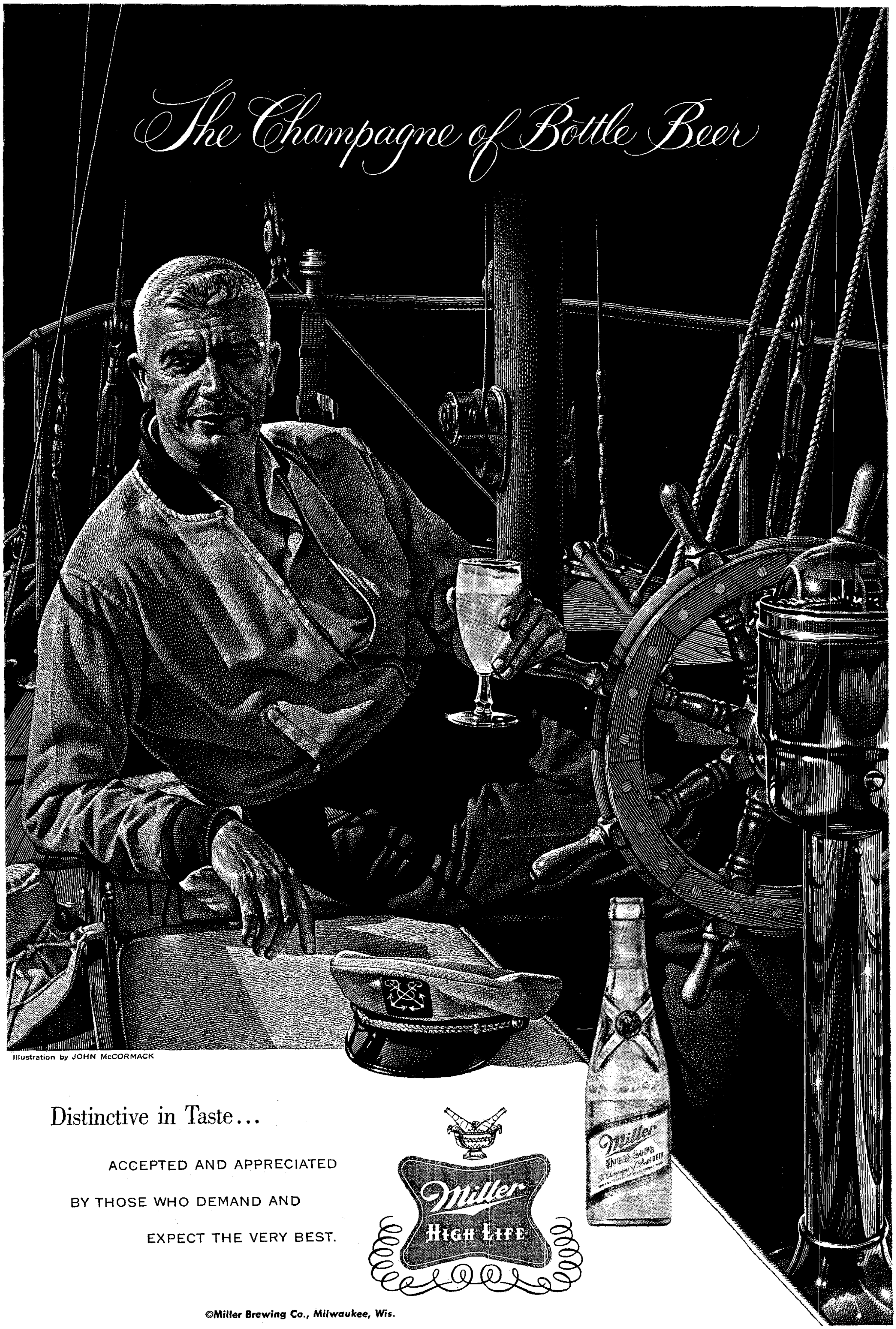
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My Everything," which is slow-paced, is an excellent example of Davis the bottle blower; "Woody'n You," delivered at a fast clip, displays his nervous, squeaky style. Coltrane, a student of Sonny Rollins, has a dry, unplaned tone that sets Davis off, like a rough mounting for a fine stone, while Jones, who has often performed as if he were single-handedly drumming out an entire regiment, behaves throughout with restraint and sensitivity.

"Bags' Groove," on the other hand, contains some of Davis's most inspired work. The first side is given over to two versions of the title piece, a medium-tempo blues recorded late in 1954 with Milt Jackson on vibraphone, Thelonious Monk on piano, Percy Heath on bass, and Kenny Clarke on drums. In both versions, Davis's solos, which are played open horn, have an oblique relentlessness and are full of neat, perfectly executed variations. Monk is superb. In the first version, his solo is broken by such long pauses that it appears he has left the studio; then he suddenly resumes, with clumps of clattering, offbeat dissonances. In the second version, his pressure up, he engages in a dizzy series of jagged runs. The rhythm section, in the manner of the old Basie rhythm section, moves without a bump. The second side has further clean, certain Davis, along with Rollins on tenor saxophone, Horace Silver on piano, Heath, and Clarke. This is an indispensable record.

VANGUARD has reissued two other indispensable efforts—"The Vic Dickenson Showcase," in two volumes, and "Buck Meets Ruby" (Vanguard VRS 8520, 8521, and 8517), made four years ago. These include some classic examples of an arbitrary type of small-band jazz that flourished between

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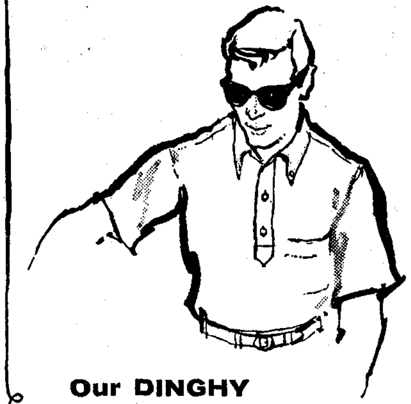

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1935 and 1945, and generally consisted of simple arrangements or improvised ensembles—the New Orleans type of ensemble, but with its tangles and intensities laid aside—built around the soloists. The musicians involved were, more often than not, members of the big bands of Fletcher Henderson, Cab Calloway, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, and so on. Temporarily freed of the strictures of their parent organizations, they usually reacted as if on holiday. *Many of their records—particularly the* Lionel Hampton Victors, the Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday collaborations, the ones by the small Ellington units, and various Sidney Bechet "Feetwarmer" sessions*—have an indestructible* freshness and inspiration. The Dickenson records Vanguard has reissued involve Ruby Braff and/or Shad Collins, trumpets; Dickenson, trombone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar; Walter Page, bass; and Les Erskine or Jo Jones, drums. There are extended versions of ten standards and a couple of blues. Among them are stately renditions of "Jeepers Creepers," "Russian Lullaby," and "I Cover the Waterfront" (which are, however, nearly flattened by the thump-thump-thump monotony of the Thompson-Page-Jordan-Erskine rhythm section), as well as slow, graceful interpretations of "Old Fashioned Love" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," which include some of Dickenson's finest work. "Old Fashioned Love" ends with a swaying, jostling ensemble in which Braff and Collins engage in slow-motion leapfrog, Hall slides discreetly around in the middle register, and Dickenson lays down a memorable floor of smears, growls, and rumbles. It is an enormously affecting example of collective improvisation.

"Buck Meets Ruby" concerns a group under the leadership of the pianist Mel Powell (Buck Clayton, trumpet; Henderson Chambers, trombone; Jimmy Crawford, drums; plus Hall, Jordan, and Page) and one under the leadership of Clayton (Braff, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Benny Morton, trombone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Jordan; Aaron Bell, bass; and Bobby Donaldson, drums). The Powell numbers (four, all standards) alternate between taut, jubilant ensembles and arranged passages, and they reach perfection in a long "I Must Have That Man," which, though played so slowly that it threatens to come to a dead stop, gradually develops a quiet, ascending

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lyricism that is extraordinary. Hall, ordinarily a brusque, nasal clarinettist, produces a sorrowing, practically trembling solo in the lower register that is unlike anything else he has recorded. The Clayton-Braff numbers (two standards and two originals) have a Basie sound, and there is notable work from everyone on hand. Clayton is a poignant, delicate, nervous performer whose emotions are always on view, while Braff, a well-stirred mixture of Armstrong, Berigan, and Wild Bill Davison, plays with an almost overbearing legato attack that is frequently punctured by short connecting phrases and fleeting runs. The results are a dead heat. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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Are there any good bars in the town?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From a letter from Henry Adams to Charles Francis Adams, Jr., dated Berlin, Wednesday, November 3, 1858, in "The Selected Letters of Henry Adams"*]

Today I was extravagant. I ordered a quantity of clothes; an inside suit and an overcoat of expensive stuffs. The overcoat is a peculiar beaver-cloth, a sort of velvety stuff; and its inside is thick fur, like sealskin, I suppose; so thick that I can't have it lined. The suit is very strong, fine cloth, as good, I fancy, as the man had. But then I had to pay dear. Altogether it cost me fifty-one American dollars.

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BOOKS

Sweet Are the Uses of Usage

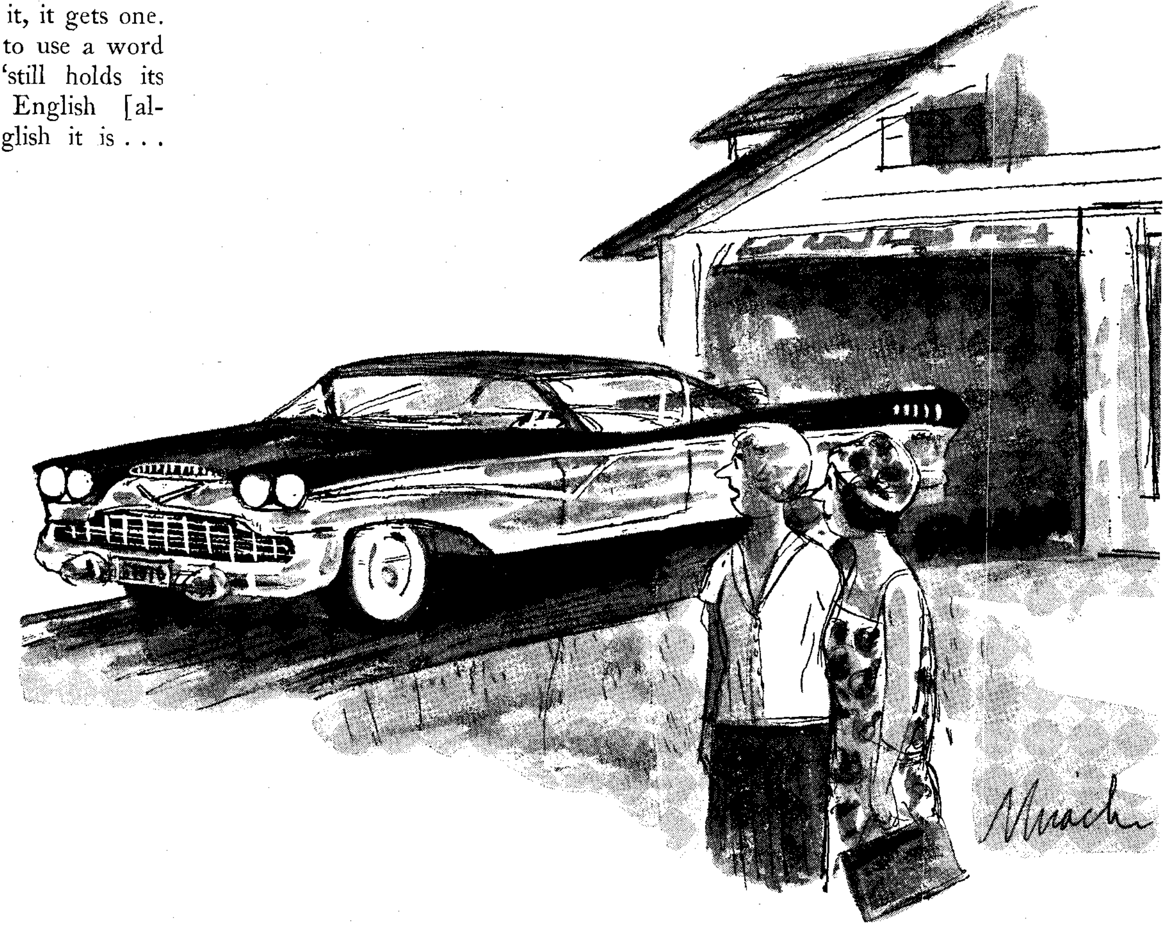
Fowler's "Modern English Usage" is one of those books that delight certain people in an intense and personal way. Some others, to mention some other fan clubs I belong to, are the two "Alice" books, the Sherlock Holmes stories, "The Great Gatsby," and Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland" (for that matter, all of Beerbohm, although I personally would except "The Happy Hypocrite" and "Zuleika Dobson"). Such works are the opposite of Lamb's *biblia abiblia*, those tomes that have the shape of books but are not, such as telephone books, collections of sermons, and volumes entitled "How to Live with Yourself." "Fowler" (or "M.E.U.," as it is also known to its friends) is more than a book. It is an attitude toward life—or toward words, which, for its devotees, is much the same thing. It is even life itself, a little world one can explore with interest and pleasure, and more than once; the first test of such a book is how often one can reread it. Either one gets it or one doesn't; if one gets it, it gets one. I'm one of the gotten, to use a word that, writes Fowler, "still holds its ground in American English [although] in British English it is . . . archaic & affected." Its author, the late H. W. Fowler, an English classicist and lexicographer, was also a co-author of the Concise and the Pocket Oxford Dictionaries. The first edition of "M.E.U." appeared in 1926, and it has been reprinted fifteen times. Devotees of Fowler can be tiresome, but so can enthusiasts of any kind, and they are, after all, right. Not only is Fowler useful and authoritative, it is also very good reading. Its author is a plain-dressed dandy of style, a Quaker Beau Brummell who wears gray broadcloth (of the finest weave) and square-toed shoes (with sterling-silver buckles). "AVOIDANCE OF THE OBVIOUS," he begins his entry on that subject, "is very well, provided that it is not itself obvious; but, if it is, all is spoilt. Expel *eager* or *greedy* from your sentence in favor of *avid*, & [Fowler always uses the ampersand, saving space and also getting just the right flavor of no-nonsense] your reader wants to know why you have done it. . . . *The obvious is better than obvious avoidance of it.*"

But Fowler has for the contemporary American reader two drawbacks: It's not up to date (the author died in 1933) and it deals, naturally, with English English. American English is something else again. There have been at least three important dictionaries of American English: John Russell Bartlett, no relative of the quotation man, produced a two-volume "Dictionary of Americanisms" in 1848, and the University of Chicago Press has brought out two more recent ones—"A Dictionary of American English," by Sir William Craigie and J. R. Hulbert, in four big volumes (1938-44), and "A Dictionary of Americanisms," by Mitford M. Mathews, in two enormous ones (1951). But until recently the only dictionary of American *usage* was a modest affair by H. W. Horwill (Oxford, 1935).

Now we are simultaneously offered two large and ambitious productions. Oxford has published "A Dictionary of American-English Usage," an adaptation of Fowler by Margaret Nicholson, *formerly head of Oxford's Publishing* Department (whatever that means) and at present head of Contract and Copyright at Macmillan. And Random House has brought out "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," by Bergen Evans, who teaches English at Northwestern when he isn't moderating television programs (currently, "The Last Word"), and his sister, Cornelia Evans, who has published two novels and is writing consultant to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in Washington.

AT this point the question should, and perhaps may, arise: What *is* a dictionary of usage?

In general, such a dictionary discriminates rather than defines. It does a



"If you think that's high-powered, you ought to see the salesman who talked Fred into buying it."

number of things an ordinary dictionary doesn't do.

It deals extensively with grammar and syntax. Typical entries are Sentence, Object of a Verb, Compound Words, Participles, Adverb, and Sentence Adverb (on which the Evanses have two pages).

It analyzes the ways of using those words "everybody knows," mostly those monosyllables that might be called the privates of the language. (The generals are the Latin-root polysyllables favored by John L. Lewis and James Gould Cozzens.) Words like *a*, *the*, *that*, *who* (and of course *whom*), *but*, *and*, *of*. The longest entries are often those on the shortest words.

It puts the finger on *clichés*, to use one.

It distinguishes between words with similar meanings—*difference*, *discrepancy*, *disparity*—or, to get down to the privates, *great*, *large*, *big*. (Though the real amateur of such discriminations will go to the admirable "Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms" [1942], written mostly by Miss Rose Egan, which includes the celebrated—in lexicological circles—definitions done for the 1909 Merriam-Webster Dictionary by a professor named John Livingston Lowes, who was later to write "The Road to Xanadu.")

It goes into the history of words. From Fowler we learn that *garble* originally meant not to mix up but just the opposite—to sort out, whence comes "the modern transferred sense" of falsifying by selecting only those items of a speech or book that prove one's point.

It tells how to spell, pronounce, conjugate, and form plurals in cases in which pure logic might lead to wrong conclusions—*wharves* but not *dwarves;* two *mouses* are *mice*, but two *houses* are not *hice*. Logic is no more prominent a feature of the English language than it is of the English themselves, and it cannot be relied on as one's sole guide. The Evanses note that the reason gasoline trucks now are occasionally marked "FLAMMABLE" is that some logical souls thought that *inflammable* meant *not flammable*, after the pattern of *inept*, *indestructible*, etc.

It defines, with examples, rhetorical terms such as Synecdoche, Metaphor (as vs. Simile), and Zeugma.

It settles nice questions of usage, such as the *who-whom* business, or, if they are so exceedingly nice they cannot be flatly settled, gives the arguments on both sides. Both Fowler and the Evanses are masterly on the split infinitive. The latter, less traditional, give weighty explanations of why it is O.K.

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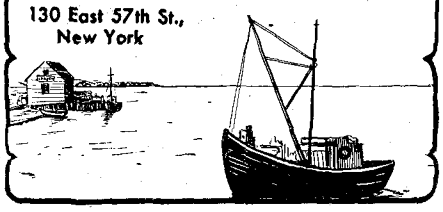

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(and I agree with them). Fowler condemns it halfheartedly, adding, "We will split infinitives sooner than be ambiguous or artificial." Both feel that a preposition is sometimes a good word to end a sentence with. Fowler is impassioned: "The fact is that the remarkable freedom enjoyed by English in putting its preposition late & in omitting its relatives is an important element in the flexibility of the language. . . . The legitimacy of the prepositional ending in literary English must be uncompromisingly maintained." No one who cannot feel strongly on such topics should undertake a usage dictionary.

Finally, it comments on practically anything the author wants to comment on. It is a one-man magazine whose editor, unlike the drudges who compile dictionaries, has the fun of sounding off at will. Two centuries ago, Dr. Johnson could use his Dictionary as a vehicle of self-expression, airing his prejudices ("OATS—a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people"), satirizing politicians ("IRONY—a mode of speech in which the meaning is contrary to the words: as, *Bolingbroke was a holy man*"), scoring off Lord Chesterfield ("PATRON—commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery"), or just flexing his linguistic deltoids ("UXORIOUS—infected with connubial dotage"). But to have such freedom today, Dr. Johnson would have to do a usage dictionary, in which anything, if it is asserted with elegance & conciseness, goes. A great charm of Fowler is his hundreds of "General Articles," run in alphabetically, on Anti-Saxonism, Elegant Variation, Cast-Iron Idiom, Genteelism, Walled-Up Object, and other matters that interested him. He had the good editor's knack for titles, and also for bringing apparently disparate topics under one rubric. His entry on Battered Ornaments, with its twenty cross-references (Facetious Formations, Mannerisms, Novelese, Vogue-Words, Wardour Street, etc.), is a chamber of horrors of the recent dead past of the language. The Evanses have their own hobbies, such as Basic English, Freudian English ("Mother-fixations, obsessions, compulsions, and irrational fears have taken the place of the once-popular but now strictly forbidden racial jokes. The psychiatrist and his couch are now as solid staples in *The New Yorker* as the bishop and his gaiters formerly were in *Punch*"), Gamesmanship, International Languages, Sports English, Poetic

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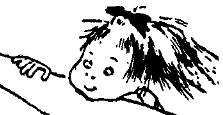
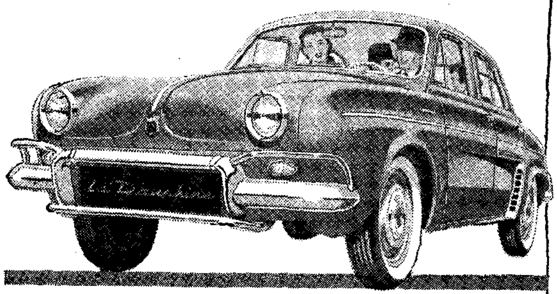
Diction, and Poetic License (though nothing on Poetic Justice). They also devote a half page to Proofreaders' Marks. The didactic note is struck frequently in the dictionary of usage. Fowler began it and the Evanses have followed his lead: it's a course in composition, or, in our current abusage, Creative Writing. Neither Nicholson nor the Evanses, by the way, have caught *creative*, a luscious, round, meaningless word favored by the same types who in Dr. Johnson's day found their last refuge in *patriotism*.

OF the two dictionaries under discussion, the Evanses' is by far the better buy in both quality and quantity. It costs a fifth more ($5.95 vs. $5) but is half again bigger (roughly six hundred thousand words vs. four hundred thousand). The original Fowler is also a better buy than Miss Nicholson's adaptation—two hundred thousand more words for $1.25 less. Oxford, which publishes both versions, advertises Nicholson as "The Faster Fowler," which enables "the reader who is pressed for time . . . to distinguish right from wrong at a glance." But if one is pressed for time, better not read Fowler at all; his charm and, indeed, his utility come precisely from his having all the time (and space) in the world. One reason the Nicholson version costs more is that Oxford, with the interests of the busy American reader at its (Br.) heart, has widened the margins and put more space between the lines, so that, although Nicholson has almost as many pages as Fowler, it contains a third less words. Our books, like our cars, tend to be needlessly bulky and expensive compared to the British models. This is a rich country, after all.

I CONFESS that I approached the Evanses' dictionary with a hostile bias because of the theories set forth in their preface. Their object, they write, is to inform the reader what is and what is not "respectable English," which they define as "the kind of English that is used by the most respected people, the sort of English that will make readers or listeners regard you as an educated person." After observing, with examples, that English is constantly changing, they continue:

> Since language changes this much, no one can say how a word "ought" to be used. The best that anyone can do is to say how it *is* being used. . . . The older grammars, by some one of which almost every adult today was bewildered in his school days, were very full of the spirit of what "ought" to be done and drew the sanction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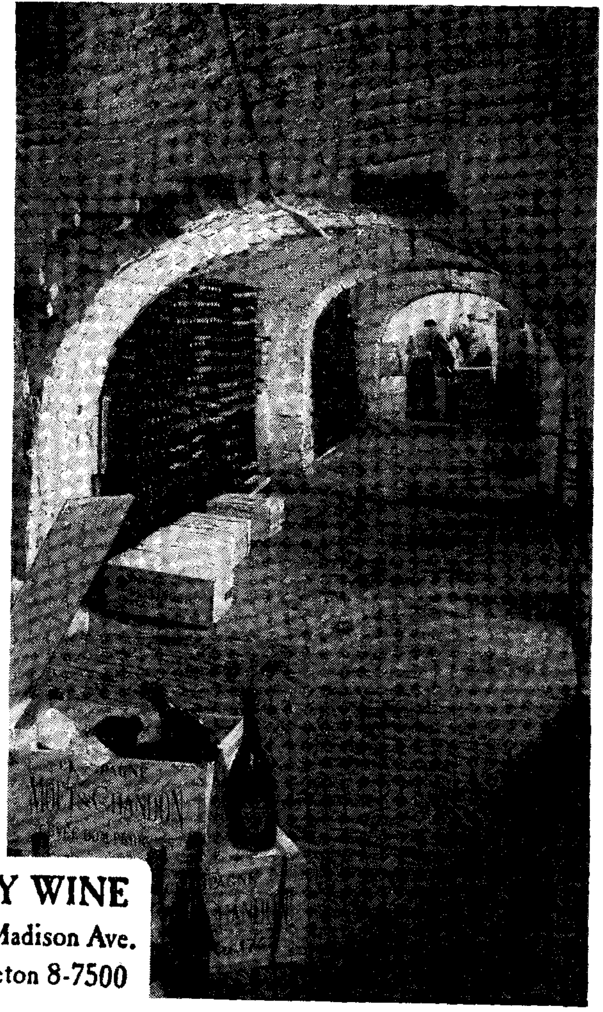
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of their "oughts" from logic rather than from what people actually said. . . .

For the last fifty years, however, certain grammarians have been making a scientific study of English. They have been finding out how English is really used by different groups of people, instead of theorizing about how it might be used or dogmatizing about how it ought to be used. The investigations of these men have shown us which grammatical forms are used by educated people and which are not. They make it possible to define and analyze what is standard speech and what is not.

These formulations struck a chill into me that was not dissipated by the authors' treatment of certain current abusages, which I shall shortly take up. I remembered what the British authority on usage Sir Ernest Gowers said to the English Association in London last June:

> Strange things are happening in the English language. The revolt against the old grammarians seems to be producing a school of thought who hold that grammar is obsolete and it does not matter how we write so long as we can make ourselves understood.
>
> It cannot be denied that if we had to choose between the two, it would be better to be ungrammatical than unintelligible. But we do not have to choose between the two. We can rid ourselves of those grammarians' fetishes which make it more difficult to be intelligible without throwing the baby away with the bath water.

I agree with Sir Ernest, though I wish he had left out the baby-and-bath-water cliché. The enemy of good English today, especially in this country, is surely the ignoramus rather than the pedant. Tradition is weak, vulgarization strong. Granting that the nineteenth-century schoolmarm insisted on arbitrary or trivial rules that caused much needless worry to the layman, the schoolmarm of today is permissive, progressive, and so open-minded on usage as to be porous; she is grateful if her pupils can spell "receive" and avoid the double negative. In any case, the remedy is not to go to the other extreme. There must be authority, tradition, even logic, if the mere brute pressure of mass abusage is not to deform our sweet English tongue.

Nor is the Evanses' subordination of "ought" to "is" quite as simple as it first appears. Even they have their authority, as distinct from just counting heads; namely, "educated" and "respected" people. But who is to say who *is* educated and respected? This is a valuation that each user of English must make for himself, and he will make it on the basis of his own education, which in turn will involve one or another kind of tradition, authority, and logic. In short, to be as pragmatic as

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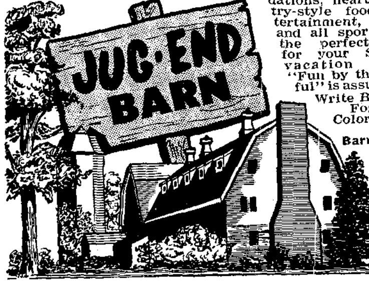

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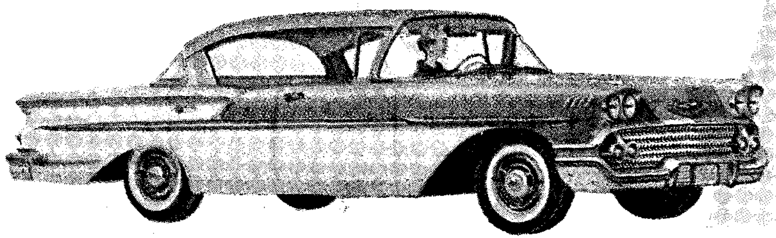

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the Evanses, their theories lead them to condone usages that will *not* "command admiration" from "the most respected people." At least not from the people I respect the most, beginning with myself. There seems to be something circular about their reasoning; it all comes down to a question of taste, which is based on education, which is based, etc.

They defend *enthuse*, for instance, and while I agree that its being a back-formation (as *peddle* and *diagnose*, which came after and not, as one might expect, before *peddler* and *diagnosis*)—as I was saying before the parenthesis set in, I agree with the Evanses that back-formations, although philolillogical, cannot be ruled out once they have established themselves, but I agree with Fowler that *enthuse* is not so established, and I hope it will never be, and those who use it do not "command admiration." At any rate, not mine. Fowler also rejects the common misuse of *Frankenstein* to mean the monster instead of the monster's creator. The Evanses admit that "properly" *Frankenstein* is the monster's creator (after all, that's how Mrs. Shelley wrote it) but continue, "None the less the term is now established ('almost, but surely not quite, sanctioned by custom,' cries Fowler, in a plea which he must have felt to be futile) as a name for any monstrous creation, especially one that threatens to destroy its creator." My sympathies are all with Fowler's cry of protest rather than with the Evanses' murmur of acceptance. I cannot see how a misquotation, no matter how widespread, can be anything but a misquotation. The fact that almost everyone leaves out the "tends to" in Lord Acton's "Power tends to corrupt"—an abusage, by the way, that neither Fowler nor the Evanses have caught—doesn't seem to me to "establish" the error.

Similarly, I'm not impressed by the column of ingenious argument with which the Evanses justify *more unique*. My memories of Latin are too strong; how can something be more one-of-a-kind than something else? But the Evanses are impatient with Latin and Greek, which they seem to consider precious, if not downright sissy. (They even suggest that a possible plural of *crisis* is *crises*.) "The answer [to logical criticism of *more unique*]," they write, "is that educated people do say *more unique* and *more complete*." The Evanses defend *more equal* on the same ground. Without again asking who decides who's educated, one might note that Orwell's satirical slogan in "Animal Farm," "ALL ANIMALS ARE

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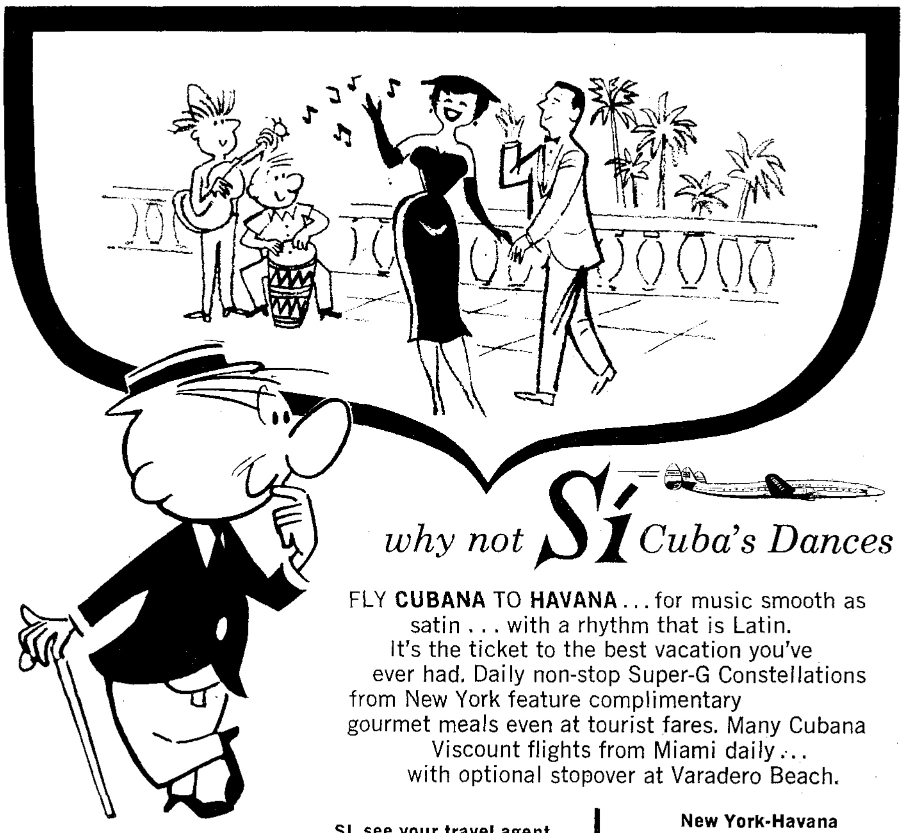

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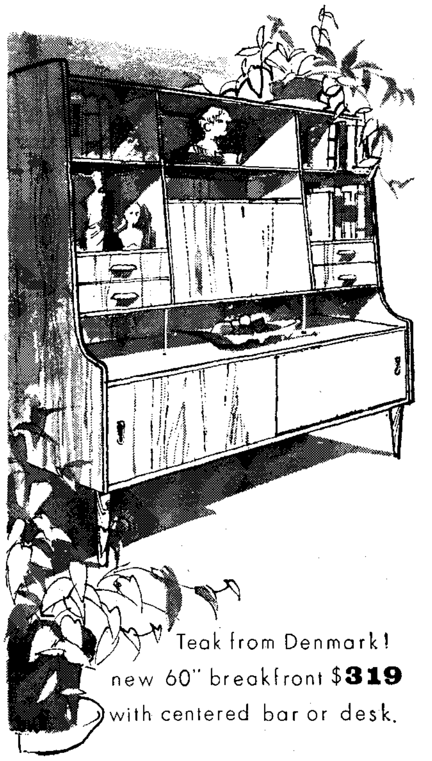
EQUAL, BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS," would then lose its point.

Often it is a matter of emphasis. Fowler is a dandy but not a pedant; he is aware that usage is continually changing, and when he feels the change has become established, he gives in, as with *everyone else's*, which he accepts, although it should grammatically be *everyone's else*. And he is bolder than the Evanses in pressing the case for *ain't* as a contraction of *am not*. The aura of horror that surrounds this word is a classic instance of the damage done by genteelism. For centuries, *ain't* for *am not* was perfectly good English, as any pre-1850 novel shows, but the Victorian schoolmarms, worried by its use for *is not* and *are not* as well, proscribed it so effectively that it became a mark of ignorance and vulgarity to use *ain't* at all. Yet there is no other workable contraction, for *amn't* is unpronounceable and *aren't* is ungrammatical. (*I'm not* won't do for a question—*'m I not*?) Fowler and the Evanses have much the same things to say about dangling participles. They agree that the little creatures often don't in fact dangle when they seem to, because they have in effect become adverbs or prepositions; the sentence a few paragraphs back beginning "Granting that the nineteenth-century schoolmarm" is an example. They also agree that many writers of repute, from Shakespeare to Shaw, have used *like* as a conjunction. But where the one deplores, the others rejoice; where the one would hold the fort, the others would widen the breach. The Evanses are obviously delighted to find a conjunctive *like* in the revered eleventh edition of the Britannica (had it been the unrevered fourteenth, or Americanized, edition, their joy would have been tempered): "Wood does not contract like steel does." That this was evidently written by an untutored scientist doesn't bother them, any more than does the provenance of "You don't know Nellie like I do," their other instance. "Some people believe it is a grammatical mistake to use *like* in this way," they observe. "But they are a minority." Perhaps. It still sounds terrible.

The difference between the two approaches comes out in the treatment of *due to*. The Evanses accept it when it qualifies a verb ("He failed, due to carelessness"), but Fowler insists it must be firmly attached to a noun ("His failure was due to carelessness"). The Evanses justify the verb-qualifying *due to* because it is so used "millions of times every day" (as are the clichés they con-



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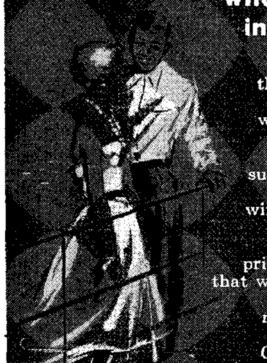

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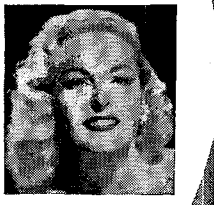

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stantly and admirably attack) and because *due to* and *owing to* are alleged to be "grammatically alike" (they quote grammar, like a certain other Person, when it suits their purpose). Fowler is magisterial:

> The prepositional use of *owing to* is more than a century old; but of a similar use of *due to* there is not a vestige in the Oxford English Dictionary (dated 1897 for D). It is now as common as can be, though only . . . among the illiterate; that term is here to be taken as including all who are unfamiliar with good writers, & who consequently are unaware of any idiomatic differences between *Owing to his age he was unable to compete & Due to his age he was etc.* Perhaps the illiterates will beat idiom; perhaps idiom will beat the illiterates; our grandsons will know.

Our grandsons will also know who held the line and who fraternized with the enemy. Given our national talent for illiteracy, not diminished by the impact of pseudo-Deweyan progressive ideas on our educational system, the last thing we need is for a couple of learned and persuasive scholars to throw their weight to the *ignoscenti*.

ON all these matters, I find Miss Nicholson's dictionary, since it simply reproduces Fowler, preferable to the Evanses'. But on little else. As often in this pragmatic but intelligent country, the Evanses illustrate the triumph of practice over theory. When they aren't defending, on principle, abusages that they themselves avoid—they don't use *like* as a conjunction, they don't attach *due to* to verbs, nor do their participles dangle—their work is comparable to Fowler's and much superior to that of his American adapter. This is most of the time.

Miss Nicholson has given Fowler a lick and a promise. Her *updating*, to use a barbarous but convenient laconicism that appears in neither book, is perfunctory. She still lists, under Popularized Technicalities, words that have long been standard English, such as *optimism* and *pessimism* ("from Philosophy"), *implicit* ("from Religion"), *dilemma* ("from Logic"), *chronic* and *hectic* ("from Medicine"), and *idiosyncrasy* ("from Psychology"). She has left in much that is specifically British. Latin phrases are little used in this country, and we hardly need know that *inter alia* becomes *inter alios* when people are referred to or that *ignoratio elenchi* means "the fallacy of the irrelevant conclusion." She retains Fowler's articles on Pedantic Humor and Polysyllabic Humor. While they are good reading, and while British writers may still need

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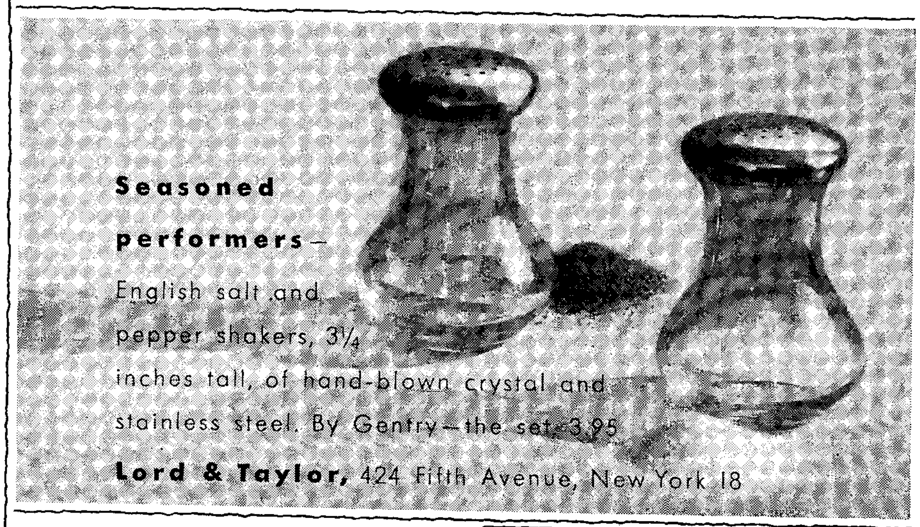
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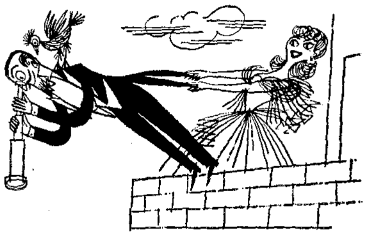
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to be warned against these old-fashioned vices, Americans need, if anything, the opposite warning. We are surely in small danger of trying to raise a laugh by references to *nether garments*, *ablutions*, and *nasal organs*. She retains Fowler's two inches of complaint that whereas Marquis X, Viscount Y, and Earl Z all used to be called simply Lord X, Y, or Z, the press now gives them their specific titles. The ground for this complaint is not given and is obscure to me; in any case, the matter seems not very pressing on this side of the Atlantic.

But it is what Miss Nicholson has failed to add that is especially distressing. Under Mannerisms, she has not troubled to extend Fowler's all-English list, the most recent entries in which are Kipling ("Kipling has 'But that is another story'") and H. G. Wells ("Wells has a *Came:* 'Came a familiar sound' . . . 'Came the green flash again'"). She reproduces Fowler's lengthy & valid objection to *inevitable* as a Literary Critics' Word, but fails to add its modern cousin *compelling*. And she skimps shamefully on what one would think would be a major task in Americanizing Fowler; namely, distinguishing between American and British usage. The Evanses go thoroughly, and she goes not at all, into *shoe* (Br. boot), *store* (shop), *boss* (master), *sidewalk* (pavement), *subway* (underground), *buttocks* (bum), *bumblebee* (humblebee), and *bumper* (fender; what we call fenders they call wings). She has nothing on *tab*, while they give two British uses (*staff officer* and *Cambridge man*) and one American (*restaurant check*, though they forgot to note that it's a *bill* in England). These are random samplings; in no case did the comparison go in favor of Nicholson, which is odd, since her book is titled "American-English Usage," while the Evanses' is just "American Usage." Both unaccountably omit *truck* (lorry) and *garbage can* (dustbin). Both would reclaim that fine old word *reckon*, still constantly used by Londoners, from comic rural dialect, which is its undeserved fate over here.

On purely American locutions, the Evanses are so superior that one wonders sometimes where Miss Nicholson has been living. They go into *porch-piazza-veranda;* she doesn't. They trace the curious history of *saloon* and *tavern*; the first was introduced in America as a euphemism for the latter, but in its turn became tainted (the Anti-Saloon League) and, after prohibition, was replaced by *tavern*, which had rested up enough to acquire a new euphemistic

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strength, now pretty much lost. She doesn't give *tavern* at all, and wrongly states that "*saloon* in the sense 'drinking bar' is US only (Brit., 'pub')." But, as the Evanses note, "In England the word *saloon* describes that part of a public house which has a higher social status, though more frequently . . . *saloon-bar*." They also go on to clear up *publican* (for the English, a pubkeeper; in the New Testament, a tax collector) and to note that a *sedan* is, to the British, a *saloon* and that "*Saloon* retains in England some of the elegance it once had in America and is used to lend a touch of refinement (or to conceal the total lack of it) in *billiard saloons*, *boxing saloons*, and *hairdressing saloons*." They are good on *garret* vs. *attic*: "*Garret*, of all the words for the topmost story of a house, has a sordid connotation. Perhaps poets made too much of their poverty and of the fact, at the same time, that they lived in garrets. *Attic* to many people has a romantic, nostalgic connotation. They remember the interesting things stored there, the musty smell, the joys of clandestine rummaging." Nicholson simply says that *attic* is more common, adding, "*Garret* is usually chosen to suggest poverty, squalor, etc., or, in the US, the Middle West & rural communities." The phrase beginning "or," which she added, is hardly a brilliant example of good usage, and she might well have deleted the "etc." even if Fowler did put it in. Especially scandalous is her omission of *corn*, and especially neat is the Evanses' entry: "*Corn* means whatever cereal is the chief crop in the country. In America *corn* means maize, in England wheat, in Scotland oats." They also note its use for whiskey and as slang, via *cornfed* or *rustic*, for "trite sentimentality and forced, obvious humor."

One of the most useful things a dictionary of usage can do is discriminate between words with similar meanings, and the Evanses have wisely made such lists an important feature. Thus on one page we get *retraction*, *retractation* (latter is Br. spelling) . . . *retreat*, *retire*, *withdraw* . . . *revelation*, *disclosure* . . . *reverence*, *revere*, *worship*, *venerate*, *adore*. None of these appears in Nicholson, who only occasionally gives such lists, and then usually because Fowler has included them in his Pairs & Snares (words that sound alike—*affect*, *effect*; *ceremonial*, *ceremonious*; *euphemism*, *euphuism*). She deals with the Vogue-Word *meticulous* by simply condensing Fowler's long stylistic discourse, but this loses most of the wit and also leaves things unclear. The Evanses do

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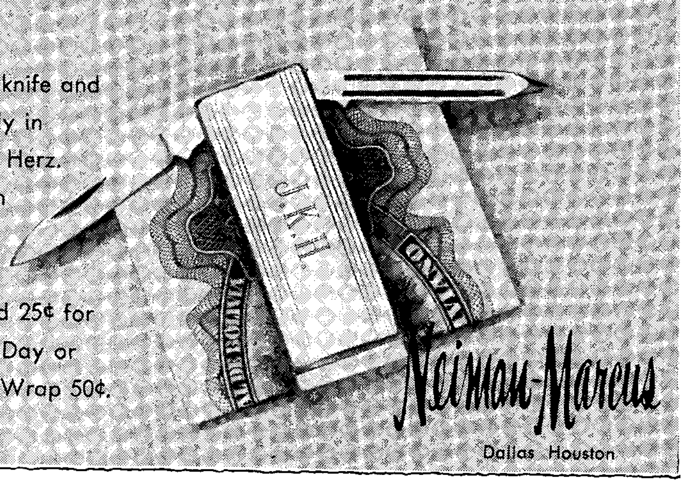

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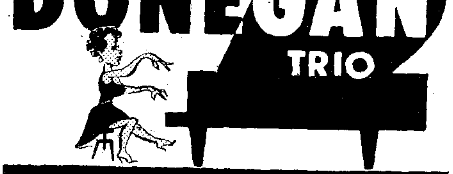

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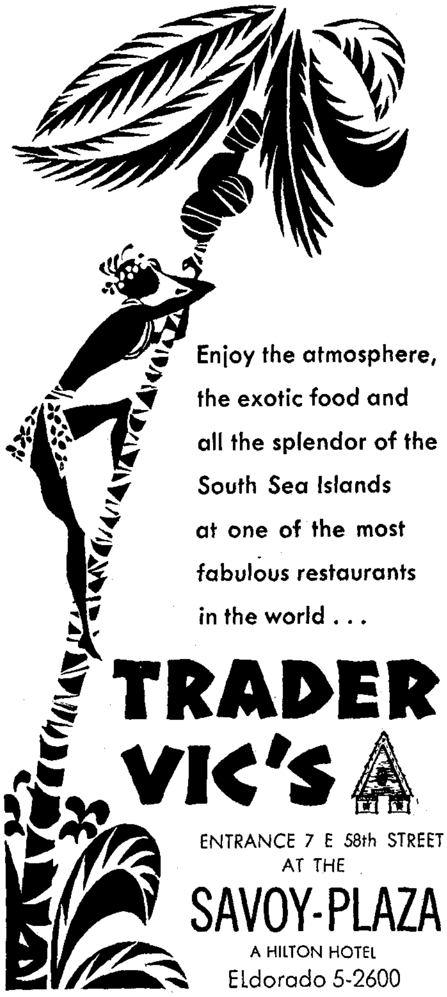
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it more briefly and elegantly by defining it in relation to *scrupulous* and *punctilious*. They are better on *imply*, *infer*. (Fowler has nothing on this; confusing the two must be a specifically American problem.) They have a Pair & Snare missed by Fowler and by Miss Nicholson—*bathos*, *pathos*. They discriminate, and she doesn't, between *amaze*, *surprise*, and *astonish*, citing the apocryphal story about Dr. Johnson (I heard it about Noah Webster) when he was caught by his wife kissing the maid: "Why, Doctor, I am surprised!" "No, Madam, *I* am surprised; *you* are astonished."

The extermination of clichés, those termites constantly eating at the foundations of our language, is another important job of a usage dictionary. The Evanses are masterly here. They have far more of them than Nicholson, so many that at times they seem to be compiling a dictionary of clichés—as Eric Partridge, in fact, did in 1940. "The authors' chief source of worry seems to be clichés," Mr. Jacques Barzun writes, apropos of the Evanses' book, in the winter issue of the *American Scholar*. "But what they call clichés ranges from common phrases to trite quotations, and the advice repeatedly given that we avoid them is in actuality harmful. To mark with equal reprobation *wear and tear*, *tilting at windmills*, and *more in sorrow than anger* because all three are 'hackneyed' is to be blind to the distinctions upon which good writing depends. . . . Moreover, dozens of their bugbears are in reality phrases that have the value of technical terms. They *must* be used if one is to be brief and unmistakable at the same time, e.g.: *sour grapes*, *cold blood*, *high and dry*, *good Samaritan*, *Pickwickian sense*, *crossing the Rubicon*, *cry wolf*, or *cold shoulder*." Mr. Barzun is the Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia, and the *American Scholar* is published by Phi Beta Kappa, and still I wonder. I have tried to think of sentences using *sour grapes*, *cold shoulder*, and the rest, and they all sound to my ear not like "technical terms" but like slovenly, imprecise, coarse-textured phrases that make holes in one's prose. The mind skips over them automatically (because the meaning has been leached out by over-use) as the ear skips over, or tries to, the static in radio music. If the price of being brief & unmistakable is to cry wolf, to tilt at windmills, and to cross Rubicons, then let us be expansive & ambiguous.

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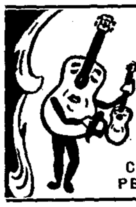
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they concentrate on American examples. Fowler was also an ardent cliché hunter, but, naturally, he dealt with the British species; again, Miss Nicholson has retained too much that is British and added too little that is American. Even when both dictionaries deal with a given cliché, the Evanses are usually superior because they append the historical origin and because they always point out that it *is* one. Thus Miss Nicholson writes that "gild the lily" is a misquotation for "paint the lily," but, following Fowler, fails either to damn it or to explain it. The Evanses do both, giving the quotation from "King John" and noting the curious way "gild" hopped over to "lily"—Shakespeare wrote: "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily." Here the Evanses may be said to out-Fowler Fowler, as they do in their entry on the archetype of this cliché: "King Herod was represented in the old mystery plays as a bellowing, ranting, raging ruffian of a tyrant. . . . By Shakespeare's time, to *out-Herod Herod* was proverbial for tearing a passion to tatters. . . . Shakespeare's use of the phrase kept it in the language long after its original meaning had faded. It is now a cliché." All we get from Fowler-Nicholson is a complicated set of instructions on how to use the phrase properly, but of course it shouldn't be used at all. Similarly, Miss Nicholson's entry on *dudgeon* is "obs. except in *high dudgeon;*" it should have been just "obs." or, better yet, just not. The only acceptable usage is Perelman's remark about leaving in *high dudgeon* and returning in *low*. The entry on *dudgeon* is one of her additions to Fowler, an unhappy one, as is her mistranslation of *gang agley* as *go away*, which batters still further Bobbie Burns' Battered Ornament about the best-laid schemes of mice, etc.

The Evanses have the Fowlerian afflatus, as in their belligerent entry on Constructive Criticism: "The demand for *constructive* rather than *destructive criticism* . . . has become one of the cant phrases of the day. . . . Most whining for *con*structive rather than *de*structive criticism is a demand for unqualified praise, an insistence that no opinion is to be expressed or course proposed other than the one supported by the speaker. It is a dreary phrase, avoided by all fair-minded men." In fact (dare one say it?), at times they seem to me superior to Fowler. Their article on Tautology, for instance, is neater and wittier, and it contains the Milwaukee optometrist who advertised "EYES EXAMINED WHILE YOU WAIT." Fowler

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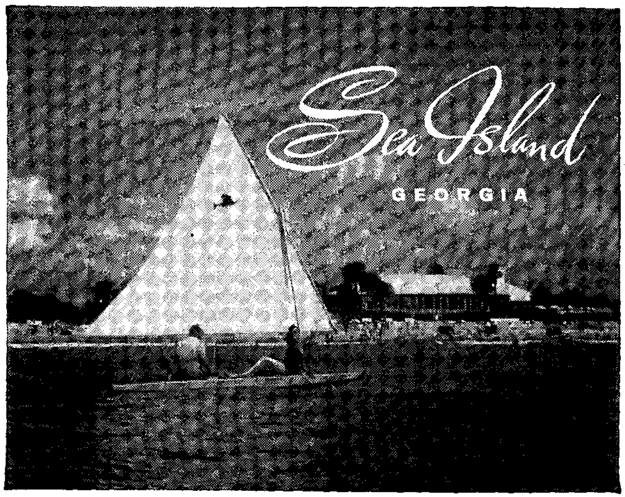

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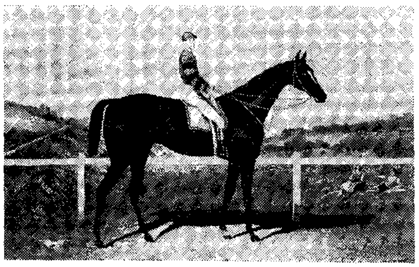

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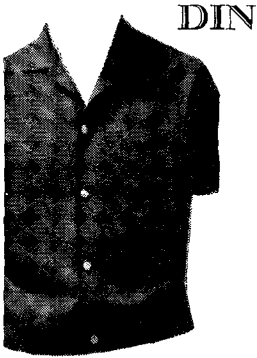

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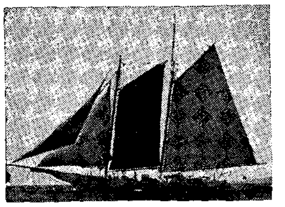

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treats *heroic* only as a verse form, but the Evanses discriminate between *heroic* (straight), *heroics* (derisive), and *heroical* (straight, but a touch "literary"). They give much more background on the distinction between *fairy* and *faery*, citing (with examples) the special nuance of the latter word in Spenser and Keats, and they usefully warn that the first is so widely employed for a male homosexual that "it is almost impossible to use the word in public with any other meaning." They are better than Fowler on the modern tendency to use *anxious* when one means *eager*—"I'm anxious to see your book." Both agree it is now so prevalent that it must be accepted, but he says merely that and no more, while they discriminate between the two words and have even thought up an ingenious justification for the abusage: "All anxiety is eager for relief and all eagerness, looking forward, has an element of uncertainty, and in all uncertainty there is a measure of anxiety." They don't speculate, though, on why *anxious* is used in our century for *eager* (it's never the other way around); I venture that *eager* sounds a little naïve in the Age of Anxiety. The Evanses are more informative on *the*, right from the masterly first sentence, "This word is a weakened form of *that* and its principal function is to distinguish one thing from others of the same kind." For some reason, Fowler has nothing at all on any of the parts of speech—verb, preposition, adjective, etc. Nor, of course, has Nicholson. But the Evanses have lengthy, and useful, entries on each, which greatly increases the pedagogical value of their book.

Like Fowler, the Evanses have broken new ground, as in their entry on *few and far between*, a model of concise erudition that explained to me for the first time that curious phrase:

> There was a proverb that the visits of angels were *short and far between.* Thomas Campbell in "The Pleasures of Hope," seduced by alliteration, asked *What though my winged hours of bliss have been/Like angel visits, few and far between?* Hazlitt in his "Lectures on the English Poets" pointed out (to Campbell's intense irritation) that in altering the expression Campbell had spoiled it, since *few* and *far between* are, in relation to visits, the same thing. None the less, the corrupted "improvement" has taken hold and the sensible original been forgotten.

The Evanses have the curiosity about small matters, the mania for collecting out-of-the-way information, that is essential for the usage lexicographer; Fowler had it superlatively, his Amer-

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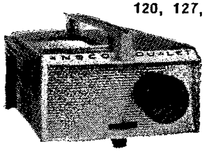

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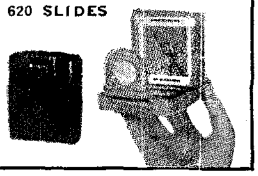

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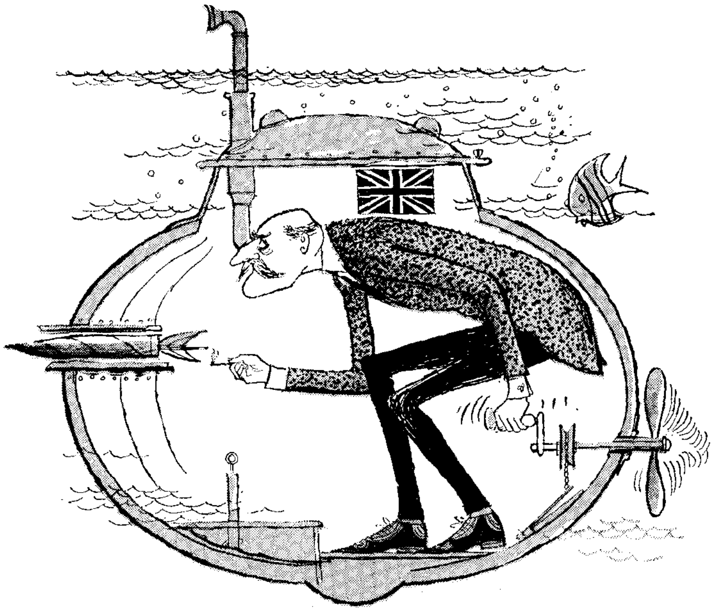
ican reviser has it hardly at all. Both Nicholson and the Evanses, for example, note that Americans use *sick* to mean *ill* in general, while the British restrict it to *nauseated*, but the Evanses go into the history of *sick*, quoting from Shakespeare and the King James Bible to make the interesting point that "Here, as with many other words, the American usage is the older one, once employed in England but now replaced."

An ideal combination would be the Evanses' work plus a bulky appendix consisting of Fowler's special articles on style.

There are a few omissions worth noting. Neither dictionary has *bromide* (has it died since Gelett Burgess coined it as a substitute for *cliché*? If so, a pity), and neither catches the common misuse of *nauseous*, which means causing nausea, for *nauseated*, which means having it. A current *succès d'estime*, Alex Karmel's novel, "Mary Ann," thus abuses *nauseous*. Neither protests the increasing use of nouns as verbs (the Evanses imply it's all right), which gives a barbarous tinge to much business and academic communication: *to pinpoint, to spearhead, to highlight, to showcase.* Both slight *too.* Nicholson, following Fowler, does have the redundant form, "I don't like my tea too hot." But the ghastly *too* at the beginning of a sentence ("Too, we felt that . . .") isn't mentioned, or the evasive *too:* "I didn't enjoy myself too much." The speaker—it's always oral—is trying to fuzz it up a little so as not to have to make a clear condemnation. Not too successfully. Both object to *epic* in its journalistic abusage, but neither mentions the far more irritating and prevalent *saga*, perhaps because Galsworthy used it in "The Forsyte Saga," though that should, if anything, be a score on the other side. The Evanses fall victim to it themselves, justifying James Truslow Adams' title "The Epic of America" on the ground that "the history of America is a saga of unparalleled achievement." Personally, I'm for giving *saga* back to the Norwegians.

ALBERT H. MARCKWARDT's "American English" (Oxford) is a loosely connected series of essays on such themes as The Language of the Colonists, Yankee Ingenuity and the Frontier Spirit, and The Genteel Tradition. At first, I wondered why I was unable to keep my mind on it, although both Dr. Evans and Miss Nicholson have endorsed it and although the chapter headings are promising; I finally decid-



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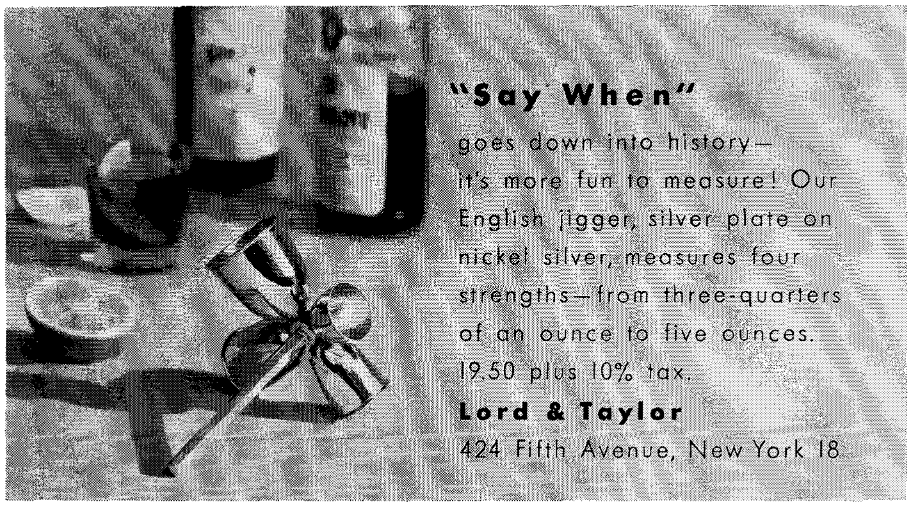

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ed it was because Mr. Marckwardt is one of those academic writers who use maximum wordage to convey minimum content, and sometimes no content at all. For example, the first paragraph of Chapter 2:

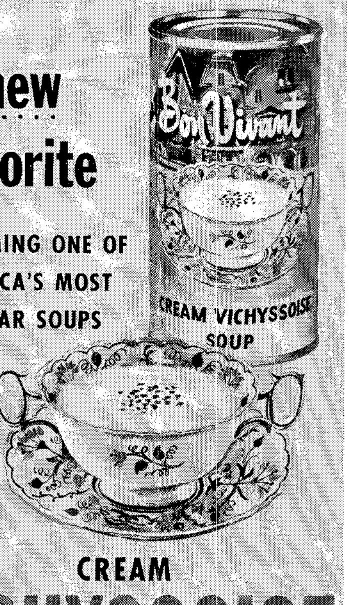
> In considering the history and development of American English we must remember that the courageous bands who ventured westward into the unknown with Captain John Smith or on board the *Mayflower*, as well as those who followed them later in the seventeenth century, were speaking and writing the English language as it was currently employed in England. Consequently, whatever linguistic processes operated to produce the differences between American and British English which exist today must either have taken place in American English after the colonists settled on this continent or have occurred in British English after the emigrants left their homeland. Or, as a third possibility, there may have been changes in both divisions of the language after the period of settlement. We cannot, however, escape the conclusion of original identity and subsequent change.

This seems to me to mean that the differences between British English and American English must have come about after Americans came about. I agree. —DWIGHT MACDONALD

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FELIX WALKING, by Hilary Ford (Simon & Schuster). The story of Felix is recounted by his girl, Sally Onslow, who works for a London publishing house. Sally does not actually admit that she is Felix's girl until almost the end of the book, but as she describes his habits and adventures—he comes to London to make his fortune and has his first novel accepted without delay—it is obvious that she is being slowly and reluctantly drawn toward him even while she is giving her energy and most of her free time to two or three other suitors. So much for Sally, a nice, cheerful, contrary-minded girl who serves a purpose excellently; her critical, puzzled, and frequently censorious but always concerned eye keeps Felix constantly in the light, and her patter is good-humored and smooth enough. Like all the other characters in the book, Sally is thoroughly realized by her author, but Felix is the one who matters. From the beginning, there is no doubt that Felix is unusual—not because of his bad manners but because of the attitude behind them—and that he will survive, no matter what happens to him or who deserts him. In spite of his tricks and his



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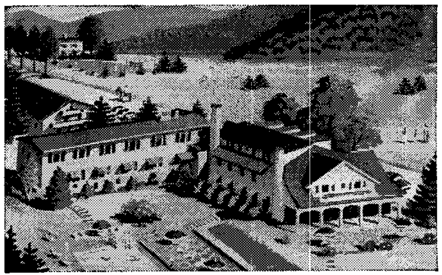

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rudeness and his poor clothes, and in spite of his comical face and unimpressive size, Felix is not at all an angry young man. He has no need to be angry; he has himself. He is described as a young novelist of talent, but he could as easily have been a promising engineer, or architect, or explorer. What is unmistakable about him is that he has quality, and that he is impatient, and can be hampered only by delay. We are told that Felix is poor, but, rich or poor, his background is not apparent; it dwindled into insignificance while he was still a schoolboy. He is unique. All this Mr. Ford has managed to convey under cover of the same amiable, accidental spirit that seems to be what causes Felix to posture sometimes as a clown and sometimes as a dolt—not because such behavior is necessary to him (he asserts himself without trouble, and is not inclined to feel embarrassed or to fear being embarrassed) but because it is easy, and serves to shock some people and amuse others, and decorates or daubs the time that is commonly given to relaxation. Besides, the impersonation of a young eccentric, spiky but appealing, a spunky little fellow, gives Felix the chance to have a bit of private fun at the expense of everyone who is not Felix.

THE HIRELING, by L. P. Hartley (Rinehart). With a different ending—less melodramatic, less dependent on coincidence, and more natural and likely in every way—Mr. Hartley would almost certainly have succeeded in writing a major work of comedy. A handsome, vain, cynical chauffeur named Leadbitter is frequently employed by a rich young widow, Lady Franklin, to drive her from her London house on sightseeing tours to the great cathedral towns. Their first outing together is to Canterbury, and Lady Franklin sits in front with Leadbitter and talks about herself: "I'm going to Canterbury because my husband was fond of all old buildings and especially cathedrals." Lady Franklin, who was poor before she married a man some years older than she, feels bad because she was out at a cocktail party when he died. "So that was how I had the idea of this—this pilgrimage to Canterbury—not as a penance, oh no, but feeling that he would have liked it, and that in thought, at any rate, I could share with him what I didn't share, not fully, when he was alive. . . . We had

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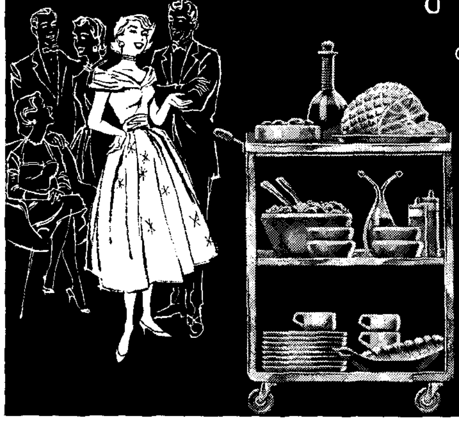

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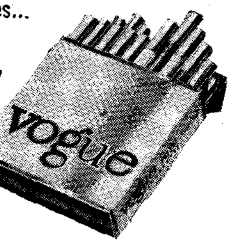

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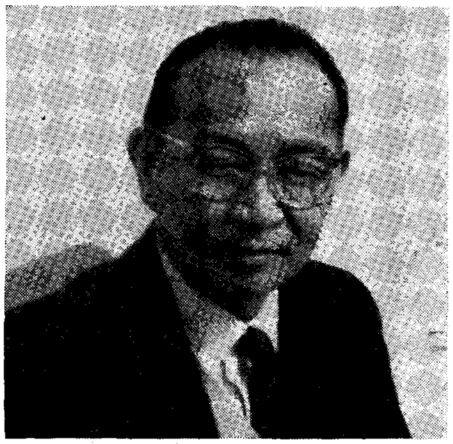

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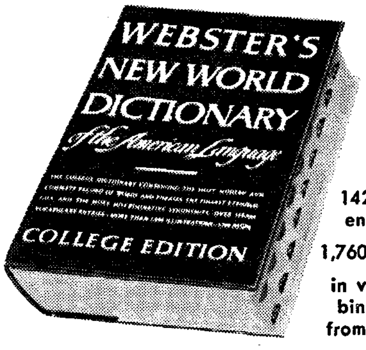

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done everything together, but we never suffered together—except during his attacks, and he had always got better!" Lady Franklin, whose aura is a heady one—wealth combined with phenomenally fragile, gravely hurt femininity—has an important reason for employing Leadbitter, a stranger to her; she has been advised to open her heart to someone who is dependent on her and cannot get away but doesn't know her. Leadbitter, normally an unresponsive man with a detestation of customers who do not stay in the back seat where they belong, counters her rushy speeches of reminiscence and self-justification with a history of his own—a fictional history—and the game is on between them. It hardly seems possible that anyone could invent a courtship like the one that develops between them and then throw it away, but Mr. Hartley has done that. All those endless possibilities for irony and wit are discarded before our eyes, and all that mirth, already reverberating on our horizon, is silenced and smothered forever, for no reason that is evident in the book. Only a very good writer could leave a reader so frustrated.

THE WHEEL OF EARTH, by Helga Sandburg (McDowell, Obolensky). This long, crowded, richly detailed novel about farming people begins in the year 1925 on a farm in Kentucky, where Anton Gaddy, a harsh, industrious man, rules his frightened, dull-witted wife and his two young daughters without mercy and with very little love, quoting from the Bible as he punishes them for sins they may have committed or may be tempted to commit. Anton actually dislikes his elder daughter, Ellen, who is sixteen years old when the story starts, and although Ellen loves her father, she has already despaired of finding a way to win his affection and respect. A strong and vulnerable person who is a natural mother and builder, Ellen learns all of life's lessons the hard way, and before her story ends, about the year 1937, we have seen her develop from a gentle, practical, thoughtful girl into a kind woman, too wise and generous to let her young years, with their betrayals and disappointments, embitter her or delay, even for a minute, her enjoyment of the life she has found. It is upon Ellen that this book depends; she is a true heroine, very human and always attractive, and strong enough to hold

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The Moonlight Jewelers, by Albert Vidalie, translated from the French by John Petrie (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A furious Gothic tale. The time is around 1850, the place is a French village on the edge of a trackless forest, and the story centers on a tormented brigand and his love for a responsive girl who follows him into the wilderness. It also contains robbery, murder, revenge, and other excesses, the meaning of which is largely lost in M. Vidalie's (or perhaps Mr. Petrie's) lumpy, elliptical, pseudo-artless prose.

GENERAL

Men and Events, by H. R. Trevor-Roper (Harper). Forty-three pellucid essays, most of which first appeared in the *New Statesman & Nation*, by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. The subjects include historical puzzles (the religious fecundity of Palestine, the cause of the Dark Ages, the source of the Spanish eighteenth-century Renaissance), historical figures (Erasmus, George Fox, Gustavus Adolphus), and certain monarchs of historiography (Ibn Khaldoun, Macaulay, Jacob Burckhardt), together with the chief pretenders (Marx and Arnold Toynbee). The least encounter with Professor Trevor-Roper's exhilarating rationality is, of course, a delight.

The Fate of the Maine, by John Edward Weems (Holt). In this entertaining documentary, Mr. Weems, a meticulous reporter and a clear writer, tells the story of the well-remembered battleship—actually, it was an armored cruiser—whose explosive end (the cause of which has never been determined) in Havana Harbor on the night of February 15, 1898, was just what American flag-wavers needed to plunge the United States into its shameful, if enormously profitable, war with Spain. Many photographs.

The Meddlesome Friar and the Wayward Pope, by Michael de la Bedoyère (Hanover House). A study of the events leading up to the public execution of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, a self-proclaimed prophet and political nuisance, by the Floren-

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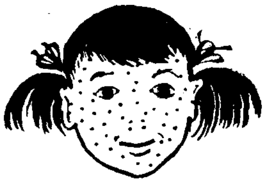

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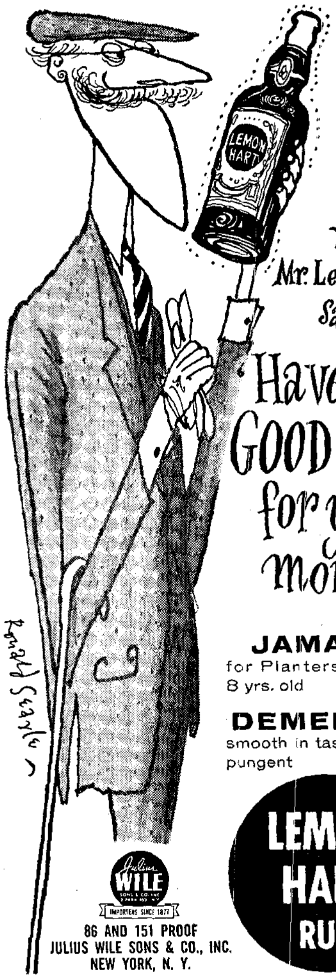
tine government in 1498. It is at once a superb portrait of the development of a fanatic, a well-balanced reassessment of the much maligned Pope Alexander VI (Rodrigo Lanzol y Borja), and an illumination of the shadowy side of the Italian Renaissance. The author is the editor of the English *Catholic Herald*, and his book bears the imprimatur of the Catholic Church.

They Gathered at the River, by Bernard A. Weisberger (Little, Brown). This is a slightly disrespectful history of the great American revivalists, from James McGready, whose eloquence prostrated sinful Kentuckians by the hundred around 1800, through Lyman Beecher, Charles G. Finney, Dwight L. Moody, and other popular Jeremiahs, down to Billy Sunday, thundering against "hog-jowled, weasel-eyed, sponge-columned, mushy-fisted, jelly-spined, pussyfooting, four-flushing, charlotte-russe Christians." The strong implication is that every era gets revivalists to match it, and that we may be in transition from the age of Aimee Semple McPherson to the age of Billy Graham. Photographs.

Greece in Colour, with photographs by R. G. Hoegler, text by C. Kerényi, and an introduction by Lord Kinross (McGraw-Hill). To the extent that a carefully selected group of color photographs can convey the luminousness, the parched dignity, the archeological grandeur, and the touching human details that constitute the landscape of modern Greece, these fifty-seven examples do the trick. A sort of photographic love song to its subject, beautifully sung, the book has been carefully treated by its publishers, who have given it a large, elegant, and, as might be expected, somewhat expensive (twenty-dollar) format.

Ten Thousand Eyes, by Richard Collier (Dutton). The story of one of the remarkable Free French networks of part-time, amateur spies in German-held France. Century Network, which is the subject of this book, covered the D Day landing beaches; its membership of salesmen, innkeepers, housewives, plumbers, bureaucrats, and mechanics, led by a few full-time Resistance agents, provided the Allies with the plans of the Germans' Atlantic Wall and continued to transmit extremely precise details about particular guns and strong points almost down to the day



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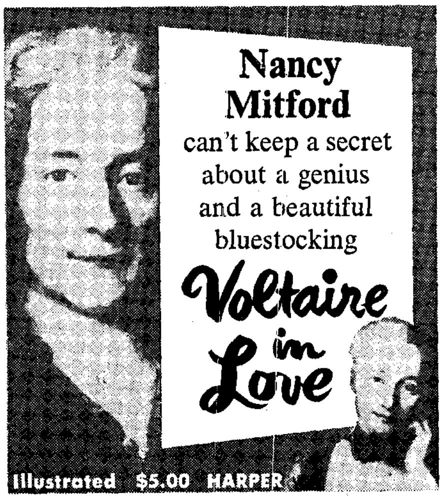

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of the invasion. Mr. Collier has written an inspiring account of the extraordinary things that ordinary citizens can do.

Journey to Java, by Harold Nicolson (Doubleday). A journal account of a holiday voyage from England to the East Indies and back, in the course of which, to improve his leisure, the author undertook to examine the nature of apparently causeless melancholy, as exemplified by the autobiographical writings of some of its more notable victims, including Rousseau, Obermann, Baudelaire, Kierkegaard, Lucretius, and Kafka. Sir Harold thus provides us with a double treat and a double travelogue—an entertaining journey to faraway shores and a stimulating exploration of the even stranger landscapes of the human mind. The result is an admirable book.

Orpheus at Eighty, by Vincent Sheean (Random House). A wonderful example of the art of biography, and one of Sheean's best books. Its subject is Verdi, and it opens when the composer is an old man on a triumphant tour from capital to capital as Europe's opera houses take turns producing his brand-new "Falstaff." Each place has played a part in his life, and Sheean reviews that part in flashbacks that tell not only what Verdi did and thought but what society and the theatre and politics were like—a tricky narrative technique that the author has under perfect control.

The Kremlin, by Jules Koslow (Nelson). A fascinating historical and architectural study and, through no fault of the author, a sensational one, too, since the eight-hundred-year-old Kremlin, for all its majesty and brooding beauty, has been the setting for almost continuous terror, bloodletting, and carnal extravagance ever since the fourteenth century, when the Tatar hordes swarmed through its halls, putting every man, woman, and child to the sword. Mr. Koslow tells us what is known of the origins of the Kremlin, describes its growth, guides us through its churches, chapels, palaces, secret chambers, and underground passages, and skillfully weaves in the sanguinary story of the rulers of the Kremlin, from the earliest Grand Prince of Moscow to Josef Stalin. Photographic illustrations.

Culture under Canvas: The Story of Tent Chautauqua, by Harry P. Harrison, as told to Karl Detzer

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The Three-way Benefits of Good Telephone Earnings

They benefit the telephone customer by providing the means to expand and improve the service and do it economically.

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(Hastings House). In 1874, summer classes for Sunday-school teachers were opened on Lake Chautauqua, New York, and an American institution was born. Meetings of the same sort, called Chautauquas, sprang up all over the country, and around 1900 a Chicago lecture agent put together a week's worth of programs and sent a Chautauqua package on tour, with its own tent, through the Middle West. His inspiration drew large audiences, summer after summer, until the depression. Mr. Harrison, who was one of the many touring-Chautauqua managers, describes, with an abundance of anecdote and a modicum of nostalgia, what the Chautauqua was—a lively mixture of show business (without any big-city sophistication), uplift, and serious popular education, where many Americans first heard the arguments for such controversial ideas as woman's suffrage, antitrust legislation, and prison reform.

THE STORY OF LIFE, by H. E. L. Mellersh (Putnam). All that can be said with reasonable certainty, and in terms comprehensible to the general reader, about the origin, evolution, and possible meaning of organic life on earth, set down in little more than two hundred and fifty pages by a clearheaded and agreeably literate English amateur. Photographs and many useful line drawings.

•

It has taken years—and some almost incredible heroism—to give the medal the prestige it now has. To win the highest military award this nation can bestow, a man must risk his life. All too often, he must give up his wife, too.—*San Jose (Calif.) Mercury-News.*

The poor wretch.

•

What you will catch at the Bijou Theatre these nights is really a cafe act dominated by an unusual personality named Mort Sahl. He is different and he is quite good.

He wears a sweater, shirt and hands and he has an ingratiating delivery.
—*The Journal-American.*

Let's just say he's different.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*]

YORK, PA. (AP)—Farmer Lawrence Babour dug into a pile of sawdust and spotted a copperhead snake. Then he spotted another. And another.

Moscow's Moiseyev
New York stood up and cheered!
GREAT RUSSIAN FOLK DANCES—
Moiseyev Russian Folk Ballet Company; Hungarian Folk Songs and Dances—Hungarian States Folk Ensemble. 12" long-playing record
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SMOKING TOBACCOS
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"My beer is
—the beer!"
says MADELYN DARROW
MISS RHEINGOLD 1958

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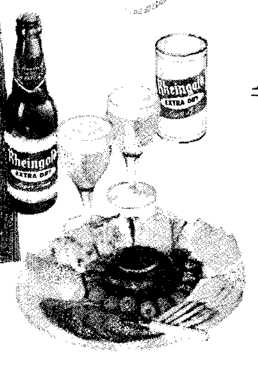
COSTUME DESIGNED BY FIRA BENENSON

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer

It's beer as beer should taste



Always refreshing – never filling

What distinguishes Rheingold from all other beers is a refreshing dryness all its own. It brings out Rheingold's clean, clear *real-beer* taste—never sweet, never bitter, never equaled. This taste makes Rheingold the largest-selling beer in New York.

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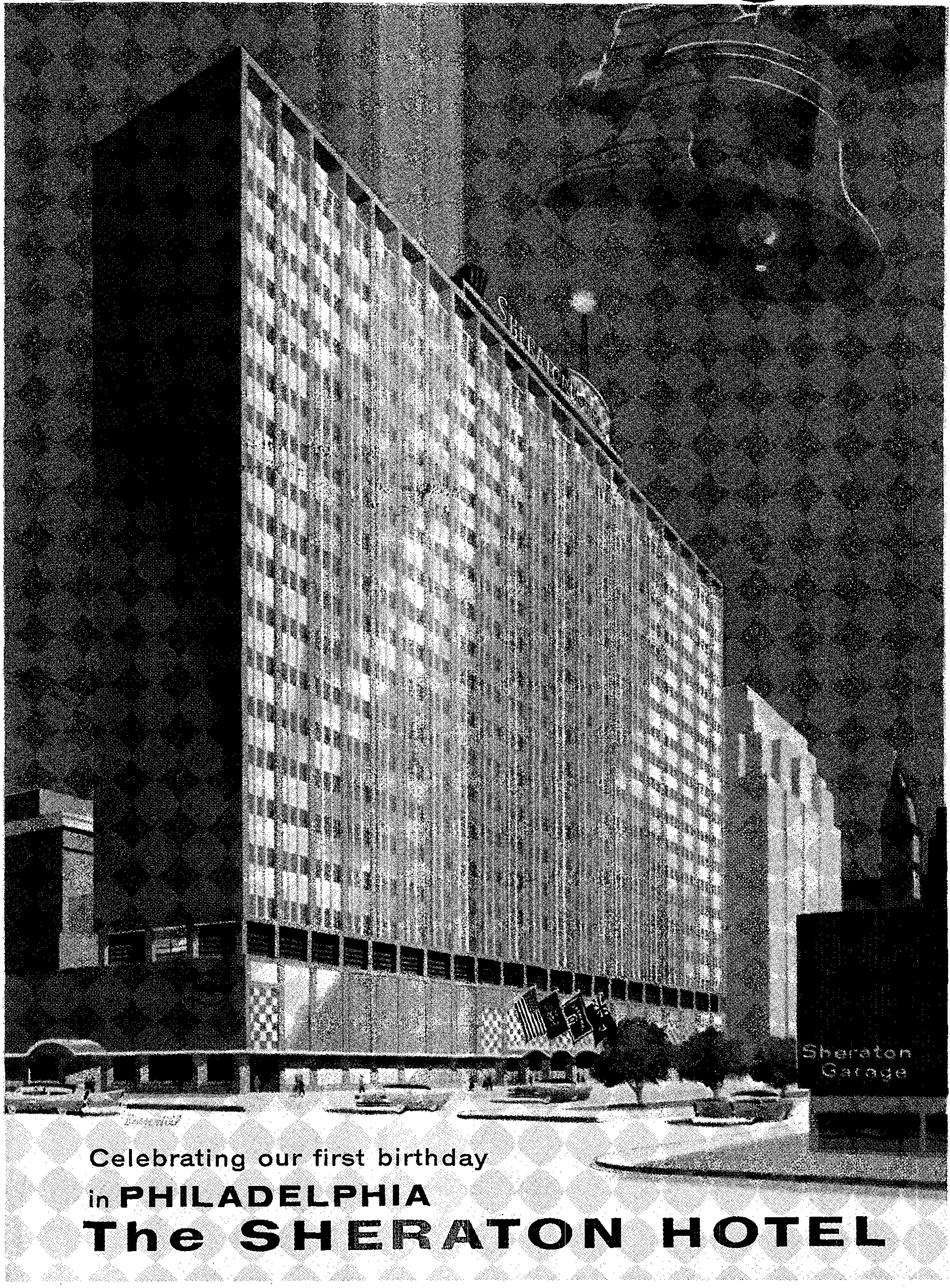

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The SHERATON HOTEL

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And we have another anniversary this May, the 21st birthday of the Sheraton family of 47 hotels.

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Sheraton Hotel.**

EASTERN DIV.

[illegible]
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[illegible]

the [illegible]
Sher[illegible]n
Sherat[illegible]ell
BOS[illegible]
Sheraton-Plaza
WASHINGTON
Sheraton-Carlton
Sheraton-Park
PITTSBURGH
Penn-Sheraton
BALTIMORE
Sheraton-Belvedere
PHILADELPHIA
Sheraton Hotel
PROVIDENCE
Sheraton-Biltmore
ATLANTIC CITY
Sheraton Ritz-Carlton
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.
Sheraton-Kimball
ALBANY
Sheraton-Ten Eyck
ROCHESTER
Sheraton Hotel
BUFFALO
Sheraton Hotel
SYRACUSE
Sheraton-Syracuse Inn
Sheraton-DeWitt Motel
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Sheraton-Binghamton
(opens early 1959)

MIDWESTERN DIV.

CHICAGO
Sheraton-Blackstone
Sheraton Hotel
DETROIT
Sheraton-Cadillac
CINCINNATI
Sheraton-Gibson
ST. LOUIS
Sheraton-Jefferson
OMAHA
Sheraton-Fontenelle
LOUISVILLE
Sheraton-Seelbach
The Watterson
DALLAS
Sheraton Hotel
Opens early 1959
AUSTIN
Terrace Motor Hotel
AKRON
Sheraton Hotel
INDIANAPOLIS
Sheraton-Lincoln
FRENCH LICK, Ind.
French Lick-Sheraton
RAPID CITY, S. D.
Sheraton-Johnson
SIOUX CITY, Iowa
Sheraton-Martin
Sheraton-Warrior
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
Sheraton-Carpenter
Sheraton-Cataract
CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa
Sheraton-Montrose

PACIFIC DIV.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sheraton-Palace
LOS ANGELES
Sheraton-Town House
PASADENA
Huntington-Sheraton

CANADIAN DIV.

MONTREAL
Sheraton-Mt. Royal
The Laurentien
TORONTO
King Edward Sheraton
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.
Sheraton-Brock
HAMILTON, Ont.
Sheraton-Connaught